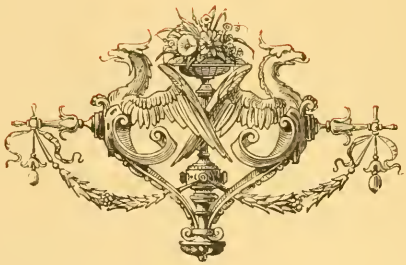
The Household Library of Catholic Poets

CATHOLIC POETS.





THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY

OF

CATHOLIC POETS

FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY.

(1350–1881.)

EDITED BY

ELIOT * RYDER.

"THE POETRY OF EARTH IS NEVER DEAD."

Keats.

DEC 82 1352 / 2n

JOSEPH A. LYONS.
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
1881.

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PREFACE.

No history of the Church would be complete without a history of its literature; and no history of its literature would be complete without a comprehensive review of the poetry written by Catholics. Keats has beautifully and truly said that "The poetry of earth is never dead." While the world lasts there will be poets to make verses, and people to read them.

For poetry, then, there is, and will always be, a demand. In this department of literature there are many sources of supply, but the lover of good verse is very apt to choose for his reading some of the works of poets widely known to fame. That this is right and proper no one will call in question; but there is a tendency to ignore the excellent work of many whom only the difficulty of access to their writings has prevented from becoming famous. The lover of literature, unless he be a student, does not like to prepare his feasts of reason for himself; he chooses, rather, to enjoy the dainty repasts provided by the patient labors of love of those who, knowing his desires and his indolence, secure a reading of selections from their favorite authors by presenting them in an attractive and convenient form. Hence the profusion of anthologies which happily furnish delight to the reader and spare him a labor always arduous, and in too many instances distasteful

Some years ago it was remarked to the editor of this volume by a learned clergyman in New York: "How few persons are aware of the magnitude and excellence of the contributions to literature made by Catholics! Take the field of poetry, for instance; how many persons can tell you the names of a dozen Catholic poets? They may know the poets, and be familiar with their works, but they do not know them as Catholics The Reformation followed close upon the invention of printing, and all things pertaining to Catholic faith have been carefully withheld from the people. It is time that the children of our own Church should know what members of the Catholic faith have done; and that those who assume them to be lacking in either the power to produce, or the capacity to appreciate, literature, should be shown how egregiously they are in error."

This conversation resulted in the undertaking of which this volume is the fruit. It is to be questioned whether any poetic collection was ever attended with so many obstacles, and such great difficulties. As the very reverend clergyman had pointed out, it was by no means easy to locate many poets as Catholics. The various dictionaries and cyclopædias of literature, all of them edited by Protestants, have carefully concealed the religious faith of nearly all Catholic writers of eminence, and those who were not exceedingly well known to fame have been ignored altogether. When (as in the case of Pope) a writer's Catholicity has been noted, it is with an assumption of surprise that any thing good could come from a "Papist" source. Indeed it may be truly said that the researches required in ascertaining who were, and who were not, Catholics, has constituted the chief labor in preparing this volume.

It has not been intended to include here a selection from all Catholics who have written poetry. Several of the earlier English poets have been omitted for the reason that their productions figure but slightly in literature at the present day, and because their language, long since obsolete, is so unintelligible to the average reader, as to render selections from them uninteresting and unprofitable. Other omissions may be noted, for which to most readers the reasons will be obvious. Indeed, it is hardly to be expected that one should hope to find all his favorite poems included in any collection, however large. Few persons are agreed as to the merits of any one poem, and in compilations the compiler must be largely guided by his own taste and preference, although he may in some degree be influenced by the varied and accepted judgments of others. The necessities imposed upon the editor have impelled him to take his selections almost entirely from the lyrical productions of the poets represented; and wherever practicable, the briefest poems have been used, in order that the volume might not assume too large proportions. In all cases where a poet of the first rank has been quoted, the utmost care has been used to consult the best editions; and in the cases of others the selections have been taken from standard sources. The chronological arrangement has been adopted as affording a general survey of the progress of Catholic contributions to poetic literature in connection with history. It is greatly to be regretted that this design could not be fully carried out, but the timid modesty of many writers of the present day has prevented this, and has necessitated an appendix with an alphabetical classification. It is to be hoped that this

feature, which in a measure detracts from the making of a perfect book, may be remedied in the near future, but this can not be done without the co-operation of the authors themselves. There has been no purpose to present lengthy biographies, but rather to create a desire among the Catholic people to cultivate and explore for themselves the many beauties which their own brethren in the faith have produced. If in some instances it be noted that unusual space is given to the notice of an author, it will be found that information is conveyed which can not be obtained in ordinary channels.

The editor is not unaware of the learned discussions which have taken place concerning the Catholicity of Shakspere, and the ultimate return to the faith of Milton, as well as of the conversion of some other prominent poets. But it has been thought best not to admit into this work any matter which is open to doubt.

Especially is it desired that our poets of the younger generation shall meet with that encouragement so often withheld, but which, when given, so frequently stimulates to vigorous effort fertile powers which had else lain dormant. For this reason the names of many whose ascent of Mount Parnassus has little more than begun, have been admitted.

It is with deep gratitude that the editor acknowleges the services rendered him by various members of the clergy and literati. Especially is he indebted to the Rev. James. J. Dougherty, John Savage, LL.D., John Boyle, Esq., Maurice F. Egan and Peter F. Collier, of New York City; the Very Rev. J. A. Rochford, O.P., of Washington, D. C., the Rev. D E. Hudson, C.S.C., and the faculty of the University of Notre Dame, and to Boyle O'Reilly, LL.D., of Boston.

ELIOT RYDER.

University of Notre Dame, August 15, 1881.



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Acton, John.
Andrew of Wyntoun.
Arrington, Alfred W.
Azarias, Brother.

Banim, John.
Barbour, John.
Benson, John R.
Berners, Juliana.
Blake, Mrs. Mary E.
Boyle, John.
Brann, Rev. Henry A., D. D.
Brenan, Joseph.
Brown, Rev. Michael B
Burke, Mrs. Mary C.
Burke, Rev. Thomas N., O. P.
Butler, Rev. Thomas Ambrose.

Callanan, Jeremiah Joseph.
Cassidy, Patrick Sarsfield.
Caswall, Rev. Edward.
Chaucer, Geoffrey.
Cokain, Sir Aston.
Connolly, Daniel.
Constable, Henry.
Conway, Katherine Eleanor.
Cook, Edith W.
Crashaw, Richard.
Cronin, Rev. Patrick.
Cummings, Rev. Jeremiah W., D. D.
Curtin, J. C.

Dahlgren, Mrs. Madeleine Vinton.
Davenant, William.
De Vere, Sir Aubrey.
Digby, Sir Kenelme.
Donnelly, Eleanor C.
Dorsey, Mrs. Anna Hanson.
Dorward, Bernard Isaac.
Douglas, Gavin.
Doyle, P. Henry.
Dryden, John.
Duffy, Charles Gavan.
Dunbar, William.

Egan, Maurice Francis.
Elder, Mrs. Susan Blanchard.

Ellet, Mrs. Elizabeth Fries.
Emery, Susan L.
Esling, Charles H. A.

Faber, Rev. Frederic William, D. D
Fitzgerald, Annie A
Fitzgerald, Marcella F.
Foran, James K.
Fullerton, Lady Georgiana.

Gahan, James Joseph.
Garland, Henry W. I.
Geoghegan, William.
Goddard, Vinton Augustine.
Griffin, Gerald.

Habington, William.
Hamilton, William.
Hendry, Elizabeth Carmel.
Henrysoun, Robert.
Hill, Rev. B D (Father Edmund, C. P.)
Holloway, Mrs. E. B.
Hosmer, William H. C.
Howard, Timothy E.
Huntington, J. V.
Hyde, Edward.

James I., of Scotland.
Joyce, Robert Dwyer.

Keegan, John Curran.
Kelly, William D.
Kelly, William J.
Kelly, William Louis.
Ketchum, Mrs. Annie Chambers.

Locke, John.
Lodge, Thomas.

Maginn, William.
Mahony, Rev. Francis.
Mangan, James Clarence.
Mannix, Mrs. Mary E.
Mary, Queen of Scots.
Massinger, Philip.
McCarthy, Denis Florence.
McGee, Thomas D'Arcy.
McGeoghegan, Thomas J.

McLeod, Rev. Donald Xavier.
McNamara, James.
McPhelim, E. J.
McPhelim, K. T.
Meehan, Rev. Charles.
Miles, George Henry.
Moore, Thomas.
More, Sir Thomas.
Muir, Marion.
Mullen, Rev. Michael, D. D

Newman, Cardinal J. H.
Norris, Joseph W. S.

O'Callaghan, T. D.
O'Connor, Michael.
O'Hagan, Thomas.
O'Hara, Theodore.
O'Meara, Henry.
O'Reilly, John Boyle.
O'Ryan, Frank.

Patmore, Coventry.
Phelan, Agnes V. M.
Pope, Alexander.
Procter, Adelaide Anne.
Purcell, V. Rev. Edward.

Roberts, Rebecca V.
Rochford, V. Rev. John A.
Rouquette, Rev. Adrian.
Rossetti, Christina G.
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Smith, Sarah T.
Southwell, Rev. Robert, S. J.
Stace, Arthur J.
Starr, Miss Eliza Allen.
Stoddard, Charles Warren.
Stone, Rev. James Kent (Father Fidelis, C.P.).
Sullivan, Mrs. Margaret F.

Tabb, John B.
Treacy, Rev. William T., S J.

Waylen, Elizabeth.
Whitaker, Lily C.
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Wilde, Richard Henry.
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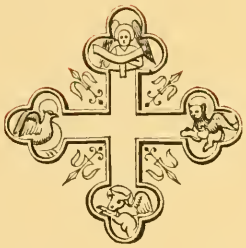
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HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY

OF

CATHOLIC POETS.



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

13– — 1400.

The time and place of the birth of this eminent poet are uncertain. He lived in the fourteenth century, and died in 1400. He is designated as the father of English poetry. The obsolete phraseology of his writings, though presenting a barrier to general appreciation and popularity, will never deter those who truly love the "dainties that are bred in a book," from holding him in affection and reverence. His chief work, "The Canterbury Pilgrimage," was written in the decline of life, when its author had passed his sixtieth year. For catholicity of spirit, love of nature, purity of thought, pathos, humor, subtle and minute discrimination of character and power of expressing it, Chaucer has but one superior—Shakspere.

TO MY EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dere;
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere;
Me were as lefe be laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your color like the sunne bright,
That of yellowness had never pere;
Ye are my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queen of comfort and good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now, purse, thou art to me my lives light,
And saviour, as down in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you will not be my treasure,
For I am slave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your curtesie,
Be heavy again, or els mote I die.

PRAISE OF WOMEN.

For, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin lie,
In women is all truth and steadfastness;
For, in good faith, I never of them sie
But much worship, bounty, and gentleness.
Right coming, fair, and full of meekness;
Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly and angelic creature.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
She doth her business and her full pain
With all her might him to comfort and please,
If fro his disease him she might restrain:
In word ne deed, I wis, she woll not faine;
With all her might she doth her business
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women have,
If we could know it for our rudeness!
How busy they be us to keep and save
Both in hele and also in sickness,
And alway right sorry for our distress!
In every manure thus shew they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all truth.

AN APRIL DAY.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fulness down;

All day that soft gray mist hath wrapt
 Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
 To break the calm of nature,
Nor motion, I might almost say,
 Of life or living creature,

Of waving bough or warbling bird,
 Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
 The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well,—
 The rain's continuous sound—
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
 Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet
 Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
 With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
 Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
 Hath put forth larger studs.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
 The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
 Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air
 Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
 Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
 Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
 Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
 Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
 Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
 Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
 The fringes of her train.

JOHN BARBOUR.

1326—1396.

John Barbour is supposed to have been born about 1326. In 1357 he was archdeacon of Aberdeen. He wrote two long poems, "The Brute," and "The Bruce," which are now but little known. He died in 1396.

APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

(In modern spelling.)

Ah! Freedom is a noble thing.
Freedom makes man to have likéing;
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease who freely lives.
A noble heart may have no ease,
Nor else naught that may him please,
If freedom fails: for free likéing
Is yearnèd o'er all other thing,
Nor he that ayes has lived free,
May not know well the property,
The anger, nor the wretched doom,
That is coupléd to foul thraldóm.

ANDREW OF WYNTOUN.

1400.

Andrew of Wyntoun, prior of St. Serf's Monastery in Lochleven, about the year 1420, completed, in eight-syllable meter, an *Oryginale Cronykil of* Scotland, which may be considered as a Scottish member of the rhymed chronicles. The genius of this author is inferior to that of Barbour, but his versification is easy, his language pure, and his style often animated. The dates of his birth and death are not known.

INTERVIEW OF ST. SERF WITH SATHANAS.

While St. Serf, intil a stead
Lay after matins in his bed,
The devil came, in foul intent
For til found him with argument,
And said, "St. Serf, by thy werk,
I ken thou art a cunning clerk."
St. Serf said: "Gif I sae be,

Foul wretch, what is that for thee?"
The devil said: "This question
I ask in one collation—
Say where was God, wit ye oucht,
Before that heaven and erd was wroucht?"
St. Serf said: "In himself steadless,
His Godhead hampered never was."
The devil then askit, "What cause He had
To make the creatures that he made?"
To that St. Serf answered there,
"Of creatures made he was maker.
A maker micht he never be,
But gif creatures made had he."
The devil askit him, "Why God of noucht
His werkis all full gude had wroucht?"
St. Serf answered, "That Goddis will
Was never to make his werkis ill,
And as envious as he had been seen,
Gif nought but he full good had been."
St. Serf the devil askit than,
"Where God made Adam the first man?"
"In Ebron Adam formit was,"
St. Serf said. And til him Sathanas,
"Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
He was put out of Paradise?"
St. Serf said: "Where he was made."
The devil askit, "How long he bade
In Paradise, after his sin?"
"Seven hours," Serf said, "bade he therein."
"When Eve was made?" said Sathanas.
"In Paradise," Serf said, "she was."* *

The devil askit, "Why that ye
Men, are quite delivered free,
Through Christ's passion precious boucht,
And we devils sae are naucht?"
St. Serf said, "For that ye
Fell through your own iniquity;
And through ourselves we never fell;
But through your fellow false counsell."
Then saw the devil that he could noucht,
With all the wiles that he wroucht,
Overcome St. Serf. He said than
He keened him for a wise man.
Forthy there he gave him quit,
For he wan at him na profit.
St. Serf said, "Thou wretch, gae
Frae this stead, and 'noy nae mae
Into this stead, I bid ye."
Suddenly then passed he;
Frae that stead he held his way,
And never was seen there to this day.

——o——

JAMES. I. OF SCOTLAND.

1395—1437.

James I. of Scotland was born in 1395, and was assassinated at Perth, in 1437. His principal poem, "The King's Quhair," contains poetry superior to any besides that of Chaucer, produced in England before the reign of Elizabeth, as will be testified to by the following verses:

[*James I., a Prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Jane Beaufort, who afterwards was his Queen.*]

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy[1]
To see the world and folk that went forbye,[2]
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene wtistis[3] sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung

1 Haste. 2 Past. 3 Twigs.

So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song. * *

——Cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairist or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart,[1]
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,[2]
No wonder was, for why? my wittis all
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
For ever of free will,—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo,' but only woman twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,[3]
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

"Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or *are ye very Nature the goddess,*
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister[4] unto your excellence?

If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:[5]
If ye be wardly wight, that doth me sike,[6]
Why list[7] God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely[8] prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so." * *

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit[1] with pearlis white
And great balas[2] leaming[3] as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair saphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,[4]
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neek, white as the fire amail,[5]
A goodly chain of small orfevory,[6]
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low,[7] so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party,[8] God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen toforow,[9]
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,[10]
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, richess, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:

1 Went and came. 2 Confounded for a little while. 3 Say. 4 Minister. 5 Fly. 6 Makes me sigh. 7 Pleased. 8 Wretched.

1 Inlaid like fret work. 2 A kind of precious stone. 3 Glittering. 4 A kind of lily. It is conjectured that the royal poet may here covertly allude to the name of his mistress, which, in the diminutive, was Janet or Jonet.— *Thomson's Edition of King Quhair (Ayr, 1824).* 5 Enamel. 6 Gold work. 7 Flame. 8 Match. 9 Before. 10 Slightly.

Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning[1] sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance!
* * *
And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

—o—

JULIANA BERNERS.

1400 — —.

About 1481, Juliana Berners, a sister of Lord Berners, and Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopewell, composed what is regarded as the great literary curiosity of the time, a work, containing treatises on hawking, hunting, and heraldry, which, in 1486, was printed. A second edition has a treatise on angling, and a sort of lyrical epilogue to the treatise on hunting, which last is written in rhyme. We give the following:

FROM THE EPILOGUE.

A faithful friend I fain would find,
To find him there he might be found,
But now is this world wext so unkind,
That friendship is fall to the ground.
Now a friend I have found
That I will neither ban ne[2] curse;
But all friends in field or town,
Ever gramercy[3] my own purse.

It fell by me, upon a time,
As it hath doo[4] by many mo,[5]
My horse, my neat, my sheep, my swine,
And all my goods they fell me fro;
I went to my friends and told them so,
And home again they bade me truss.
I said again, when I was wo,[6]
Ever gramercy mine own purse.

1 Knowledge. 2 Nor. 3 Great thanks to. 4 Done. 5 More. 6. Sorrowful.

ROBERT HENRYSOUN.

14— —1508.

Of Robert Henrysoun there are no personal memorials (although he was one of the most conspicuous of the Scottish poets of his day), save that he was a school-master at Dumfermline, is conjectured to have been a Benedictine monk, and died about 1508. He wrote a large number of poems.

THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.

Would my good lady love me best,
And work after my will,
I should a garment goodliest
Gar make her body till.[1]

Of high honoùr should be her hood,
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance, so good
Na deeming should her deir.[2]

Her sark[3] should be her body next,
Of chastity so white:
With shame and dread together mixt,
The same should be perfyte.[4]

Her kirtle should be of clean constance,
Lacit with lesum[5] love;
The mailies[6] of continuance,
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown;
Purfill'd[7] with pleasure in ilk[8] place,
Furrit with fine fashioùn.

Her belt should be of benignity,
About her middle meet;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole[9] both wind and weit.[10]

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth;
Her patelet of good pansing,[11]
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.[12]

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her fra despair:

1 Cause to be made to her shape. 2 No opinion should injure her. 3 Shift. 4 Perfect. 5 Lawful. 6 Eyelet holes for lacing her kirtle. 7 *Parfilé* (French), fringed, or bordered. 8 Each. 9 Endure. 10 Wet. 11 Thinking. 12 Her neck-ribbon of pity.

Her glovis of good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoen should be of sickerness,
In sign that she not slide;
Her hose of honesty, I guess,
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seill,[1]
That she wore never green nor gray
That set[2] her half so weel.

—o—

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

1465—1520.

William Dunbar flourished at the court of James IV., at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. He was born about the year 1465, and is supposed to have died about 1520. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and took the degree of Master of Arts. He afterwards became a Franciscan friar, in which capacity he travelled for some years, not only in Scotland, but also in England and France. After some years he left the priesthood. His writings are voluminous, yet with scarcely any exception remained in the obscurity of manuscript until the beginning of the last century. But his fame has been gradually rising since then, and fifty years ago his works were issued in a complete edition. Sir Walter Scott pronounces Dunbar "a poet equal to any that Scotland has ever produced."

OF DISCRETION IN GIVING.

To speak of gifts and almos deeds:
Some gives for merit, and some for meeds;
Some, wardly honour to uphie;
Some gives to them that nothing needs;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives for pride and glory vain;
Some gives with grudging and with pain:
Some gives on prattick for supplie;
Some gives for twice as gude again:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

1 Salvation. 2 Became.

Some gives for thank, and some for threat;
Some gives money, and some gives meat;
Some givis wordis fair and slie;
And gifts fra some may na man treit:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some is for gift sae lang required,
While that the craver be so tired,
That ere the gift delivered be,
The thank is frustrate and expired:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives so little full wretchedly,
That all his gifts are not set by,[1]
And for a hood-pick halden is he,
That all the warld cries on him, Fye!
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some in his giving is so large,
That all o'er-laden is his barge;
Then vice and prodigalitie,
There of his honour does discharge:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some to the rich gives his gear,
That might his giftis weel forbear;
And, though the poor for fault[2] sould die,
His cry not enters in his ear:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to strangers with faces new,
That yesterday fra Flanders flew;[3]
And to auld servants list not see,
Were they never of sae great virtue:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to them can ask and pleinyie,[4]
Some gives to them can flatter and feignie:
Some gives to men of honestie,
And halds all janglers at disdenyie:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gettis gifts and rich arrays,
To swear all that his master says,
Though all the contrair weel knaws he;
Are mony sic now in thir days:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

1 Appreciated. 2 Starvation. 3 A large proportion of the strangers who visited Scotland at this early period were probably from Flanders. 4 Complain.

Some gives to gude men for their thews;
Some gives to trumpours and to shrews;
Some gives to knaw his authoritie,
But in their office gude fund in few is:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some givis parochines full wide,
Kirks of St. Bernard and St. Bride,
The people to teach and to o'ersee,
Though he nae wit has them to guide:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

OF DISCRETION IN TAKING.

After Giving I speak of Taking,
But little of ony gude forsaking;
Some takes o'er little authoritie,
And some o'er mickle, and that is glaiking:[1]
In Taking sould Discretion be.

The clerks takes benefices with brawls,
Some of St. Peter and some of St. Paul's;
Tak he the rents, no care has he,
Suppose the devil tak all their sauls:
In taking sould Discretion be.

Barons taks fra the tenants puir
All fruit that growis on the fur,
In mails and gersoms[2] raisit o'er him,
And gars them beg fra door to door:
In taking sould Discretion be.

Some merchants taks unleesome[3] wine,
Whilk maks their packs oft time full thin
By their succession, as ye may see,
That ill-won gear 'riches not the kin:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some taks other mennis tacks,[4]
And on the puir oppression maks,
And never remembers that he maun die,
Till that the gallows gars him rax:[5]
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some taks by sea, and some by land,
And never fra taking can hold their hand,
Till he be tyit up to ane tree;
And syne they gar him understand,
In Taking sould discretion be.

1 Foolish. 2 Rents and fines of entry. 3 Unlawful. 4 Leases. 5 Till the gallows stretches him.

Some wald tak all his neighbor's gear;
Had he of man as little fear
As he has dread that God him see;
To tak then sould he never forbear:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some wald tak all this warld on breid;[1]
And yet not satisfied of their need,
Through heart unsatiable and greedie:
Some would tak little, and cannot speed:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Great men for taking and oppression,
Are set full famous at the Session,[2]
And puir takers are hangit hie,
Shawit forever and their succession:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

—o—

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

1474—1522.

Gavin Douglas, born about the year 1474, was educated for the church, and rose through a variety of inferior offices to be Bishop of Dunkeld. After occupying a prominent place in the history of his country, he died of the plague in London, in the year 1522. His principal original composition is a long poem called "The Palace of Honor.

FROM A DESCRIPTION OF MAY.*

And lusty Flora did her bloomès sprede
Under the feet of Phebus sulyeart[3] steed:
The swardit[4] soil, embrode[5] with selcouth[6] hues
Wood and forést obumbrate[7] with the bews,[8]
Whais[9] blissful branches, portrayed on the ground
With shadows sheen, show rochis[10] rubicund,
Towers, turrets, kirnals,[11] and pinnácles high

*In Ellis's Specimens. The spelling is perhaps somewhat modernized.

1 In its whole breadth. 2 Get high places in the supreme court of law. 3 Sultry. 4 Turfed. 5 Embroidered. 6 Uncommon. 7 Shade. 8 Boughs. 9 Whose. 10 Rocks. 11 Battlements.

Of kirkis,[1] castles, and ilk fair city:
Stood *paintit* every fane, phiall,[2] and stage,
Upon the plain ground by their own umbrage.

The daisy did un-braid her crownel small,
And every flower unlappit[3] in the dale,
Sere downis small on dentilion[4] sprang,
The young, green, bloomit strawberry leaves amang;
Gimp[5] Gilliflowèrs their own leaves unschet,[6]
Fresh primrose and pourpour violet.

——o——

SIR THOMAS MORE.

1480—1535.

Sir Thomas More, the celebrated chancellor of Henry VIII., was born in 1480, and, in consequence of his disapproval of the divorce of his monarch from his lawful wife, in 1535 was executed. He was the author of a few short poems of considerable merit.

FORTUNE DESCRIBED.

Then, as a bait, she bringeth forth her ware,
Silver and gold, rich pearl and precious stone,
On which the masèd people gaze and stare,
And gape therefor, as dogs do for the bone,
Fast by her side doth weary labor stand,
Pale fear, also, and sorrow all bewept;
Disdain and hatred on that other hand,
Eke restless watch, from sleep with iravail kept,
Before her standeth danger and envy,
Flattery, deceit, mischief, and tyranny.

——o——

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

1542—1588.

This unfortunate queen was born in 1542, and on pretences which probably few writers at this time will justify, was executed in 1588. She did not understand English, but composed verses in Latin and French with great facility. The following is a translation:

1 Churches. 2 Cupola. 3 Unfolded. 4 Dandelion. 5 Pretty. 6 Unshut.

SONNET.

Alas! what am I, and in what estate?
A wretched corse, bereavèd of its heart;
An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate,
To die is now in life my only part.
Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest!
In me no taste for grandeur now is found,
Consum'd by grief, by heavy ills oppress'd,
Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.
And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,
Bethink you that when health and heart are fled,
And every hope of future good is dead,
'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;
And that this punishment on earth is given,
That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in heaven.

——o——

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

1560—1595.

Robert Southwell occupies a high place among the poetical lights of the reign of Elizabeth. He was born in 1560 at St. Faith's, Norfolk, of Catholic parents, was educated at Douay, in Flanders, and at Rome, where, at sixteen years of age, he entered the Society of Jesus. In 1584 he returned to his native country as a missionary, notwithstanding a law which threatened with death all members of his profession found in England. He continued his work for eight years, when, in 1592, he was apprehended and committed to a dungeon in the tower of London. After three years he was brought to trial, and found guilty, upon his own confession of being a Catholic priest, and was condemned to death, and executed at Tyborn.

LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief;
A kiss—where she doth kill.

A honey shower rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek, yet fear to find;
To find, but nought enjoy;
In many frowns, some passing smiles
She yields to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
For fools to gather up;
Now sweet, now sour, for every taste
She tempereth her cup.

Her watery eyes have burning force,
Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks—sobs fuel are,
And sighs but fan the fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words enthralled souls
She chains in servile bands;
Her eye, in silence, hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours;
Short hap immortal harms;
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs, bewitching charms.

Like Winter rose and Summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first—in fine unkindly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds—
Love's service is in vain.

TIME GOES BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time will grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower.
The sorriest wight may find relief from pain.
The dryest soil sucks in some moistening shower.
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune does not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb.
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but all its glow doth spend,
No hap so hard but runneth to an end.

Not always full of leaf, nor even spring;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day.
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding terms God temper-eth all;
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost.
The net that holds no great takes little fish.
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all things need, and none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least hath some; who most hath never all.

LOSS IN DELAYS.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,—
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure:
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let the fore-wit guide thy thought

Time wears all his locks before,
Take, then, hold upon his forehead:

When he flies, he turns no more;
And behind his scalp is naked:
Works adjourn'd have many stays,
Long demurs bring new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Fester'd wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing:
In the rising stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling;
Custom kills with feeble dint,
More by use than strength prevailing;
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees do break with bending;
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending:
Happy man, that soon doth knock
Babel's babes against the rock.

—o—

THOMAS LODGE.

1556—1625.

Thomas Lodge was of a Lincolnshire family, and was born about 1556. In 1573 he was entered at Oxford, where he took one degree, and seems to have been distinguished as a scholar, a wit, and a poet. In 1584 he was an actor. He also wrote for the stage, and appears to have studied law. He finally became a physician. He wrote many plays and poems. His contemporary poets characterized him as a man of great genius.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

I.

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye.

II.

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The live-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if I do sing;
He lends me every lovely thing:
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

III.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence;
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

IV.

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be:
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

—o—

HENRY CONSTABLE.

1566—.

Henry Constable was born about 1566. He took his degree at Cambridge in 1579. He was noted as a sonnetteer. He is supposed to have been the Henry Constable who, for his zeal in the Catholic cause, was long obliged to live in a state of banishment, and, having privately returned to London, was imprisoned in the tower. The year of his death is not known.

LOVE'S TROUBLES.

To tread a maze that never shall have end;
To burn in sighs and starve in daily tears;
To climb a hill, and never to descend,

Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears;
To pine for food, and watch the Hesperian tree;
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw;
To live accurst, whom men hold blest to be;
And weep those wrongs which never creature saw;
If this be love, and love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these are in it grounded.

DAMELUS' SONG TO HIS DIAPHENIA.

I.

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

II.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

III.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the Spring,
Or the bees their careful king;
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

—o—

PHILIP MASSINGER.

1584—1640.

Philip Massinger was born in Salisbury, England, in 1584. He wrote numerous plays, many of which were lost by being burned by an ignorant hireling. Many of Massinger's occasional verses are very beautiful. He died in 1640.

DEATH.

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A prey unto thy dart?
I am not young, nor fair; be, therefore, bold:
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deformed, and wrinkled; all that I can crave
Is quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel:
But to me thou art cruel,
If thou end not my tedious misery,
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

—o—

JAMES SHIRLEY.

1594—1666.

James Shirley, one of the great English dramatic poets, was born in London in 1594. He was a convert to the Catholic faith. His works consist of thirty-nine plays, and a volume of poems. In 1666 the great fire of London drove him, with his family, from his home, and soon afterwards both he and his wife died on the same day.

THE PASSING-BELL.

Hark! how chimes the passing-bell,
There's no music to a knell:
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter, and but cheat our ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resigned,
And a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade
He that on his pillow lies,
Tear-embalmed before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life
To meet the sacrificer's knife,
And for Eternity is prest,
Sad bell-wether to the rest.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

I.

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

II.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

III.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
 See, where the victor victim bleeds:
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

—o—

SIR KENELME DIGBY.

1603—1665.

Sir Kenelme Digby, one of the most noted and remarkable men of his time, was born at Gothurst, in 1603. He was educated at Oxford, and having completed his studies, travelled in France, Spain and Italy. He was a convert to the Catholic faith, and his conversion seems to have been first publicly professed in 1636. He wrote many works in prose and verse. His death occurred June 11, 1665. Of a poem ascribed to him, Ellis cites the following passage:

LIFE.

Fame, honor, beauty, state, trains, blood,
 and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
I would be great but that the sun doth
 still
Level his rays against the highest hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
More subject to the rending thunder-
 stroke;
I would be wise, but that the fox I see
Suspected guilty, while the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see that champion
 proud,
The brightest sun, oft setting in a cloud.

—o—

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

1605—1668.

Sir William Davenant was born in 1605, and was the son of a vintner at Oxford. About the year 1628 he began to write for the stage, and in 1638, on the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed poet laureate. He died April 7, 1668. Davenant was a convert to Catholicity.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
 To purify the air:
Thy tears to thread instead of pearl,
 On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
 And wakes the louder drum;
Expense of grief gains no remorse,
 When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
 Will hide her drowsy head,
And, for the sport of kings, increase
 The number of the dead!

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft.
 Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft
 Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old
 Ordained a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, seven-fold
 What he had stolen away.

Thy payment shall but double be:
 O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
 Accompanied with thine.

SONG.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings.
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The plowman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

—o—

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1605—1654.

William Habington was born in 1605, of a Catholic family, in Worcestershire, England. He was educated at Paris and St. Omer's. By his literary attainments he won the favor of Charles I., at whose request he wrote a history of Edward IV. He also wrote "Observations upon History," and "The Queen of Arragon," a play which was acted at Court. He died in 1654. His poetry is remarkable for its delicacy and elegance.

UPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

Vows are vain. No suppliant breath
Stays the speed of swift-heeled Death.
Life with her is gone, and I
Learn but a new way to die.
See, the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funeral.
The bright lily, as if day
Parted with her, fades away.

Violets hang their heads and lose
All their beauty. That the rose
A sad part in sorrow bears,
Witness all those dewy tears,
Which as pearl, or diamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheek.
All things mourn. But O, behold
How the withered marigold
Closeth up now she is gone,
Judging her the setting sun.

TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.

I.

Ye, blushing virgins, happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts;
For he'd profane so chaste a fair,
Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests.

II.

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow,
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' the open field.

III.

In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath;
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

IV.

Then that which living gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be:
There wants no marble for a tomb,
Whose heart hath marble been to me.

THE MOMENT LAST PAST.

O whither dost thou flye? Can not my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone; like ships which plough the sea,
And leave no print for man to tracke the way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well-spent in thee
Had beene a purchase for eternity!
We will not loose thee then. Castara, where
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;

And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell
stealth
Of fate shall rob us of so great a wealth.
Undone in thrift! while we besought
him stay,
Ten of his fellow-moments fled away.

A LESSON FOR BELLES.

Faire Madame! You
May see what's man in yond' bright rose,
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which shewes, though fate
May promise still to warme our lippes,
And keepe our eyes from an ecclips;
It will our pride with teares abate.

Poor silly flowre!
Though in thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the Spring per-
fume;
Thou may'st be cropt, this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to rest
O' th' pillow of some Ladie's brest;
Thou'lt wither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there shall appeare
No memory that thou grew'st heere,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

—o—

SIR ASTON COKAIN.

1608—1683.

Sir Aston Cokain was born at Ashbourn, in 1608. He studied at both Oxford and Cambridge. He led a retired life during the civil wars, and suffered much for his religion. He died in 1683. He published a volume of verse called "Poems of Divers Sorts."

TO PLAUTIA.

I can behold thy golden hair,
And for the owner nothing care;
Thy starry eyes can look upon,
And be mine own when I have done;
Can view the garden of thy cheeks,
And slight the roses there as leeks;
My liberty thou canst not wrong
With all the magic of thy tongue;
For thou art false, and wilt be so,
I else no other fair would woo.
Away! therefore; tempt me no more!
I'll not be won with all thy store.

—o—

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1616—1650.

Richard Crashaw is supposed to have been born in 1616. He graduated at Cambridge in 1633. He wrote many poems of considerable merit. Owing to religious troubles he left England and went to Italy, where he became secretary to one of the Cardinals, and canon of the church of Loretto. In this situation he died in 1650. He wrote many Latin poems, in one of which occurs the beautiful line: "*Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.*" (The conscious water saw its God and blushed.) These Latin poems are greatly admired.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

I.

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

II.

In free air
Flow thy hair
That no more Summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

III.

O deliver
Love his quiver;
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Can not follow,
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

IV.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses!

V.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather:
Earth and heaven,
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

VI.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
S orm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

VII.

But if Nature's
Common creatures
So dear glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, lingering sorrow.

VIII

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his terrors to affright me;
Thine eyes, graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me.

IX.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet airs that often slew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprieve me,
And to many deaths renew me.

——o——

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

1618—1702.

Sir Edward Sherburne was born in London in 1618. His Catholicity subjected him to many persecutions. At the Restoration he was knighted. He died in 1702. He wrote several translations and poems.

LOVE ONCE, LOVE EVER.

Shall I, hopeless, then pursue
A fair shadow that still flies me?
Shall I still adore, and woo
A proud heart that does despise me?
I a constant love may so,
But, alas! a fruitless show.

Shall I by the erring light
Of two crosser stars still sail?
That do shine, but shine in spite,
Not to guide, but make me fail?
I a wandering course may steer,
But the harbour ne'er come near.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess,
Reason passion would o'ersway,
Bidding me my flames suppress,
Or divert some other way:
But what reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
Search for some unfound-out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
Sailing to the unknown strand:
But that, steer which way he will,
To the loved North points still.

——o——

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631—1700.

John Dryden is supposed to have been born at Aldwinckle, in 1631. In 1670 he was made poet laureate, and Royal Historiographer, and in 1685 publicly acknowledged himself a convert to the Catholic faith. He died in 1700. His poems are remarkable for power of expression and reasoning, and his works occupy a deservedly high rank in English literature. He was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where a plain tablet simply records his name.

ODE TO ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.

When nature, underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead."
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

II.

What passion can not music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound,
Less than a God, they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well—
What passion can not music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud charger
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms—
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "hark! the foe comes,
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

IV.

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hapless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of pain and hight of passion
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love.
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher.
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sang the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

AN INCANTATION.

I.

Choose the darkest part o' th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noonday love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars raised of turf, or stone,
Will the infernal powers have none.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

II.

Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren heifer back:
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows;
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

III.

Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:
Mingle milk into the stream:
Feast the ghosts that love the steam:
Snatch a brand from funeral pile:
Toss it in, to make them boil;
And turn your faces from the sun.
Answer me, if this be done?
'Tis done.

—o—

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

Alexander Pope was born in London in 1688, died in 1744. As a poet, Pope holds a first place. In his "Rape of the Lock" he has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world. His "Essay on Man," "Essay on Criticism," and "Temple of Fame," are each unsurpassed in beauty and elegance of style.

ON PRIDE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind,
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
And drinking largely sobers it again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So, pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wondering eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

THE MESSIAH.

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,

And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn;
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe; be born!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies:
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys rise!
With heads reclined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold.
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hands shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens to my eyes!—my ears

With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

—o—

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

1704—1754.

William Hamilton, of Bangour, was born in Scotland in 1704. In 1745 he joined the standard of the pretender, Prince Charles. On the discomfiture of the party he escaped to France, but was soon pardoned. He wrote many lyrical poems. He died in 1754.

SONG.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store.

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale
New colored every flower.

The gales their gentle sighs withheld.
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by;

All nature seemed in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently rolled the tuneful wave.
She spoke, she blessed my ear;

"Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast
Love renders wholly thine."

The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feathered choir resumed their voice,
And wonder filled the grove.

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkin's tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled
The song of triumph by;

Above, beneath, around, on all
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatched her to my trembling breast,
And nature joyed along.

—o—

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and died February 25, 1852. Of his life and works it is not necessary to speak. They have rendered him famous the world over.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;†
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodious, should cover his sword.*
But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

*We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his "State of Ireland," and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the graceling of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

†It is conjectured, by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Ir*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland, called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400 years, was now become the land of concord." — *Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. *The Lord Grandeson.*

*See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius, and Aristogiton," etc.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.*

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her light canoe.

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"O, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"

And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

* "They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses." The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, Va., where this ballad was written, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i, book 10.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle,
And blessed forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride!

A HYMN.

Like morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy Grace can send its breathing o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Ev'n angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

—o—

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

1789—1847.

Richard Henry Wilde was born in Dublin in 1789, and, with his parents, came to Baltimore in 1797. Some years later his family removed to Georgia. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and became Attorney-general of the State. He several times represented Georgia in the National Congress. In 1844 he went to New Orleans, and became a Professor of Law in the University of Louisiana, which post he retained until his death on September 10, 1847. The following poem has rendered him famous:

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the Summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground to die!
Yet on the humble rose's bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed;
As if she wept the waste to see;—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the Autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand!
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—
But none, alas, shall mourn for me!

—o—

WILLIAM MAGINN.

1794—1842.

William Maginn was born in Cork, November 11, 1794, and died at Walton-on-Thames, near London, August 21, 1842. He wrote numerous and valuable papers for the magazines, which were distinguished for their wit and scholarship. Maginn was the founder of *Frazer's Magazine*, in the conducting of which he was supported by "Father Prout," and other famous writers.

I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

I give my soldier-boy a blade;
In fair Damascus fashioned well:
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell.
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flaming noise—
And still the gleaming sword remains;
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by these heartfelt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

—o—

J. J. CALLANAN.

1795—1829.

Jeremiah Joseph Callanan was born in Cork in 1795. He was educated for the priesthood, but the delicate state of his health, and the restless spirit which afterwards became the bane of his existence, impelled him, after a residence of two years, to quit Maynooth, and resign his prospects in the clerical profession. In 1820 he entered Trinity College as an out-pensioner, intending to study for the bar; but after a two-years' trial he relinquished this also. In 1823 he became an assistant in the school of Dr. Maginn, at Cork, but remained there only a few months. Through Maginn's introduction, he became a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. During these six years, and up to 1829, he spent his time in rambling through the country collecting the old Irish ballads and legends, and in giving them a new dress in a new tongue. Early in 1829 he became a tutor in the family of an Irish gentleman in Lisbon, and on the 19th of September, of the same year, he died there.

MARY MAGDALEN.

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there:
She mark'd not the splendor that blazed on their board,
But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burn'd on her cheek;
And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seem'd as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallow'd should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd at his feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven;
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

IF I LOSE THEE, I'M LOST.

Shine on, thou bright beacon,
Unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness
O'er life's troubled sea;
Its morning of promise,
Its smooth waves are gone,
And the billows roar wildly;
Then, bright one, shine on.
The wings of the tempest
May rush o'er thy ray;
But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimm'd by its sway;
High, high o'er the worlds
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest all beauteous,
All glorious,—alone.
From the deep womb of darkness
The lightning-flash leaps,

O'er the bark of my fortunes
Each mad billow sweeps;
From the port of her safety,
By warring winds driven,
And no light o'er her course
But yon lone one of Heaven.
Yet fear not, thou frail one,
The hour may be near,
When our own sunny head-land
Far off shall appear;
When the voice of the storm
Shall be silent and past,
In some island of Heaven
We may anchor at last.
But, bark of eternity,
Where art thou now?
The wild waters shriek
O'er each plunge of thy prow;
On the world's dreary ocean
Thus shattered and tost;—
Then, lone one, shine on,
"If I lose thee, I'm lost."

—o—

JOHN BANIM.

1798—1842.

John Banim was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, April 3, 1798. He wrote several fine novels, and contributed largely to British periodicals. He died in 1842.

AILLEEN.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Though Fortune should her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Ailleen,
And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go—for this
I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
And woo it o'er and o'er,
And tempt a wave, and try a fate
Upon a stranger shore,
Ailleen,
Upon a stranger shore.

Oh, when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care!
Oh, when the gold is wooed and won,
I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen,
I know a brow shall wear!

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen,
And a hand will welcome me!

—o—

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

1800—1866.

The Rev. Francis Mahony, "Father Prout," was born in Cork, Ireland. His biographers do not agree as to the year of his birth, but it is usually placed at from 1800 to 1805. He became a member of the Society of Jesus, but soon ceased to exercise the office of a priest, and devoted himself to literature. He was one of the contributors to *Frazer's Magazine* in its best days. He is best known by his "Bells of Shandon" and his famous "Reliques of Father Prout." He died in 1866.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

I.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds, so wild, would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
Which sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lea.

II.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold tones free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lea.

III.

I've heard bells tolling
"Old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious,
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly—
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lea.

IV.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While in tower and Kiosko
Of St. Sophia the churchman gets,
And, high in air,
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets;
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
Which sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lea.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

There's a legend that's told of a gypsy who dwelt
In the lands where the pyramids be;
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt
With devices, right wondrous to see;
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
On His mother's immaculate breast;
When He fled from His foes—when to Egypt exiled,
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze,
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always.
She was pensive, and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd,
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a maid on a mule, by that road,
And a child on her bosom reclined—and the way
Led them straight to the gypsy's abode;
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path
From their home many, many a league—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil, and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile;
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress.

And she begged the old man would repose ;
"Here, the stranger," she said, "ever finds free access,
And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool ;
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a shed,
With a manger, was found for the mule ;
With the wine of the palm-tree, with the dates newly culled,
All the toil of the road she beguiled,
And with song, in a language mysterious, she lulled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon, in her Ethiop hand
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned
Of the babe in His slumbers so calm !
Well, she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed
O'er the tracings of destiny's line :
"WHENCE CAME YE ?" she cried, in astonishment lost,
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE."

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew ;
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed
In the gore of the children he slew ;
We were told to remain until an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return ;
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home.
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles !) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the infant, and knelt
And adored Him at once ;—then a smile
Lit the face of His mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS OF BONAPARTE.

(FROM BERANGER.)

They'll talk of him for years to come,
In cottage chronicle and tale:
When for aught else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail !
Then in the hamlet's honored chair
Shall sit some aged dame,
Teaching to lowly clown and villager
That narrative of fame.
'Tis true, they'll say, his gorgeous throne
France bled to raise;
But he was all our own !
Mother ! say something in his praise—
O speak of him always !

"I saw him pass ; his was a host,
Countless beyond your young imaginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquered kings !
And when he came this road,
'Twas on my bridal day,
He wore, for near to him I stood,
Cocked hat and surcoat gray.
I blushed; he said: 'Be of good cheer !
Courage, my dear !'
That was his very word."
Mother ! O then this really occurred,
And you his voice could hear !

"A year rolled on, when next at Paris I,
Lone woman that I am,
Saw him pass by,
Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre Dame,
I knew by merry chime and signal gun,
God granted him a son,
And O ! I wept for joy !

For why not weep when warrior men did,
Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,
And blest th' Imperial boy?
Never did noonday sun shine out so bright!
O what a sight!"
Mother! for you that must have been
A glorious scene!

"But when all Europe's gathered strength
Burst o'er the French frontier at length,
'Twill scarcely be believed
What wonders, single-handed, he achieved.
Such general never lived!
One evening on my threshold stood
A guest—'twas he! Of warriors few
He had a toil worn retinue.
He flung himself into this chair of wood,
Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,
'*Quelle guerre! oh, quelle guerre!*'"
Mother! and did our emperor sit there,
Upon that very chair?

"He said, 'Give me some food.'
Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
And made the kindling fireblocks shine,
To dry his cloak with wet bedewed.
Soon by the bonny blaze he slept,
Then waking chid me (for I wept);
'Courage!' he cried, 'I'll strike for all
Under the sacred wall
Of France's noble capital!'
Those were his words: I've treasured up
With pride that same wine cup;
And for its weight in gold
It never shall be sold!"
Mother! on that proud relic let us gaze.
O keep that cup always!

"But through some fatal witchery,
He, whom a Pope had crowned and blest,
Perished, my sons! by foulest treachery:
Cast on an isle far in the lonely West.
Long time sad rumors were afloat—
The fatal tidings we would spurn,
Still hoping from that isle remote
Once more our hero would return.
But when the dark announcement drew
Tears from the virtuous and the brave—
When the sad whisper proved too true,
A flood of grief I to his memory gave.
Peace to the glorious dead!"
Mother! may God His fullest blessings shed
Upon your aged head!

—o—

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

1801— —.

John Henry Newman was born February 21, 1801. In 1845 he became a convert to the Catholic faith, and was ordained priest in Rome, May 26, 1847. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest minds of the present century. His prose works are unrivaled for majesty, vigor and copiousness, and his verses are full of harmony. He was created a Cardinal in 1879. He is considered the greatest living master of English composition

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS.

All is divine
Which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought,
Till the day when He stayed—
Above and below,
Within and around,
From the center of space
To its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
The universe smiled
On the morn of its birth,
Like an innocent child,
Or like a rich bloom
Of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced
In the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
And a brighter than those,
And a brighter again
He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name
That conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
The Maker possessed.

But I know of one work
Of His infinite hand
Which special and singular
Ever must stand,
So perfect, so pure,
And of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
Ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
And the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
In its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
For my glorious Queen.

O Mary! all months
And all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness
When they are gone.
And we give to thee May,
Not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
And is pledge of the rest.

VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Would'st thou have a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled;
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear—
Valentine; the name is good,
For it comes of lineage high
And a famous family,
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood, and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill
In the battle for his Lord.

Valentine: I know the name;
Many martyrs bear the same;
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,
Who before and for them bled.
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords of cherub flame.

Yes; there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear;
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more,
Guerdon gained and warfare o'er,
By that sea without a surge,
And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific Sun
In Jerusalem above.
Valentine is every one:
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love.

SUBMISSION.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

—o—

CARDINAL NICHOLAS WISEMAN.

1802—1865.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, first Archbishop of Westminster, was born in Seville, Spain, August 2, 1802. He was ordained priest in 1825. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest men of the present age. He was noted for his brilliant and learned powers of controversy, as a distinguished linguist, as well as a theologian. He died February 15, 1865.

A SONNET.

[The following sonnet was written by Cardinal Wiseman some forty years ago, in a letter to a friend, but never published. It refers to his great work on "Science and Revealed Religion." In his letter he says: "In a moment of great presumption, I resolved to premise to them (the lectures) a sonnet, by way of dedication. I send it for your friendly inspection, requesting not merely that you will suggest any alteration, but that you will frankly say, if you think so, that it will not do." In a postscript he added: "Even if approved, I do not think that I shall have courage to publish it." The verses are not equal to his later compositions; but they are by no means without interest now, both on account of the diffident expressions which accompanied them, and also for their own sentiments, which his whole life constantly illustrated.]

Some dive for pearls to crown a mortal brow,
Some fondly garlands weave to dress the shrine
Of earthly beauty. It is my design,
Learning t' enchase that lay concealed till now,
And from all science pluck each greenest bough,
But not to deck the earthly, while divine
Beauty and majesty, supreme as thine,
Religion! shall my humble gift allow.
Thine was my childhood's path-lamp, and the oil
Of later watchings has but fed the flame!
While I, embroidering here with pleasant toil
My imaged traceries around thy name,
This banner weave (in part from hostile spoil),
And pay my fealty to thy highest claim.

SONNET OF ST. THOMAS.

'Tis not Thy promised heavenly reward
Attracts me, O my God! to love of Thee:
Nor am I moved from sin's reproach to flee
By fear of its eternal fierce award.
'Tis Thou who drawest me, my loving Lord!
Mangled and nailed to a disgraceful tree,
Thy wounded Body steals my heart from me;
Thy death mid scoffings strikes its deepest chord.
Yes; Thy love lifts me to such lofty scope,
That I would love Thee were no heaven above,
And, were no hell beneath, would fear to sin.
Nought dost Thou owe me my poor love to win;
For, if I hoped not for what now I hope,
Still as I love Thee now, I then would love.

—o—

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

1803—1849.

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin in 1803. His early education was limited, and for years he maintained himself, and helped support his father's fam-

ily, as a copyist. He became addicted to brandy and opium early in life, and passed a most wretched existence. He was one of the most artistic and musical of the poets of the present century, yet his verses are but little known. He died in 1849.

AND THEN NO MORE.

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more ;
'Twas Eden's light on earth awhile, and
then no more.
Amid the throng she passed along the
meadow floor ;
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile,
and then no more.
But whence she came, which way she
went, what garb she wore,
I noted not ; I gazed awhile, and then no
more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more ;
'Twas paradise on earth awhile, and then
no more.
Ah ! what avail my vigils pale, my magic
lore ?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and
then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on
Beauty's shore ;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and
then no more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more ;
Earth looked like heaven a little while,
and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its
inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then
no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at
midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then
no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then
no more ;
The earth was Peri-land awhile, and then
no more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once
before,
Through chance or wile, that shape
awhile, and then no more !
Death soon would heal my griefs ! This
heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then
no more !

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing
river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea ;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee !

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie
whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran
lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear
night-hour ;
How shone for *him*, through his griefs
and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from Wis-
dom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and
wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which always, sublime or
vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and
rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this nameless, condemned for
years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,

Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*,
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim,

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path;

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow
And want and sickness and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosom! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in Hell.

DARK ROSALEEN.

O my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine—from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake:
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne—at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart—in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet—will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel,

At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plow the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

O, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

ELLEN BAWN.

Ellen Bawn, oh Ellen Bawn, you darling,
darling dear, you
Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless
I'm near you!
'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast
The Shannon's waters;
For, Ellen dear, you've not your peer in
Galway's blooming daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold, at will
to mete and measure,
Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and
all Portumna's treasure,
These might lure me, might insure me
many and many a new love,
But oh! no bribe could pay your tribe for
one like you, my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught! that's the
place for sport and raking!
Blessings too, my love, on you, a-sleeping
and a-waking!
I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the
sun went under
But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke
across my path in thunder!

Ellen, I'd give all the deer in Limerick's
parks and arbors,
Aye, and all the ships that rode last year
in Munster's harbors,
Could I blot from time the hour I first
became your lover,
For, oh! you've given my heart a wound
it never can recover!

Would to God that in the sod my corpse
to-night were lying,
And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and
the winds a-sighing,
Since your cruel mother and your kindred
choose to sever
Two hearts that love would blend in one
forever and forever!

---o---

GERALD GRIFFIN.

1803—1840.

Gerald Griffin was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1803, and began his literary career as a reporter for the daily press of London. In 1838 he joined the Christian brotherhood, of Cork. His novel, "The Collegians," says the *Dublin University Magazine*, "must live." Griffin wrote many novels, a play entitled "Gysippus: A Tragedy," and various poems, which fill a fairly large volume. He died in Cork, in 1840.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

I.

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim;

To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee, nearer,
Another may win and wear;
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

II.

Remember me—not as a lover
Whose hope was cross'd,
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it has lost—
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, though she never may see—
As a sister remembers a brother,
O, dearest! remember me.

III.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Could'st thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
That never must burst upon thine,
And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

IV.

Remember me, then!—O! remember,
My calm, light love;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove.
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy reveled around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onwards she moved—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined.
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak.
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where Pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapor of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

League not with him in friendship's tie,
Whose selfish soul is bent on pleasure;
For he from joy to joy will fly,
As changes fancy's fickle measure.
Not his the faith, whose bond we see,
With lapse of years remaining stronger;
Nor will he then be true to thee,
When thou can'st serve his aim no longer.

Him, too, avoid whose grov'lling love
In earthly end alone is cent'red,
Within whose heart, a thought above
Life's common cares, has seldom enter'd.
Trust not to him thy bosom's weal,
A painted love alone revealing;
The show, without the lasting zeal;
The hollow voice, without the feeling.

—o—

VERY REVEREND EDWARD PURCELL.

1808—1881.

Father Purcell was born in Mallow, County Cork, Ireland. At fourteen years of age he came to this country. He was ordained in 1840, and for many years was an assistant of his brother, Archbishop Purcell, in Cincinnati. He died January 23, 1881. He was for many years editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

The Summer sun has passed away, and o'er the mountain's head
A diadem of golden hue is beautifully spread;

A rich and varied mass of leaves, where
ev'ry brilliant tinge,
In mingled shade around the pines is
shining like a fringe.

But hark! the wailing wind is heard, it
sweeps in murmurs by,
A thousand rainbow color'd leaves go
floating through the sky.
They bid the setting sun farewell, whilst
chill'd with evening breath,
They fall around the parent tree, still
beautiful in death.

The fallen leaf, the fallen leaf, what hand
can now restore,
The life that fill'd its slender veins, the
blood it knew before;
Its beauty all has passed away, its lonely
hour is near,
And man, who blessed its Summer
shade, forgets that it was dear.

'Tis thus that many a youthful heart has
felt the tempest lower,
And thought that friends would ne'er
fall off in youth's rejoicing hour;
But, when misfortune came to blight, and
hope withdrew its ray,
The hand that should have wiped the
tear, was coldly turned away.

A solemn silence lulls the scene, the an-
cient woods are hushed;
The leaves have filled the rocky cleft,
where late the fountain gushed;
Against the clear, cold, azure sky, the
wither'd boughs appear,
Where, mournfully, some lingering leaf
hangs desolate and sere.

The color'd web which Autumn weaves,
of purple and of gold,
Her loom of blue and crimson tints
along the vale is roll'd;
Ah! who will give us back the sun, the
fountain, and the shade,
The singing birds that flutter'd there,
the minstrel of the glade.

Alas, the leaf, which on the branch in ver-
dant beauty hung,
Its Summer hour of fragrance o'er,
upon the ground is flung;
It, never more, refreshed with dew, the
radiant sun shall see,
Nor, with its kindred bloom again upon
their forest tree.

The wailing wind is heard at eve, its re-
quiem to wail,
There, with its brethren of the glen, it
sleeps amid the vale;
And birds that love the genial sun in fare-
well numbers sing,
The Autumn leaf, the yellow leaf, the
nursling of the Spring.

But Spring shall come and ev'ry flower,
again be lifted up,
The tulip, like a pearl, shall keep the
dewdrop in her cup;
Around the cottage home shall bloom the
bluebell and the rose,
And trees that dropped in Winter winds,
a thousand buds disclose.

Ah! thus when Death shall close the
scene, may Heaven's eternal Spring,
Around the soul her fadeless wreaths,
her sacred roses fling;
And, when she looks in triumph back,
will not her world of bliss
Seem happier, for the gloom that rests
on all that's found in this.

——o——

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

1810— ——.

Denis Florence M'Carthy was born in Ireland, in 1810, of an ancient family, and takes rank with the best living poets and most elegant writers. He has enriched literature with many fine translations, especially from Calderon. He has been, for many years, Professor of Poetry in the Catholic University of Ireland.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn bram' les,

With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study
To the fair young face and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning
When the Summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the Winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water wooing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

The Pillar Towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land;
In mystic file, throughout the isle, they lift their heads sublime—
These gray old pillar temples! these conquerors of time!

Beside these old gray pillars, how perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires—
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires.

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the just;
For the proudest works of men, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower.

But the grass grows again, when in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the Spring, comes the goddess of the earth;
But for man, in this world, no spring-tide e'er returns
To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his urns!

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle—
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,
Thus time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West!

The names of their founders have vanish'd in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire, or the body in the tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast,
These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past!

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plund'ring Norman peers—
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years.

How many different rites have these gray
old temples known!
To the mind what dreams are written in
these chronicles of stone!
What terror and what error, what gleams
of love and truth,
Have flash'd from these walls since the
world was in its youth!

Here blazed the sacred fire—and, when
the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveler it
shone;
And the warm blood of the victim have
these gray old temples drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid, and
the matin of the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that
held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and
the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter, with its
diamonds, than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the
vestments of the Priest.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out
the vesper bell—
Where the fugitive found shelter, became
the hermit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the
innocent and good,
For the cross o'er the moss of the pointed
summit stood.

There may it stand for ever, while this
symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one
proud throb to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these
gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preach-
ers of the past!

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

(On Receiving a Shamrock in a Letter from Ireland.)

O Postman! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops—he rings!—Oh Heaven! what's
this?
A shamrock from the Irish shore!

Dear emblem of my native land,
My fresh fond words kept fresh and
green;
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
The kisses of a lip unseen;
A throb from my dear mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more—
Oh, youth! oh, love! oh, hope! thou art,
Sweet shamrock, from the Irish shore!

Enchanter, with my wand of power,
Thou mak'st the past be present still;
The emerald lawn — the lime-leaved
bower—
The circling shore—the sunlit hill;
The grass, in Winter's wint'riest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling
flowers,
The shamrock of the Irish shore!

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
By Padua's long and lone arcade—
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—
By Spezzia's fatal waves, that kissed
My poet sailing calmly o'er;
By all, by each, I mourned and missed
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof,
Irresolute 'twixt the sand and sea;
I saw upon the trellised roof
Outspread the wine that was to be;
A giant-flowered and glorious tree,
I saw the tall magnolia soar;
But there, even there, I longed for thee,
Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne,
As lately by the lonely Rance,
At evening, as I watched the sun,
I look! I dream! Can this be France?

Not Albion's cliffs, how near they be,
He seems to love to linger o'er;
But gilds, by a remoter sea,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore!

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—
That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod—
Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
Have still a simple faith in God.
Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
The more they're trod rebound the more.
Like thee, when wet with heaven's own rain,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore.

Memorial of my native land,
True emblem of my land and race;
Thy small and tender leaves expand,
But only in thy native place;
Thou needest for thyself and seed
Soft dews around, kind sunshine o'er;
Transplanted thou'rt the merest weed.
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Here on the tawny fields of France,
Or in the rank, red English clay,
Thou showest a stronger form, perchance,
A bolder front thou may'st display,
More able to resist the scythe
That cut so keen, so sharp before;
But then thou art no more the blithe,
Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Ah me! to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Fredricksburg's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave!
Ah me! to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet, green sap to gore;
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore!

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day of festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore!

And shall I not return thy love?
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart, above
The red rose or the *fleur-de-lis?*
Yes, from these heights the waters beat;
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie forever at thy feet,
O Shamrock of the Irish shore.

—o—

JUDGE ARRINGTON.

1810—1867.

Alfred W. Arrington was born in Iredell County, North Carolina, September 17, 1810, and died in Chicago, December 31, 1867. He became eminent as a lawyer, and wrote some very beautiful poems, nearly all of which were written after his fiftieth year. Judge Arrington was a convert to the Catholic faith. The following lines are full of poetical beauty:

O FOR THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

O for the wings of the wind to wander
Farther than the sun in the zenith shines,
Over the peaks of the paradise yonder,
Richer in gems than a million mines!
Up where the maidenly moon is beaming,
The face of a snow-white angel seeming,
Or queen of the sinless angels dreaming,—
Love by the light of her starry shrines.

O for the speed of a spirit's pinions,
Soaring like thought from a burning brain;
Soaring from sorrow in sin's dominions,
Realms where the pitiless passions reign!
O, but to flee from the fiend that chases
Hope to the home of the charnel places,
Lurid with lights of the faded faces,
Beauty that never shall bloom again.

Why should I shiver beside the dim river
Which the feet of Christ have coasted before?
For the angel of death alone can deliver
Grief-laden souls that are yearning to soar.

O for the faith all my darkness to brighten;
O for the faith all the demons to frighten;
O for the love that all terror can lighten—
Mary, sweet Mother, I ask for no more!

——o——

REV. ADRIAN ROUQUETTE.

1813— —.

Rev. A. Rouquette was born in New Orleans, February 26, 1813. He received his ecclesiastical education in this country and in France. He was ordained in 1845, and has since passed his time as a missionary to the Indians. He has published several volumes of prose and verse.

THE WILD LILY AND PASSION-FLOWER.

Sweet flower of light,
The queen of solitude,
The image bright
Of grace-born maidenhood.

Thou risest tall
Midst struggling weeds that droop:
Thy lieges all,
They humbly bow and stoop.

Dark color'd flower,
How solemn, awful, sad!—
I feel thy power,
O king, in purple clad!

With head recline,
Thou art the emblem dear
Of woes divine;
The flower I most revere!

The lily white,
The purple passion-flower,
Mount Thabor bright,
The gloomy Olive-bower.

Such is our life,—
Alternate joys and woes,
Short peace, long strife,
Few friends and many foes!

My friend, away
All wailings here below:
The royal way
To realms above is woe!

To suffer much
Has been the fate of saints;
Our fate is such:—
Away, away all plaints!

——o——

THE REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

1814—1864.

Frederick William Faber was born in Yorkshire, England, June 28, 1814, and was one of the most illustrious of English converts to Catholicity. He was for many years a minister of the Church of England, and after his conversion, in conjunction with other eminent converts, founded the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri. His works are distinguished for their great purity and beauty of sentiment.

PARADISE.

O, Paradise! O, paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O, Paradise! O, Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O, Paradise! O, Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay—
Bright death that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O, Paradise! O, Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is—
To feel, to see Him near,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O, Paradise! O, Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O, Paradise! O, Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O, Paradise! O, Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long—
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

IF THOU COULDST BE A BIRD.

If thou couldst be a bird, what bird
wouldst thou be?
A frolicsome gull on the billowy sea,
Screaming and wailing when stormy
winds rave,
Or anchor'd, white thing! on the merry
green wave?

Or an eagle aloft in the blue ether dwelling,
Free of the caves of the hoary Helvellyn,
Who is up in the sunshine when we are
in shower,
And could reach our loved ocean in less
than an hour?

Or a heron that haunts the Wallachian
edge
Of the barbarous Danube, 'mid forests of
sedge,
And hears the rude waters through
dreary swamps flowing,
And the cry of the wild swans and buffaloes lowing?

Or a stork on a mosque's broken pillar in
peace,
By some famous old stream in the bright
land of Greece—
A sweet-manner'd householder! waiving
his state,
Now and then, in some kind little toil for
his mate?

Or a murmuring dove at Stamboul, buried
deep
In the long cypress woods where the infidels sleep;
Whose leaf-muffled voice is the soul of
the seas,
That hath pass'd from the Bosphorus into
the trees?

Or a heath-bird, that lies on the Cheviot
moor,
Where the wet, shining earth is as bare
as the floor;
Who mutters glad sounds, though his
joys are but few—
Yellow moon, windy sunshine, and skies
cold and blue?

Or if thy man's heart worketh in thee at
all,
Perchance thou wouldst dwell by some
bold baron's hall,
A black, glossy rook, working early and
late,
Like a laboring man on the baron's
estate?

Or a linnet who builds in the close hawthorn bough,
Where her small, frighten'd eyes may be
seen looking through;
Who heeds not, fond mother! the oxlips
that shine

On the hedge banks beneath, or the
glazed celandine ?

Or a swallow that flieth the sunny world
over,
The true home of Spring and Spring-
flowers to discover ;
Who, go where he will, takes away on his
wings
Good words from mankind for the bright
thoughts he brings ?

But what ! can these pictures of strauge
winged mirth
Make the child to forget that she walks
on the earth ?
Dost thou feel at thy sides as though
wings were to start
From some place where they lie folded
up in thy heart ?

Then love the green things in thy first
simple youth,
The beasts, birds and fishes, with heart
and in truth,
And fancy shall pay thee thy love back in
skill ;
Thou shalt be all the birds of the air at
thy will !

THE CHERWELL WATER LILY.

How often doth a wild flower bring
Fancies and thoughts that seem to spring
From inmost depths of feeling !
Nay, often they have power to bless
With their uncultured loveliness,
And far into the aching breast
There goes a heavenly thought of rest
With their soft influence stealing.
How often, too, can ye unlock,
Dear wild flowers, with a gentle shock,
The wells of holy tears !
While somewhat of a Christian light
Breaks sweetly on the mourner's sight,
To calm unquiet fears !
Ah ! surely such strange power is given
To lowly flowers like dew from heaven;
For lessons oft by them are brought,
Deeper than mortal sage hath taught,
Lessons of wisdom pure, that rise
From some clear fountains in the skies.

Fairest of Flora's lovely daughters
That bloom by stilly-running waters,
Fair lily ! thou a type must be
Of virgin love and purity !
Fragrant thou art as any flower
That decks a lady's garden-bower.
But he who would thy sweetness know,
Must stoop and bend his loving brow
To catch thy scent, so faint and rare,
Scarce breathed upon the Summer air.
And all thy motions, too, how free,
And yet how fraught with sympathy !
So pale thy tint, so meek thy gleam,
Shed on thy kindly father-stream !
Still, as he swayeth to and fro,
How true in all thy goings,
As if thy very soul did know
The secrets of his flowings.

And then that heart of living gold,
Which thou dost modestly infold,
And screen from man's too searching
view,
Within thy robe of snowy hue !
To careless man thou seem'st to roam
Abroad upon the river,
In all thy movements chain'd to home,
Fast-rooted there forever:
Link'd by a holy, hidden tie,
Too subtle for a mortal eye
Nor riveted by mortal art,
Deep down within thy father's heart

Emblem in truth thou art to me
Of all a daughter ought to be !
How shall I liken thee, sweet flower,
That other men may feel thy power,
May seek thee on some lovely night,
And say how strong, how chaste the
night,
The tie of filial duty,
How graceful, too, and angel-bright,
The pride of lowly beauty !
Thou sittest on the varying tide
As if thy spirit did preside,
With a becoming, queenly grace,
As mistress of this lonely place;
A quiet magic hast thou now
To smooth the river's ruffled brow,
And calm his rippling water.

And yet, so delicate and airy,
Thou art to him a very fairy,
A widow'd father's only daughter.

—o—

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

1814— —.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton was born in 1814, and is a daughter of Earl Granville, and the wife of Captain Alexander Fullerton. She has been successful as a novelist, and has published a volume of poems. She is a convert to the Catholic faith.

A FINE DAY IN SUMMER.

A day when Summer supersedes the Spring,
And June's innumerable roses fling
Their perfumed odors o'er the passing breeze
That sweeps, enamored, o'er the fairy trees;
When floods of light intoxicate the eye,
When earth expands beneath a cloudless sky,
And every waving branch and leafy bower
Bursts into song, and blossoms into flower.

A FAREWELL.

I leave thee friendless in a world of tears,
I leave thee helpless 'midst a host of fears;
The morning promise of thy young days fled,
A withering sorrow bowing down thy head.
I know thee well; betwixt thee and the past
A deep, irrevocable grief is cast;
Life can no more have common joys for thee;
Great as thy trial, must thy courage be.
Despondency will cloud, and grief assail
Thy faltering heart; its strength will seem to fail;
But God will help thee. Onward thou wilt go,
Bearing thy own, and cheering others' woe;
Treading the path where guiding angels lead,
And scattering on thy way the priceless seed,
Which, sown in tears, is harvested in joy.
Aim at high virtue; in thy soul destroy
All but the sacred impulses that give
Grace upon earth an angel's life to live.
Seek for naught else: in this surrender lies
Peace without end; and when those tempting sighs
Cease to convulse thy over-burthened breast,
When thy dear eyes from tears begin to rest,
Then tenderly and gladly call to mind
How thy poor father on this day resigned
All meaner and more earthly hopes for thee
Than the blest freedom of those God makes free.

—o—

W. H. C. HOSMER.

1814—1877.

William Henry Cuyerl Hosmer was born in Avon, N. Y., in 1814, and died in his native place May 23, 1877. He was a graduate of Geneva College, but such was his reputation as a poet in those early years, that before he obtained his degree of A. M. from his own college, the honorary degree was conferred upon him by Hamilton College and the University of Vermont. He published several volumes of prose and verse. He was converted to the Catholic faith some years before his death.

THE OLD SONG.

Sing on! I love that olden lay,
Though mournful are the notes and wild,
It drives the haunting fiend away;
It thrilled me when a child.

Long buried gold the past reveals;
Charmed by the magic of that strain,
My weary heart refreshment feels,
And I am young again.

Sing on! The land of shadows now
Hath raised its curtain, dark and dim,
Back comes my sire with furrowed brow,
That smile belongs to him.
Each old familiar word invokes
The phantoms of the pictured past,
And, sighing through ancestral oaks,
I hear the midnight blast.

Sing on! For, borne on music's tide,
My soul floats back to other days;
From dust rise up the true and tried,
To greet my yearning gaze;
And she, meek violet that grew
In rosy boyhood's "Eden Lost,"
Springs up, as if her eyes of blue
Had never known the frost.

Sing on! Sing on! Entranced I hear,
While bloom once more earth's perished flowers;
For mother warbled in my ear
That song in other hours;
And when the sweet refrain is breathed,
Her gentle spirit hovers nigh—
Fond arms are round the wanderer wreathed,
Kind voices make reply.

RETURN OF AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

I.

The lover, with a knightly soul,
Deems sacred every gift bestowed
On her who, with a queen's control,
Holds, in his constant heart, abode.

II.

Its value is as worthless sand,
A cloud is on its brilliance thrown,
If ever, on another's hand,
That ring of plighted faith has shone.

III.

No light can dissipate the shade
Attaching to its metal fine;
The sentiment is gone that made
Love's golden round of faith divine.

IV.

Though fashioned not with cunning art,
And plain some gold, engagement ring,
Worn by the lady of his heart,
It is a precious, priceless thing.

V.

The glittering circlet is profaned
When on another's finger drawn,
And though, to outward view, unstained,
Its hallowed purity is gone.

VI.

Thy costly, sullied gift I spurn,
For naught from spot the gold can free,
And blame me not that I return
The desecrated thing to thee.

YEH-SA-GO-WA.*

I.

A song, Yeh-sa-gò-wa! I measure for thee,
Though day may not dawn on the night of my grief;
Oh! why art thou haughty and cruel to me—
Why break, with thy coldness, the heart of a chief?
By fate was I doomed a poor exile to roam
Far, far from the valley so dear to me still:—
By fraud was I robbed of my sweet cottage-home,
And the foot of the stranger is crossing its sill.

II.

The wild "Forest Eagle" is tame enough now,
Heart-broken by proud Yeh-sa-gò-wa's disdain,
And dark was the seal that despair on his brow

*When a Seneca lover is wooing his mistress, he can bestow on the object of his attachment no sweeter term of endearment than "Yeh-sa-gò-wa."
It implies that she is peerless—the *loveliest* of her sex in *soul* and *person*.

Impressed, when he knew that he loved
her in vain.
His hearth-stone is desolate;—last of his
race—
By the grave-mounds of tribesmen he
lingers alone;
No more, with a smile on her beautiful
face,
She looks on the chief, once her loved,
and her own!

III.

How long with the fever of passion must
burn
A heart that is fondly and faithfully
thine!
How long must I meet with a frigid re-
turn
For *love* as *intense* and *devoted* as mine!
Dark shadows have over thy lover been
cast,
And faith unto thee has been plighted
in vain;
A song, Yeh sa-gò-wa! it may be my last,
I weave in the night of my sorrow and
pain.

——o——

AUBREY DE VERE.

1814— ——.

Aubrey de Vere is the third son of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., and was born in 1814, at Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick, Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He became a Catholic in 1851, and his faith has been the chief source of his poetical inspiration. Mr. De Vere is a disciple and a warm admirer of Wordsworth. Though his verse has not always musical smoothness, it always glows with lofty purpose. He has been a very prolific writer.

TO MY LADY, SINGING.

She whom this heart must ever hold most
dear
(This heart in happy bondage held so
long),
Began to sing. At first a gentle fear
Rosied her countenance,—for she is
young,
And he who loves her most of all was
near;
But when at last her voice grew full and
strong,
O, from their ambush sweet, how rich
and clear
Bubbled the notes abroad — a rapturous
throng!
Her little hands were sometimes flung
apart,
And sometimes palm to palm together
prest,
Whilst wave-like blushes, rising from her
breast,
Kept time with that aerial melody,
As music to the sight!—I, standing nigh,
Received the falling fountain in my heart.

SONG.

Sing the old song, amid the sounds dis-
persing
That burden, treasured in your hearts
too long;
Sing it with voice low-breathed, but
never name her;
She will not hear you, in her turrets
nursing
High thoughts—too high to mate with
mortal song;—
Bend o'er her, gentle heaven, but do
not claim her.

In twilight caves and secret lonelinesses,
She shades the bloom of her unearthly
days;
The forest winds alone approach to
woo her;
Far off we catch the dark gleam of her
tresses,
And wild birds haunt the wood-walks
where she strays,
Intelligible music warbling to her.

That spirit charged to follow and defend
her,
He also, doubtless, suffers this love-
pain;

And she, perhaps, is sad, hearing his sighing.
And yet, that face is not so sad as tender;
Like some sweet singer's, when her sweetest strain,
From the heaved heart, is gradually dying.

SONNET.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh! still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle age, for it has left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn
To prize them,
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

—o—

JEDEDIAH VINCENT HUNTINGTON.

1815—1862.

Dr. Huntington was born in New York in 1815, and graduated at Yale College. He was for some years a physician, and subsequently a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He entered the Catholic communion in 1849. He wrote several novels, and published a volume of poems. His death occurred in 1862.

STELLA MATUTINA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

Gleaming o'er mountain, coast and wave,
What splendor It, foretokening, gave
The front of shadow-chasing morn!
And, ere the day star was re-born,
With borrow'd but auspicious light,
Gladden'd the night long watcher's sight!

Fair herald of a brighter sun,
And pledge of Heaven's own day begun,
When th' ancient world's long night was o'er,
So shone, above death's dreaded shore,
And life's now ever-brightening sea,
The lowly MAID OF GALILEE.

Lost now in His effulgent ray,
Bathed in the brightness of His day,
O Morning Star! still sweetly shine
Through that dim night which yet is mine;
Precede for me His dawning light,
Who only puts all shades to flight!

—o—

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

1816— —.

Charles Gavan Duffy was born in Ireland in 1816, and has held various offices under the British government. He has recently published a historical work called "Young Ireland." His poems are full of thought and feeling.

THE VOICE OF LABOR.

A CHANT OF THE CITY MEETINGS IN IRELAND IN 1849.

Ye who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this sight to-day,
When stalwart trade, in long brigade, beyond a king's array,
Marched in the blessed light of heaven, beneath the open sky,
Strong in the might of sacred RIGHT, than none dare ask them why?
These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye spit upon with scorn—
The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and basely bred as born:
Ye know, ye soft and silken lords, were we the thing ye say,
Your broad domains, your coffered gains, your lives were ours to-day.

Measure that rank from flank to flank ;
'tis fifty thousand strong ;
And mark you here, in front and rear,
brigades as deep and long ;
And know that never blade of foe, or
Arran's deadly breeze,
Tried by assay of storm or fray, more
dauntless hearts than these ;
The sinewy Smith, little he recks of his
own child—the sword,
The men of gear, think you they fear
their handiwork—a lord ?
And undismayed, yon sons of trade might
see the battle's front,
Who bravely bore, nor bowed before the
deadlier face of want.

What lack we here of show or form, that
lure your slaves to death ?
Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor
music's martial breath ;
And if we broke the bitter yoke our sup-
pliant race endure,
No robbers we—but chivalry—the Army
of the Poor.
Shame on ye now, ye lordly crew, that
do your betters wrong—
We are no base and braggart mob, but
merciful and strong.
Your henchmen vain, your vassal train,
would fly our first defiance ;
In us—in our strong, tranquil breasts—
abides your sole reliance.

Aye ! keep them all, castle and hall, coffers
and costly jewels—
Keep your vile gain, and in its train the
passion that it fuels.
We envy not your lordly lot—its bloom or
its decayance ;
But ye *have* that we claim as ours—our
right in long abeyance :
Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to
taste our freedom—
Oh ! suff'ring poor, oh ! patient poor, how
bitterly you need them !
"Ever to moil, ever to toil," that is your
social charter.
And city slave or peasant serf, the Toiler
is its martyr.

Where Frank and Tuscan sheil their
sweat, the goodly crop is theirs—
If Norway's toil make rich the soil, she
eats the fruit she rears—
O'er Maine's green sward there rules no
lord, saving the Lord on high ;
But we are slaves in our own land—proud
masters, tell us why ?
The German burgher and his men, broth-
er with brothers live,
While Toil must wait without *your* gate
what gracious crusts you give.
Long in your sight, for our own right,
we've bent, and still we bend—
Why did we bow ? why do we now ?
proud masters this must end.

Perish the past—a generous land is this
fair land of ours,
An enmity may no man see between its
towns and towers.
Come, join our bands — here take our
hands — now shame on him that
lingers,
Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from
Labor's blistered fingers.
Come, join at last, perish the past—its
traitors, its seceders—
Proud names of old, frank hearts and
bold, come join and be our leaders.
But know, ye lords, that be your swords
with us or with our wronger,
Heaven be our guide, for we will bide
this lot of shame no longer.

LITERARY LEISURE.

Let my life pass in healthful, happy ease,
The world and all its schemes shut out
my door :
Rich in a competence, and nothing
more,
Saving the student's wealth—"Apollo's
fees"—
Long rows of goodly volumes to appease
My early love and quenchless thirst of
lore.
No want to urge me on the path of
gain—
No hope to lure me in ambition's track,

Struggles and strife, and all their savage
train,
Still from my tranquil dwelling driven
back.
My only triumphs—if such toys I lack—
Some subtle nut of science, rent in
twain,
Or knot unravelled. Thus be't mine to
live
And feel life pass like a long Summer
eve.

——o——

B. I. DURWARD.

1817— ——.

Isaac Durward was born at Montrose, Scotland, on the 26th of March, 1817. His father was drowned when Isaac was an infant. His mother was a Baptist, but it does not seem that he was brought up in any religion. As a boy, he sang in the Episcopal Church, although warned against it by his mother; "for you know," she would say," it is next door to the Roman Catholic." His tastes soon led him to art, and he went to England as a portrait painter. Here he married. In 1846 he came to America and settled at Milwaukee, Wis. Having been engaged to paint the likenesses of Bishop Henni and several prominent Catholics, he became acquainted with the true faith, and with his wife and children joyfully embraced what he had never rejected, but simply had not known. This was in the Spring of 1853. In baptism he took the name of Bernard, and some time after at a family meeting, it was decided that as the family had gone back to the old faith, it should also adopt the old and Catholic spelling of the name, "Durward." After his conversion he gave his attention more to literature, and held the position of Professor of the "English language, Rhetoric and Poetry," for ten years at the Ecclesiastical Seminary near Milwaukee. He wished to retire to the quiet that poets have ever loved, and purchased "Durward's Glen," a romantic spot in Columbia County. He was induced by urgent entreaties from Dr. Salzman to teach two years more at the starting of the "Teachers' Seminary" at St. Francis. He is now at the "Glen" among his vines and books, where the world that he wished to leave still finds him out.

TO THE WILD ROSE.

Symbol of love divine,
Five petaled rose!
Sparkling with dewy wine,
On the uncultured sod
Thy beauty glows,
Fresh from the hand of God.

One petal for each well,
Each crimson fount,
Opened by sin and hell
On Jesus' bloody pale,
In thee we count,
Wild rose of hill and dale.

Thou art my passion-flower;
For Winter's storm
Of sleet or stony shower
Avails not to destroy
The peerless form
That fills my heart with joy.

When o'er the hills in June
I sighing come,
My soul all out of tune,
Jarred by the ills of time,
Thy blossoms dumb
Suggest a theme sublime.

The theme that fills with love
The earth beneath,
And all the stars above,
And scatters with its light
The gloom of death,
Turning our day to night.

——o——

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

1818—1877.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fries Ellet was the daughter of Dr. William N. Lummis, and was born at Sodus Bay, N. Y., in 1818. She married William H. Ellet, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, in South Carolina College, whence she

returned with him in 1848, and settled in New York. He died five years later. Mrs. Ellet is best known as the author of "Women of the Revolution," published about thirty years ago. She was a convert to the Catholic faith.

SUSQUEHANNA.

Softly the blended light of evening rest
Upon thee, lovely stream! The gentle tide,
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
Majestically flows. Oh! by thy side,
Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
'Twere happiness to dwell alone with thee,
And the wide solemn grandeur of the scene.
From thy green shores, the mountains that enclose
In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,
Slowly receding toward the skies ascend,
Enrobed with clustering woods o'er which the smile
Of Autumn in his loveliness hath pass'd,
Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
His golden livery. On the distant heights
Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch afar
Their burnish'd summits in the clear blue heaven,
Flooded with splendor, that the dazzled eye
Turns drooping from the sight.—Nature is here
Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth tell
In music never silent, of her power.
Nor are thy tones unanswer'd, where she builds
Such monuments of regal sway. These wide
Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
Whether the breath of Summer stirs their depths,
Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
Strip from the boughs their covering.

All the air
Is now instinct with life. The merry hum
Of the returning bee, and the blithe song
Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,
Swell upward—and the play of dashing streams
From the green mountain side is faintly heard.
The wild swan swims the waters' azure breast
With graceful sweep, or startled, soars away,
Cleaving with mounting wing the clear bright air.

Oh! in the boasted lands beyond the deep,
Where Beauty hath a birth-right—where each mound
And mouldering ruin tells of ages past—
And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,
Doth waft the voices of Oblivion back,
Waking the soul to lofty memories,
Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill
The heart with peace more pure?—Nor yet art thou,
Proud stream! without thy records—graven deep
On yon eternal hills, which shall endure
Long as their summits breast the wint'ry storm
Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have been
The chroniclers of centuries gone by:
Of a strange race, who trod perchance their sides,
Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the earth
Which now they shade. Here onward swept thy waves.
When tones now silent mingled with their sound,
And the wide shore was vocal with the song
Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.

Those pass'd away — forgotten as they pass'd;
But holier recollections dwell with thee:
Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud
And solemn monuments. The mighty dust
Of heroes in her cause of glory fallen,
Hath mingled with the soil, and hallow'd it.
Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen
The desperate strife that won a rescued world—
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts,
And hymn'd their requiem.

Far beyond this vale
That sends to heaven its incense of lone flowers,
Gay village spires ascend—and the glad voice
Of industry is heard.—So in the lapse
Of future years those ancient woods shall bow
Beneath the levelling axe — and Man's abodes
Display their sylvan honors. They will pass
In turn away;—yet heedless of all change,
Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
Lessoning the fleeting race that look on thee
To mark the wrecks of time, and read their doom.

THE WAVES THAT ON THE SPARKLING SAND.

The waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lightly receding from the land,
Seem not a trace to leave.
Those billows in their ceaseless play
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently as they murmer by,
Scarce lift the drooping flower.
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
Spring's wither'd beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind;
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
The blighting traces find.
Till alter'd thoughts and hearts grown cold,
The change of passing years unfold.

—o—

MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

1820— —.

Mrs. Mary Scrimzeom Whitaker was born in Beaufort, S. C., February 25, 1820, and is a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Furman, D.D., a distinguished Baptist minister. At an early age she was sent to Edinburgh, where she completed her education, and married John Miller, assessor of Leith, advocate, and afterwards attorney-general of the British West Indies, where he died three months after their marriage. In 1849 she married Dr. Daniel K. Whitaker, LL.D., editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review*. She has published a volume of poems and other works. Mrs. Whitaker was received into the Church in 1877.

MAN.

The beautiful world hath its mountains and plains,
And far-rolling ocean's majestic domains,
With cataracts, caverns, white glaciers and lakes,
With tropical groves and thick matted brakes,
With sandy, bare deserts and numberless isles,
With blue-arching heaven, its frowns and its smiles.

And man, with intelligence almost divine,
Commands the broad globe from the throne to the mine;

Old ocean is traversed with ease as he wills.
And electrial speed his mission fulfills:—
Fair science he masters with daring emprize,
And brings down to earth the lore of the skies;—
His far-seeing vision creation cons o'er,
Explores every desert and treads every shore.

He strikes his wild harp, and lo! all things sub'ime,
Sweet poesy sings with rapturous chime;
Grand structures arise by his magical skill,
And purple-clad orchards bloom rich on the hill,
From barrenness freed by the strength of his hand,
See golden fields ripened invitingly stand;
And, traced by his fingers, what wisdom appears,
What stores of vast learning—the record of years!

Majestic his form with seraphim grace,
And a light, not of earth, looks forth from his face;
Strange eloquence flashes untaught from his eye,—
The spirit's effulgence, which never can die.
His soul-stirring language, to awe or entreat,
Like whirlwinds appalling, like Summer airs sweet,
Takes captive the spirit enthralled by its might,
Makes midnight of morning and morning of night.

But mystic his being and changeful his state,
If walking in sadness or proudly elate;
And strange the connection of spirits unknown,
Which links higher life with this life of his own.
Far off he descries an elysium blest,
With gush of clear fountains and music and rest.
Religion's blest teaching his spirit controls,
And points all his hopes to the country of souls;
The far off, the grand, celestial and fair,
For He, the Great Maker in glory dwells there!

—o—

THEODORE O'HARA.

1820—1867.

Colonel Theodore O'Hara was born in Kentucky, in 1820, and died in Grant County, Alabama, in 1867. He served with distinction in the war with Mexico, in 1848, and in the Confederate army during the late war. It is probable that he wrote many poems, but his fame rests on his stirring "Bivouac of the Dead." This poem was written soon after the Mexican war, and immediately won recognition from the magnates of literature throughout the world.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

The rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn, no screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—

And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle grasped,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed.
Nor War's wild notes, nor Glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flashed with the triumph yet to gain,
Come down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of the day
Was "Victory or death!"

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldering slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground!
We must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear is the land you gave—
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how you fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

——o——

REV. XAVIER DONALD McLEOD.

1821—1865.

Rev. Father McLeod was a native of New York, and was for some years an Episcopal minister. He became a Catholic and entered the priesthood. He was killed by a railroad train while attending a sick call. Father McLeod has written several volumes of prose, and not a few poems. His writings are brilliant and imaginative.

THE SAGA OF VIKING TORQUIL.

Where the snow clouds thickest darken,
Where the tumbling, foaming seas
Tharsh the rugged Hebrides;
Where the dark mist chillest gathers,
Lived my fierce old pagan fathers,
And their children keep those tracts,
Living there, 'mid rock and heather,
Lulled by howl of stormy weather
And the roar of cataracts!
Listen to a legend brief
Of one island-ruling chief.

Ruthless he in fray or duel,
Curbless in his angry mood;
Ne'er was gaunt were-wolf so cruel,
Never hawk so crazed for blood.
Pillager of town and city,
Sacker, without fear or pity,

Headstrong talker, quarrel-seeker,
Hatred-nurser, vengeance-wreaker,
Quick offended, prompt in striking,
 Dreadest pirate, roughest horseman,
Was that grim old stormy viking,
 TORQUIL VICH LEODH, the Norseman.
For his lust of cruel glory
Lives he still in Lowland story;
Lowland nurses ne'er forget him,—
Telling when the Southron met him,
How he stormed throughout the foray!
Recked not how the foes environ,
But, through thrilling din and rattle,
Ever where the need was sorest,
With his ponderous mace of iron,
Swung he, crashing through the battle,
Like tornadoes through the forest.

Yet one trait could claim exemption
 From the iron of his nature;
Though so reckless, grim a creature,
 And as jungle-panther wild,
He had one point of redemption—
 Never had he harmed a child.

When his fiercest mood was o'er him,
Place a little one before him,
 He would stoop to smooth its tresses;
Never could it fail to calm him
With its bright smile, nor to charm him
 Into peace with its caresses.

Even in fighting - it was curious—
When the battle raged most furious,
And an hundred blows were hailing
 On his casque and on his shield,
 Though to him all fear was stranger,
He would shrink from those assailing,
 Would turn back, nay, almost yield,
 But to save a child from danger.

When at length the Valkyr called him
 With their weird and triple wail,
Think you that the sound appalled him?
 That his cheek grew pale?
No! he dashed his robe away,
 Shouted for his mace and mail,
And went out to die in fray.

On Clanorgan's heath a hundred
 Steel-clad Southrons round him closed.
Once again his broadsword sundered
 Targe and lance to him opposed;
Once again his fearful frown
 Overawed the Celtic clamor;
And his mighty mace came down
 Like Thor's awful thunder-hammer,—
Heaviest fell it on the greatest;
 And for hours he swung it light
 As a birch wand, for the fight
Was his keenest and his latest.

Hot they pressed him; all attacks
 Sought him only; on his shattered
Armor, mace and glaive and ax,
 Hacked and pierced and clove and battered;
Blow on blow come fiercely pealing,
 Till he reeled, but smote in reeling!
And the purple gore ran proneward,
Till his armor grew all ruddy;
And the foe pressed on and onward;
 And his casque yawned wide and bloody
Where the trenchant steel had bitten,
 Till he tottered and crashed downward,
Like a great oak thunder-smitten.

Then the victors and the flying,
 Borne upon the battle's tide,
Surged off to another quarter,
 Leaving Torquil crushed and dying,
Muttering: "Oh! before I died,
 Would I had a draught of water!"

Then small fingers, soft and tender,
 Wiped the red clots from his eyes;
 Put aside the matted hair.
And a mild and starry splendor,
 Like the light of eastern skies,
 Showed the infant Jesus there.
On the rough old sea-wolf smiled
The Divine, Eternal Child!

"Torquil! fierce and wild and gory
 Have thy days been: little good
Sheds its luster on thy story,
 Which is written out in blood.
Damning, hopeless and bewildering
 Were the crimes against thee shown;
But the angels of young children
 Plead for thee before the throne.

For thy grace and shrift they sought.
Now I bring that grace to thee:
What for children thou hast wrought
Thou hast wrought for Me!
And thy God withholds His curses;
And, however men esteem thee,
I, for those, thy tender mercies,
Do baptize thee and redeem thee!"

Then, o'er Torquil's fevered brow
Poured a cool and limpid flow;
And his soul, though foul with slaughter,
And with guilt and crime o'erladen,
Knew that it was living water
From the very wells of Eden.

When the clansmen came again
Seeking there amid the slain
For the grim and fierce old Norseman,
Where the dead were thickest piled,
And the heath most torn and bloody,
On a heap of slaughtered horsemen,
Found they Torquil's shattered body;
But his shrived soul slept and smiled
On the bosom of the child.

—o—

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

1822—1862.

Richard Dalton Williams was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1822. He was educated at the Catholic college of Carlow, where he gave early promise of his genius and power as a poet. He came to America in 1850, and was professor in various Catholic Colleges until his death, which occurred at Thibidoux, La., in 1862.

THE DYING GIRL.

From a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there;
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining,
Her lips were moved in prayer,
And the setting sun was shining
On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye;
And she said that she was better,
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
The patron, dance and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
With her scattered golden hair.
When silently we listen'd
To her breath, with quiet care,
Her eyes with wonder glisten'd,
And she ask'd us what was there.

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
A string of pearlets rare.
We said that we were trying
By the gushing of her blood,
And the time she took in sighing
To know if she were good.

Well, she smiled and chatted gayly,
Though we saw, in mute despair,
The hectic brighter daily,
And the death-dew on her hair
And oft, her wasted fingers
Beating time upon the bed,
O'er some old tune she lingers,
And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken,
And the spirit in its strings,
As the last decree is spoken,
To its source, exulting, springs.
Descending swiftly from the skies,
Her guardian angel came;
He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
And bore him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen
Through the lark-loved morning air,
Her young soul left its prison,
Undefiled by sin or care.
I stood beside the couch in tears,
Where, pale and calm, she slept,
And though I've gazed on death for years,
I blush not that I wept.

I check'd with effort pity's sighs,
And left the matron there,
To close the curtains of her eyes,
And bind her golden hair.

—o—

REV. JEREMIAH WILLIAM CUMMINGS.

1822—1866.

Father Cummings was born in Washington, D. C., in 1822, and received his ecclesiastical education at the College of the Propaganda, in Rome. He was the founder of St. Stephen's Church, New York, and continued as its pastor until his death, on January 5, 1866. He was an exceedingly learned man, an earnest pastor and a warm friend.

LIGHT, THE KING OF COLORS.

I beheld in a dream this fantastical king,
Holding court 'mid the flowers and the sunshine of Spring,
Where birds of gay plumage are rocked by the breeze,
As they perch on the blossoming boughs of the trees.

He sits on a canopied throne, quaint of mould,
Bepowdered with diamonds, and spangled with gold;
And the gaudiest butterfly e'er honey sipped,
Is the emblem wherewith his tall sceptre is tipped.

When the wind and the tempest from ether are driven,
He buildeth the arch of his triumph in heaven;
He swings from the water-fall's margin in play,
And his mantle of motley is washed by the spray.

He lives in the sunbeams; when night is at hand,
When the gray steeds of Winter career o'er the land,
He shuns their encounter and speeds him away,
Where the sun never sets and the flowers ne'er decay.

He is fond of mankind—it is he lends a grace
To the maiden when modesty purples her face,
He beams on the lip, in the eye of the child,
Whom the cold breath of malice has not yet defiled.

Yes, he loves us—and oft when the sun's going down,
Ere darkness advance in her mantle of brown,
To salute us he hangs out his banners on high,
With bright hues adorning the sea and the sky.

It was he that to Italy's fortunate sage*
Appeared for the weal of a studious age;
A smile lit his features, majestic, yet bland,
And a wonderful diamond blazed in his hand.

"Take this gift" (thus he spoke), "and no talisman's spell
With magical craft could endow thee so well—
Lift it up to the sun, and the proud king of day
Must resign to thy power e'en his crown's brightest ray.

"Henceforth to thine eye 'tis permitted to scan
A mystery never laid open to man,
An amusement this day to the sage has been given,
Reserved hitherto for young cherubs in heaven."

The philosopher tested his mystical sway
Where his lattice was pierced by an arrowy ray.

* Grimaldi, an Italian philosopher, who, about the year 1672, made some valuable discoveries in optics.

He held up the prism, and the sunbeams unrolled
The treasures of tint which their bosoms enfold.

A broad rainbow amazed the philosopher's view,
Arabesquing his cell in red, green, gold and blue;
And LIGHT, that heard none save its Maker's command,
Became subject that day to a mortal's frail hand.

——o——

MISS R. V. ROBERTS.

1823— ——.

Miss Rebecca Veronica Roberts was born in Philadelphia, January 14, 1823. Her parents belonged to the Society of Friends, but in 1825 Miss Roberts and two of her sisters embraced the Catholic faith. She has written much, and acceptably, for religious and secular journals. She now resides in Washington, D. C.

THE THREE-FOLD WEDDING DAY.

On a ripe October morning, just after a crisp, clear frost,
When the trees, like gorgeous banners, by the Autumn winds were tossed,
When the nuts were dropping in the woods, for the squirrels to hide away,
And all the country gardens, with "Queen Margarets" were gay,
When the harvesting was over, in all the country side,
We kept three joyous weddings, and did honor to each fair bride.

The first was our eldest sister, a "Margaret" flower too—
No fresher, sweeter blossom, e'er in garden border grew,
And no braver, blither spirit, ever laughed at frost and storm,
And we gave her to the keeping of a heart as true and warm;
With a store of hopes and blessings, showered on her bright young head,
Her marriage-vows, "for better, or for worse," were duly said.

Then we saw, in stalwart manhood, our father take his stand,
Holding, in firm and tender clasp, our gentle mother's hand,
While she, in her matron beauty, could scarce have looked more fair,
When first she gave her maiden heart to his protecting care;
With deeper trust in well-tried love, they their marriage vows renew,
For they are keeping a wedding day—their silver wedding, too.

But sure, in her beautiful honored age, the dearest, sweetest "bride,"
Was grandmamma, in her high-back chair, with grandpapa by her side—
The snow-white curls of her soft thin hair peeping out beneath her cap,
And the flush on her cheek almost as pure, as the baby girl's, on her lap,
As grandpapa bent—leaning on his cane—his hoary, tremulous head,
To kiss her feeble wrinkled hand, with its wedding ring worn to a thread.

This was their golden wedding day—full fifty years had sped,
Since their marriage vows, so truly kept, had in fervent love been said;—
While "our eldest" and her bridegroom talked of their life, but just begun,—
They spoke of the trials and cares of a long, long life, now almost done,
And I heard dear grandmamma whisper: "May they dwell, like us, in love,
And the good Lord grant we all may meet, at the marriage feast above."

——o——

COVENTRY PATMORE.

1823— ——.

Coventry Patmore was born in 1823, and is one of the favorite poets of the present day. His chief work is "The Angel in the House," pronounced by Ruskin "a most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern, domestic feeling." He has written many other beautiful poems.

For a number of years past he has been Assistant in the Library of the British Museum. He is also a frequent contributor to the reviews. Mr. Patmore is a convert to the Catholic faith.

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou this hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years, ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance—clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth.
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest, with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

THE WISE.

They live by law; not like the fool,
 But like the bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
 And finds in them not bonds, but wings.

They shine like Moses in the face,
 And teach our hearts, without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
 And all grace is the grace of God.

LET WISDOM BE GLAD AND FAIR.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed,
 And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
 And must not only be, but seem.

Beauty and joy are hers by right;
 And, knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned when falsely dight
 In misery and ugliness.

HONORIA.

She was all mildness, yet 'twas writ
 Upon her beauty, legibly,
"He that's for heaven itself unfit,
 Let him not hope to merit Me."
And such a challenge, quite apart
 From thoughts of love, humbled, and thus
To sweet repentance moved my heart,
 And made me more magnanimous,
And led me to review my life
 Inquiring where in aught the least,
If question were of her for wife,
 Ill might be mended, hope increased;
Not that I soared so far above
 Myself, as this great hope to dare;
And yet I half foresaw that love
 Might hope, where reason would despair.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With harsh words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet,
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,

He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

—o—

GEORGE HENRY MILES.

1824—1871.

George Henry Miles was born in Baltimore, in 1824, and was for many years a Professor at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md. He wrote "Christine: a Tragedy," and numerous other poems, and is, by many, considered to be the best of the American Catholic poets.

SAID THE ROSE.

I am weary of the garden,
Said the Rose;
For the Winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the snows.

But I hear my mistress coming,
Said the Rose;
She will take me to her chamber,
Where the honeysuckles clamber,
And I'll bloom there all December,
Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger
Than the bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
Off my tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom
Like a star;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmine, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning,
That they are.

And when evening came she set me
In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves, till each proud petal
Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light;
And, I said, instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my mistress sleeping
Every night.

But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror, as she braided
Her brown hair, I saw how jaded,
Old, and colorless, and faded,
I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay, pale and broken-hearted,
In the sun.

Still, I said, her smile is better
Than the vain;
Though my fragrance may forsake me.
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me
Young again.

So she took me * * gazed a second * * *
Half a sigh * * *
Then, alas, can hearts so harden?

Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden,
There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmines bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me,
Like a pall.

There I lay, beneath her window,
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing,
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whippoorwill was wailing
To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts, or near it,
The last living leaf and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.

—o—

ELIZA ALLAN STARR.

1824— —.

Miss Eliza Allan Starr was born in Deerfield, Mass., August 29, 1824. She was educated in her native town. Her time and studies have been given to literature and art. In 1856 she located in Chicago. She published a volume of poems in 1867, and a volume entitled "Patron Saints," in 1871. Miss Starr is a convert, and was received into the Catholic communion in December, 1854. Her poems possess remarkable merit, and entitle her to far greater and wider recognition than has been accorded her.

IN THE TIMBER.

The woods, so strangely solemn and majestic,
The awful noon-tide twilight 'neath grand trees,
The hush like that of holy haunts monastic,
While mighty branches, lifting with the breeze,
Give glimpses of high heaven's cerulean sheen,
The Autumn-tinted leaves and boughs between.

Thus stands the picture. From the homestead door,
Close in the timber's edge I strayed one day
To yonder knoll, where—as to some calm shore
A well worn bark might drift in its decay—
A great man lies in pulseless, dreamless sleep,
O'er which two oaks untiring sentry keep.

A few fresh flowers, with reverent hand, I placed
Upon the grave—he loved fair nature's lore—
And with a quickened memory retraced
Our dear old village history once more;
Made up of all the close, familiar ties
Of common country, lot and families.

Then from the knoll, a greensward path I took
Between the sunny cornfields and the wood
With sunny aspect and a fair off-look;
Till, suddenly, with pulses hushed, I stood
Beneath a fretted vault, where branches high
Wove their bright tufts of crimson with blue sky.

The sombrous twilight with a breathless awe
Fell on my heart; the last year's rotting leaves
Strewed thickly the soft turf, on which I saw

Shy stalks of dark-stemmed maiden-hair in threes;
While round me rose hugh oaks, whose giant forms
Had wrestled with a century's wind and storms.

For life was there, strong life and struggle; scars
Seamed the firm bark closed over many a wound
Borne 'neath the tranquil eye of heaven's far stars;
For in their woe the oaks stood, never swooned—
The great trunks writhed and twisted, groaned; then rose
To nobler height and loftier repose.

Faint heart, weak faith! How oft in weary pain,
In life-long strife with hell's deceitful power,
I turn me to the brave old woods again,
Their leafy coronals exultant tost
On the wild wind, like some victorious host.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

October's loveliest flower, so wondrous blue,
Whose eyelids, softly fringed, still hold the dew
Of frosty Autumn nights,
Yet smiles anew
When morn the hill-top lights.

Thou mindest me, by thy celestial dye,
Of our most Virgin Lady's heavenly eye;
So meekly hid
Beneath its fringed lid;
With pity wet
For man, with ills beset.

For love of her I lay thee on her shrine;
Make my sweet duty to her, flow'ret mine;
And beg that eye, for Jesus's sake, to turn
On all who sigh and mourn
In frosty vales and drear:
O Lady dear, accept and hear!

OCCULTATION OF VENUS.

[April 21, 1860.]

The virgin moon, with one clear star
Poised lightly on its shining horn;
A vestal lamp, whose beauteous flame
Was for an evening's wonder born.

Thus Venus paused with kindling beams
O'er lovely Dian's crescent white;
A moment quivered, flashed anew,
Then slowly passed from eager sight.

O grandest star of matin hours!
O loveliest star of tranquil even!
What doom has quenched thy peerless ray,
And robbed the azure dome of heaven?

O pain of loss, how sharp thy blade!
How keen thy search, bereaved eyes!
While swift as thought our glances range
The glittering spaces of the skies.

In vain for me red Saturn's rings,
Or Jupiter's revolving moons;
Their light, like thine, can never charm
The silent evening's pensive glooms.

Love's faithful eye will miss thy gleam,
As twilight steals o'er lake and shore;
And weep to think those joyous waves
Reflect thy beauties never more.

One twinkling gleam, and lo! the star
Now mourned as lost, fair Dian, glides
Beside thee, loved companion still,
On thy calm orbits' tranquil tides.

Unshorn its ray, undimmed its light,
But hidden, not withdrawn, from view;
Again the star of love and joy
Gleams, softly, from the vaulted blue.

O friend, whose genius, like a star,
Once o'er my life as fairly shone,
In vain I wait thy swift return
In death's long occultation gone!

Suns, systems, cycles, duly turn
On thy short axle, finite time,
And only man still grandly claims
Eternal spaces, God's sublime

Infinitude of place, beyond
Thy blue and vasty firmament;

From whence, to time, none e'er return,
Though hearts may break in sharp lament.

—o—

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

1825—1867.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in Ireland, April 13, 1825, and was assassinated in Montreal April 7, 1867. He has published a volume of poems and other works. His poems are full of vigor, and abound with pathos and delicate fancy.

JACQUES CARTIER.

I.

In the seaport of Saint Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral, all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier.
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

II.

A year pass'd o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

III.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his pride.
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourn'd his loss.
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

IV.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in Spring comes sailing athwart the early ship.
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

V.

But when he changed the strain—he told them how soon is cast
In early Spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of Summer clad the landscape, to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

VI.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshiping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

VII.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave

Its freshness, for a hundred leagues, to
ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene pre-
sented to his sight,
What time he rear'd the cross and crown
on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of
Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier
from his perils o'er the sea.

RETURN.

I have a sea-going spirit, it haunts my
sleep,
Not a sad spirit, wearisome to follow;
Less like a tenant of the mystic deep
Than the good fairy of the hazel hol-
low:
And often at the midwatch of the night
I see departing in his silver barque
This spirit, steering toward an eastern
light,
Calling me to him from the western
dark.
"Spirit!" I ask, "say whither bound
away?"
"Unto the old Hesperides!" he cries;
"O, spirit, take me in thy barque, I
pray."
"For thee I came," he joyfully re-
plies;
"Exile, no longer shalt thou absent
mourn.
For I the spirit am, men call — Re-
turn!"

THE PRIEST OF PERTH.*

(Requiescat in pace. Amen.)

A PRAYER FOR THE SOUL OF THE PRIEST OF PERTH.

I.

We who sat at the cheerful hearth,
Knew the wisdom rare, of priceless worth
He bears away from the face of earth;
Peace to the soul of the Priest of Perth!

II.

Dead! and his sun of life so high!
Dead! with no cloud in all his sky!
Dead! and it seems but yesterday
When happy and hopeful he sail'd away,
As Priest and Celt to his double home—
For Westport bay and Eternal Rome.
Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
God rest the soul of the Priest of Perth!

III.

Yet there was a sign in his gracious sky,
Up where the Cross he lifted high,
Glow'd in the morn and evening light,
Kiss'd by the reverent moon at night—
Glow'd through the vista'd northern
pines,
"That's Perth, where the Cross so bright-
ly shines."
Many will say, as many have said,
Bearing true tribute to the dead—
Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
Rest to the soul of the Priest of Perth!

IV.

And there was the home he loved to
make
So dear, for friend and kinsman's sake;
Oh, many a day and many a year
Will come for his mourners, far and near,
But never a friend more true or dear.
Many a wreath of Canadian snow
Will hide the gardens and gates we know,
And many a Spring will deck again
His trees, in all their leafy glory,
But none shall ever bring back, for men,
The smile, the song, the sinless story—
The holy zeal that still presided,
Which none encountered and derided—
That yielded not one fast or feast,
One right or rubric of the priest;
Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
Peace to the soul of the Priest of Perth!

V.

A golden Priest, of the good old school,
Fearless and prompt to lead and rule;
Free from every taint of pride,
But ready, aye, ready, to chide or guide;
Tenderly binding the bruiséd heart,
Sparing no sin its penal smart;

* The Very Reverend John H. McDonagh, of Perth, Quebec, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Kingston.

His will was as the granite rock
To the prowler, menacing his flock;
But never lichen or wild-flower grew
On rocky ground more fair to view,
Than his charity was to all he knew;
Laying the outlines deep and broad,
Of an infant church, he daily trod
His path in the visible sight of God;
Ashes to ashes! earth to earth!
Peace to the soul of the Priest of Perth!

VI.

O Saints of God! ye who await
Your beloved by the beautiful gate!
Ye Saints who people his native shore—
Beloved Saint John, whose name he bore—
And ye, Apostles! unto whom
He prayed, a pilgrim, by your tomb—
And thou! O Queen of Heaven and Earth!
Receive—receive the Priest of Perth!

—o—

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

1825—1864.

Adelaide Anne Procter, daughter of the poet Procter, was herself a poet by divine right. Charles Dickens was the first to discover her genius.

Miss Procter's first considerable publication was in 1858, a volume entitled "Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verses." It met with immediate success, and passed through a large number of editions. A second series of "Legends and Lyrics" appeared in 1860, and in 1862 "A Chaplet of Verses."

"Seldom," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "do we meet a collection of fugitive poems so pleasantly fulfilling friendly desire, and so able to bear the brunt of criticism as this. There is reality in it. It is full of a thoughtful seriousness, a grave tenderness, a fancy temperate but not frigid, which will recommend themselves to every one who has a touch of the artist in his composition. The manner (and this is much to say) is not borrowed. Without any startling originality, it is Miss Procter's own, and not her father's; not Wordsworth's; not the Laureate's; not referable to the Brownings."

A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait in sunny ease
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to the northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While Winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for Spring is nigh)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A PARTING.

Without one bitter feeling let us part—
And for the years in which your love has shed
A radiance like a glory round my head,
I thank you, yes, I thank you from my heart.

I thank you for the cherished hopes of years,
A starry future, dim and yet divine,
Winging its way from heaven to be mine,
Laden with joy, and ignorant of tears.

I thank you, yes, I thank you even more
That my heart learnt not without love to live,
But gave and gave, and still had more to give,
From an abundant and exhaustless store

I thank you, yes, I thank you even more—
I thank you, not in bitterness, but truth,
For the fair vision that adorned my youth
And glorified so many happy years.

Yet how much more I thank you that you tore
At length the veil your hand had woven away,
Which hid my idol was a thing of clay
And wasted all the purpose of my youth.

I thank you that your hand dashed down the shrine,
Wherein my idol worship I had paid,
Else had I never known a soul was made
To serve and worship only the Divine.

I thank you that the heart I cast away
On such as you, though broken, bruised and crushed,
Now that its fiery throbbing is all hushed,
Upon a worthier altar I can lay.

I thank you for the lesson that such love
Is a perverting of God's royal right,
That it is made but for the Infinite,
And all too great to live except above.

I thank you for a terrible awaking,
And if reproach seemed hidden in my pain,
And sorrow seemed to cry on your disdain,
Know that my blessing lay in your forsaking.

Farewell forever now—in peace we part;
And should an idle vision of my tears
Arise before your soul in after years,
Remember that I thank you from my heart!

OUR DEAD.

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away;
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales, truth fades, stars fall from Heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere;
No true crown of honor can be given
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us! and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone—and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past remains,
Save with some strange, cruel stings, that make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret;
We shall find, in some far, bright to-morrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it?
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own?

Any cold and cruel dawn may show it
 Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
 Love, that to Death's loyal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours forever,
 And no change can rob us of our dead.

So, when fate comes to besiege our city,
 Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity.
 And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

MAXIMUS.

I hold him great, who, for love's sake,
 Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
 I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
 That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
 Who bears the burden well, and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
 To keep, a lowly, steadfast heart:
Yet he who loses has to fill
 A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
 Of a deserved and pure success:
He who knows how to fail has won
 A crown whose luster is not less.

Great may be he who can command
 And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
 Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God,
 And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
 A greater conqueror in his sight.

—o—

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

1828— —.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in London, in 1828, and is a son of Mr. Gabriel Rossetti, Professor of Italian at King's College, London who died in 1854. Mr. Rossetti is an artist, and is one of the originators of what is termed the Pre-Raphaelite style of art. He is also known as a poet and translator. Some of his poems are exceedingly beautiful.

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

She fell asleep on Christmas eve:
 At length, the long ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweighed
 The pain naught else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
 Over the bed from chime to chime,
 Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little table near was spread
 With work to finish. For the glare
 Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
 Of Winter radiance, sheer and thin:
 The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy, crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
 Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
 And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
 And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
 Like a sharp, strengthening wine, it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
 Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
 The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
 Her needles, as she laid them down,
 Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled; no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born!"
 So, as said angels, she did say;
 Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then, in the room over us,
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious, softly-stepping haste,
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead — should they
Have broken her long watched-for rest.

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word;
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept;
And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn,
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
'Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

——o——

JOSEPH BRENAN.

1828—1857.

Joseph Brenan was born November 17, 1828, in Cork, Ireland. In boyhood he exhibited singular gifts of fancy; and, at an early age, wrote in prose and verse with facility and taste, and spoke with eloquence at debating societies. "Young Ireland" inflamed his enthusiasm, and he removed to Dublin in 1848, just in time to prove himself acceptable as a contributor to the leading revolutionary organs, *The United Irishman*, *The Irish Tribune*, and *The Irish Felon*, before their seizure by the government. On the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, Mr. Brenan was arrested in the west of Ireland, and held in prison, without trial, for some nine months. During and after his incarceration he wrote for the *Irishman;* but further revolutionary efforts proving useless, he left Ireland, and arrived in New York in October, 1849. In the United States he pursued the career of a journalist, lectured, contributed a paper on "Theories of Evil," and some poems to the *American Whig Review*, and having married Miss Mary Savage, in August, 1851, removed to New Orleans on an engagement with the *Delta* of that city. Having been prostrated, and rendered temporarily blind by yellow fever, he spent some months of 1854 in New York, during which he contributed, in prose and verse, to the *Citizen;* also a bitter article on the foreign vote during the "Know Nothing" excitement, to the *United States Review.* Resuming his position in New Orleans, where his brilliant abilities were highly appreciated, he died, highly regretted, on the 17th of May, 1857.

DIRGE FOR DEVIN REILLY.

"When the day has come, darling, that your darling must go
From the scene of his struggles, of his pride and his woe,—
Lay him on a hillside, with his feet to the dew,
Where the soul of the verdure is faintly stealing through—
On the slope of a hill, with his face to the light,
Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night;
For the grand old mother Nature is mightier than death,
The subtle Irish soul, of which the beautiful is breath;
Which nestles and dreams in the solemn sounding trees,
And flings out its locks to the rapture of the breeze,
And 'twill crave for God's wonders, from the daisy star close by,
To the golden scroll which sparkles with His scripture in the sky."

God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the place of your choice,
Where the blessed dew is falling, and the flowers have a voice;
Where the conscious trees are bending in homage to the dead,
And the earth is swelling upward, like a pillow for your head;
And His rest will be with you, for the lonely seeming grave,
Though a dungeon to the coward, is a palace to the brave—
Though a black Inferno circle, where the recreant are bound,
Is a brave Valhalla pleasure dome where heroes are crowned;
Oh! His rest will be with you, in the congress of the great,
Who are purified by sorrow, and are victors over fate;
Oh, God's rest will be with you, in the corridors of Fame.
Which were jubilant with welcome, when Death called out your name.

Way among the heroes, for another hero soul!
Room for a spirit which has struggled to its goal!
Rise, for in life he was faithful to his faith,
And entered without stain 'neath the portico of death;
And his fearless deeds around, like attending angels stand,
Claiming recognition from the noble and the grand;
Claiming to his meed—who from fresh and bounding youth,
To the days of manly trial, was truthful to the truth—
The welcome of the hero, whose foot would not give way,
Till his trenchant sword was shivered in the fury of the fray;
And grand will be that welcome, if the Devin gods above
Can love with but a tithe of an humble mortal love!

"Lay me on a hillside, with my feet to the dew,
Where the life of the verdure is faintly stealing through;
On the slope of a hill, with my face to the light
Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night;"
Would it were a hillside in the land of the Gael,
Where the dew falls like teardrops, and the wind is a wail;
Where the winged superstitions are gleaming through the gloom,
Like a host of frighted Fairies, to beautify the tomb,
On the slope of a hill, with your face to the sky
Which clasped you, like a blessing, in the days gone by;
When your hopes were as radiant as the stars of the night,
And the reaches of the future throbbed with constellated light.

Have you seen the mighty tempest, in its war cloak of cloud,
When it stalks through the midnight, so defiant and proud;
When 'tis shouldering the ocean, till the crouching waters fly
From the thunder of its voice, and the lightning of its eye;
And the waves, in timid multitudes, are rushing to the strand,
In a vain appeal for succor from the buffets of its hand;
Then you saw the soul of Reilly, when, abroad in its might,
It dashed aside, with loathing, all the creatures of the night;
Till the plumed hosts were humbled, and their crests, white no more,
Were soiled with the sand, and strewn upon the shore;
For the volumed swell of thunder was concentrated in his form,
And his tread was a conquest, and his blow was like a storm.

Have you seen a weary tempest, when a harbor is near,

And its giant breast is heaving from the speed of its career;
How it puts off its terrors, and is timorous and weak,
And it stoops to the waters, with its cheek to their cheek;
As it broods, like a lover, over all the quiet place.
Till the dimpling smiles of pleasure are eddying in its trace?
Then you saw the soul of Reilly, when, ceasing to roam
It flung away the clouds, and nestled to its home;
When the heave and swell were ended, and the spirit was at rest,
And gentle thoughts, like white-winged birds, were dreaming on its breast;
And the tremulous sheets of sunset, around its couch were rolled,
In voluptuous festooning of purple lined with gold.

Oh! sorrow on the day when our young apostle died,
When the lonely grave was opened for our darling and our pride;
When the passion of a people was following the dead,
Like a solitary mourner, with a bowed uncovered head;
When a nation's aspirations were stooping o'er the dust;
When the golden bowl was broken, and the trenchant sword was rust;
When the brave tempestuous spirit, with an upward wing had passed,
And the love of the wife was a widow's love at last;
Oh! God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the shadow of that love,
And God bless you with His bliss, in the pleasure-dome above,
When the heroes are assembled, and the very angels bow
To the glory of eternity, which glimmers on each brow.

"Lay me on a hillside, with my feet to the dew,
Where the life of the verdure is faintly stealing through;
On the slope of a hill, with my face to the light,
Which glows upon the dawn, and glorifies the night:"
Would it were a hillside in the land of the Gael.
Where the dew falls like teardrops, and the wind is a wail—
Where the winged superstitions are gleaming through the gloom,
Like a host of frighted fairies, to beautify the tomb!
On the slope of a hill, with your face to the sky,
Which clasped you like a blessing in the days gone by;
When your hopes were as radiant as the stars of the night,
And the reaches of the future throbbed with constellated light.

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm dreaming about thee,
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee;
Come to me, dearest, my sorrow to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifest treasure
Are circling my heart with the primrose of pleasure.

Oh, spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rare root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunlight can win it.

Figure which moves like a song through the even,
Features lit up with a reflex of heaven;
Eyes like the skies of sweet Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadow are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple;
Oh! thanks to the Saviour that even the seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened:
Dear, are you sad to know I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave or rhyme unto rhyme, love.
I can not smile, but your cheeks will be glowing;
You can not weep, but my tears will be flowing;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love;
And I could not live without you by my side, love.

Come to me, dearest, ere I die of my sorrow;
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift and true as the works which I speak, love;
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love;
Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;
Come to my arms which alone shall caress thee;
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

—o—

JOHN SAVAGE.

1828— —.

John Savage was born December 13, 1828, in the city of Dublin. He was educated at a leading academy, with a view of entering Trinity College; but, having displayed a taste for the fine arts, entered instead the Schools of Art of the Royal Dublin Society, with the intention of becoming an artist. In this sphere he succeeded well, but the Revolution of '48 coming on, he espoused his country's cause. This cause being lost, he came to America, and followed journalism until his appointment to the clerkship of the Marine Court in New York City. His writings are voluminous, and cover a variety of subjects. His finest work is generally thought to be "Sybil: a Drama."

GAME LAWS.

As through the crouching underwood the wild boar madly came,
With lashing tail and gleaming tusks, stiff mane and eye of flame.

Through golden crops, through tangled copse, he fiercely plunging tore.
All seemed but withered fibres to the rage-expanding boar.

Through leafy screen and rough ravine, through lane and plain the brute
Makes head, and in the cotter's field at last eludes pursuit.

"Ho! Hans, be quick; take in the child—bring out my trusty gun."
Hans fled and came, the cotter fired—the wild boar's race was run.

But woe! alas, what came to pass, the forest-ranger saw
The deed, and shot the cotter down—to make him "keep the law."

Herr Graff and staff, feast, laugh, and quaff that night with beakers red:
The *cotter's* home is desolate—its head, its heart lies dead.

'Tis royal sport for king and court to hunt the grizzly boar;
But woe unto the poor man who dares to hunt him at his door.

A REVERY IN REVELRY.

I.

How joyously their steps keep time
To music in the dance,
Like happy words to bounding rhyme
That sound and sense enhance:
How gloriously the young blood flows,
And eyes the hearts unfold!
The mirth that in their being glows
Tells me I'm growing old.

II.

The scene recalls my merry youth,
Its innocence and bliss,
The song, the dance, the gushing truth,
The magic touch and kiss!
Oh, who'd not give the wealth of years
For youth's uncounted gold!
Their laughing eyes fill mine with tears—
I feel I'm growing old.

III.

I love to see them blend their days,
With joys—that fade too soon,
While they, alas! but count delays
From opening May to June:
December quickly comes—and then,
Like me, they'll feel it cold,
And wish youth's radiant robes again,
As *they* are growing old.

YOUTH'S RHAPSODY.

Wildly I wander through love-builded palaces,
Where my heart, stranger to temples so fair,
Throbs like a student's where no greed or malice is—
Youth has no danger its Truth can not dare.

Music's ineffable power, in mild throbbings,
Lures my lay-loving heart till I beseech
Silence—to eagerly voice my soul's wild sobbings—
Love has no fantasy youth dare not reach.

Blending the radiance is one that I pine after!
Vision! for which bardic cavaliers bleed!
See her dark bright eyes—they tearfully shine—after
Asking her heart if it will not be freed.

Ethel the tender, and Ethel the truthful heart!
Oh! how I love thee lives not on my tongue.
Life of my loneliness—death of my youthful heart,
Ethel the maidenly, modest and young!

Oh, let me, love, be thy life's hardy mariner,
Guiding thy fragile bark o'er its wild sea,
Cresting the breakers that foam in wrath far and near,
Crowning the prow that's a shelter for thee.

Oh! let me, love, be thy life's hardy forester,
Clearing the jungles that tangle earth's way—
And conquering peace be thy minstrel and chorister,
Chanting in homage our love's endless day.

Pathless I tread like an islanded castaway,
Strong with the promptings of Hope on my breath,

Chasing the future, and hurling the past
away,
Wooing what one word may make life
or death.

Oh! let me worship thee—oh! let me
cling to thee,
Like some idolatrous child of the wood!
Let my youth's sacrifice, dear Ethel, bring
to thee
All the wild truth that now maddens
my blood.

Ethel the tender, and Ethel the truthful
heart!
Oh! how I love thee my voice can not
sing—
Life of my longing eyes—death of my
youthful heart,
Ethel, the symbol of promise and
Spring!

Will you not love me? Love with joy-
ance tender as
Thoughts that stir echoes in this heart
of mine?
Will you not cling to me, graceful and
slender, as
Round its strong staple the juice-laden
vine?

Will you not temper my brain's frenzied
madness, love?
Will you not spiritize Thought's subtle
fire—
Coax me from sadness, love—kiss me to
gladness, love—
Bless me, and twine thy rich love with
my lyre?

Ethel the tender, and Ethel the truthful
heart!
How I adore thee my harp can not sing.
Pulse of my aching breast—death of my
youthful heart,
Ethel, my symbol of promise and
Spring!

MIND—A LABOR CHANT.

[Nearly twenty years ago, the *Democratic Review* hailed the following Labor Chant as a powerful poem, in which Mr. Savage's sympathy with the cause of the down-trodden millions was nobly expressed. It is very applicable at the present time, when the labor movement is attracting such attention.]

Ringers on the chiming anvil,
Tillers of the soil,
Men of nerve and sweated brows,
Men of truth and toil,
Levelers of primeval forests,
Craftsmen of the city,
Here's a chant—a labor chant!
Chorus now my ditty.
Brothers, here's my heart, and hand, too:
Ev'ry vein is for my kind;
What is wealth if it should part you,
With its whisperings so golden,
(As deceitful as 'tis olden)
From that only God-found palace,
Where, from Learning's crystal chalice,
Draughts ye mighty stoups of MIND.

Men of brawny bone and sinew,
Honest toil and craft;
Men whose homely brows are sun-
dyed,
Toiling on life's raft,
Down the wild sea of existence,
Truthful more than witty;
Here's a chant of sweet resistance;
Chorus now my ditty:
Brothers, if you mean to lift your
Trusty heads among your kind,
Aid the giant, Thought, to shift your
Lives upon the way of Knowledge—
Learning's road is free of tollage—
And with shouts an hundred hundred
Has the Age's spirit thundered,
Rulers can not chain the MIND.

Men whose only mace and sabre
Are the scythe and sledge;
Men whose corded sinews labor
At the wheel or wedge;
Men who love the earned prize,
Who scorn the rich man's pity;
Here's a chant! come, chorus rise
And swell aloud my ditty:
Brothers, earth would be a dismal,
Barren, wretched place designed,
If it had not Nature's prismal
Sunlight, light'ning as it dallies
O'er the hillsides and the valleys;

But more barren, gloomy, scopeless,
Is the heart whose vales lie hopeless,
Unlit by the Sun of MIND!

—o—

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

1830— —.

Christina G. Rossetti was born in London in 1830, and still resides in that city. She is the author of "Goblin Market and Other Poems," and "The Prince's Progress and Other Poems," both collections being comprised in the volume of her poems published in this country. She has also written a volume of prose stories for children, called "Commonplace and Other Stories," and a book of nursery rhymes, called "Sing-Song."

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me,
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain.
And, dreaming through the twilight,
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
Haply I may forget.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Oh, kiss me once before I go,
To make amends for sorrow,
Oh, kiss me once before we part,
Who will not meet to-morrow.

"And I was wrong to urge your will,
And wrong to mar your life;
But kiss me once before we part,
Because you are my wife."

She turned away and tossed her head
And puckered up her brow;
"I never kissed you yet," she said,
"And I'll not kiss you now.

"Tho' I'm your wife by might and right
And forsworn marriage vow,
I never loved you yet," said she,
"And I don't love you now."

So he went sailing on the sea.
And she sat crossed and dumb,
While he went sailing on the sea,
Where the wild storm-winds come.

He'd been away a month and a day,
Counting from morn to morn:
And many buds had turned to leaves,
And many lambs were born.

And many buds had turned to flowers,
For Spring was in a glow,
When she was laid upon her bed,
As white and cold as snow.

"Oh, let me kiss my baby once;
Just once before I die;
And bring it sometimes to my grave
To teach it where I lie.

"And tell my husband, when he comes
Safe home from o'er the sea,
To love the baby that I leave,
If ever he loved me.

"And tell him, not for might or right
Or forsworn marriage vow,
But for the helpless baby's sake,
I would have kissed him now."

WEARY IN WELL DOING.

I would have gone; God bade me stay;
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go;
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk,
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where thou sendest me ;
Day after day I plod and moil :
But Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest with Thee ?

—o—

WILLIAM SETON.

1836— —.

William Seton was born in New York City in 1836, and is a grandson of the celebrated Mother Seton. He studied for some years at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, and completed his education at Bonn, Germany. He had been admitted to the bar when the war broke out, and he at once enlisted as a private, but soon rose to the rank of captain. He was twice severely wounded. He now resides in New York. The following is an extract from his poem, "The Pioneer:"

AN OLD-TIME PICTURE.

In the loveliest valley of New Hampshire,
Hard by a stream whose fountain home is hid
Among the laurel crags of Mount Kearsarge,
A cabin stood. Upon its sloping roof
Old Time had spread the moss; its chimney leaned
A little to the south, bent by the blasts,
Which in the Winter months, with scarce a pause,
Blew down with fury from the cold nor'-west.
Under its eaves the martin's nest was hung;
The woodchuck had his den beneath the floor,
Where generations of them came and went—
Blessing a spot which was the haunt of peace.
Around the acres which the axe had cleared
The melancholy pines a circle formed,
And in the clearing, 'tween the stumps and stones,
Josiah Willey raised his scanty crop
Of corn and pumpkins, blunting many a hoe,
And often wondering how he ever came
To settle in the shadow of the hill.
Yet was Josiah, in his faithful spouse,
Blest with a treasure such as few men find.
Her temper kindly, and her willing hand
Was never idle from a lack of health;
Broom, churn and spinning-wheel, the live-long day,
Kept steady chorus to her tuneful voice;
And in the evenings, when his work was done,
She'd placed her "specs" upon her drooping nose,
And read him off to sleep with Holy Writ;
Then rouse him from his dream with some sweet hymn,
Which would recall the day when first they met—
A Sabbath in the choir at Intervale.
And as a cherished flower grows more fair,
And blooms each season with a sweeter breath,
So, with the passing years Josiah thought
His mate more beautiful than in her teen's;
For when a soul to soul is truly wed,
There is no ending of the honey-moon.

—o—

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

1836— —.

Daniel Connolly was born in Belleek, County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1836. At the age of fifteen he came to the United States, and he has since been a resident of New York. His first newspaper work was done during the late war, when he furnished the New York *Daily News* with correspondence from Washington and Virginia. After the war, he became associate editor of the *Metropolitan Record*, which had been established several years before as a Catholic paper, with the sanction of Archbishop Hughes. In 1872 he

gave up journalism as a regular calling, in order to engage in business, but did not abandon it wholly. His poems, written at leisure times, would make a goodly volume, but they have not been collected.

TROUT FISHING.

By winding paths and mossy lanes,
All fringed with clover, flower and berry,
We pass, nor pause to note the strains
Of woodland warblers, blithe and merry;
Our thoughts are bent on cast and play,
We hardly heed the splendors o'er us,
But haste with quickening steps away
To reach the glorious sport before us.

With lisping, low-voiced monotone
The brook flows by in curves and sallies,
And bears its rippling music down
To daisied slopes and verdant valleys.
The favorite spot we seek is found,
A sheltered nook where elves might gambol,
Or joyous sprites move merrily round
In moonlit dance or midnight ramble.

Soft winds blow down from ridge and grove,
Where balsam boughs are gently swaying,
And round a silvery beech above.
Two heedless squirrels are briskly playing,
Through branching pines the sunlight falls
Like grains of gold on emerald sifted,
And near the cleft and towering walls
Of ledge and cliff to heaven are lifted.

O charmed spot, so cool and calm,
O sweet retreat from strife's pulsation,
Where sound is one perpetual psalm,
And every note an inspiration!
What seek we here of harrowing care,
Of toil or trade, or mart or manners,
While round us in the soft, sweet air
Peace dreams on Nature's leafy banners?

But now, to work with rod and line,
And dainty flies on trusty leader;
We'll take the first auspicious sign
And cast below yon slanting cedar.
Again with feathery touch the flies
Dance lightly over pool and shallow,
And, darting through reflected skies,
The wary trout retreat or follow.

Along the grassy marge we go,
Now listening to the tall pines moaning,
Now catching from a glade below
A drowsy mill's perpetual droning;
Still on; the miller's brown faced boy
Stands knee deep in the shining water,
And near, with startled glance and coy,
The miller's comely, dark-eyed daughter.

So, through the long, bright balmy day,
In varying shade and sunshine ranging,
We speed the hastening hours away
Where sound and scene are ever changing,
Till all the hills are dashed with gold
That pales and dims eve's dawning crescent,
And twilight falls on field and wold
Like veiling gauze o'er forms quiescent.

Soft, soothing calm of Summer woods,
Of streams that chant in rythmic numbers,
Of fragrant, flowery solitudes,
Where rest alternate sings and slumbers,
Full oft to thee doth fancy take
Her airy flight from burdened highways,
To roam again by brook and lake,
Or dream in leafy paths and byways.

THREE SONNETS.

I.—GOLDSMITH.

As beams a perfect, restful, mellow day,
Ripe in the golden harvest of the year,

While all the mystic, dreamy atmosphere
Breathes spices from bright garden places, gay
With rarest flowers; and fragrant scents of hay,
New-mown in misty meadows; and anear
Are orchard fruits, and grain that droops in ear
O'erburdened, and o'er all soft zephyrs play;—
So spreads the charm of thy pure thought and song,
Kind, gentle, simple friend of all mankind,
O'er every heart that loves the true and good;
And as we fondly follow thee along
Through ways of tuneful tenderness, we find
Mild, balmy peace, where care does not intrude.

II.—MANGAN.

Once in the Summer time, while wandering
Through spaces of dim solitude, I strayed
Upon a brook that murmured in the shade
Of sighing pines, and hastened on to sing
Through glades where sunshine never came, then fling
Its wounded breast against rude rocks, emfrayed
By all the turmoil that the poor brook made,
And heedless of its plaintive suffering.
And then I thought of thee, sad poet soul,
Wandering in sorrowful and gloomy ways,
But singing still, because thy heart was full
Of melody and rich with tuneful dole.
In sunless glades of life were spent thy days,
And only asphodel 'twas thine to cull.

III.—MOORE.

Of all sweet singers in our ranks of song,
Rarest and brightest and most dear thou art,
Glad, glowing, gentle minstrel of the heart,
To whom joy's warmest attributes belong.
Around thee at the shrine of hymen throng
The loves and graces feeling each the smart
That follows wounds by Cupid's cunning dart.
Yet bold thou wert as well, when Erin's wrong
Touched the keen chords that trembled in thy breast;
Then could the master hand that softly swept
The harp to tender lays strike strains of fire.
Thine was the voice melodious that addressed
The greatest and the lowliest, and kept
Hope breathing still in love's and freedom's lyre.

THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF MARSHAL MACMAHON.

In Algeria, with Bugeaud,
Harassed by a crafty foe,
Where the French, in eighteen hundred thirty-one;
Swarthy Arabs prowled about
Camp and outpost and redoubt,
Crouching here, and crawling there,
Lurking, gliding every-where,
Tiger-hearted, under stars and under sun,
Seeking by some stealthy chance
Vengeance on the troops of France—
Vengeance fierce and fell, to sate
Savage rage and savage hate
For the deeds of desolation harshly done.

On a rugged plateau,
Forty miles from head-quarters of Marshal Bugeaud,

Lay an outpost, besieged by the merciless foe.
Day by day close and closer the Arab lines drew,
Round the hard-beset French.

To dash out and flash through,
Like a wind-driven flame, they would dare, though a host
Hot from Hades stood there. But abandon the post?
Nay, they dare not do that; they were soldiers of France,
And dishonor shall stain neither sabre nor lance;
They could bravely meet death, though like Hydra it came,
Horror-headed and dire, but no shadow of shame
For a trust left to perish when danger drew nigh
Should e'er dim the flag waving free to the sky.
But soon came a terror more dread to the soul
Than war's wild thunder-crash, when its battle-clouds roll.
And the heavens are shrouded from sight while a glare,
As of hell, breaks in hot, lurid streams on the air!

It was Famine, grim-visaged and gaunt,
To the camp most appalling of foes—
Slow to strike, slow to kill, but full sure
As the swift headsman's deadliest blows,
O'er the ramparts it sullenly strode,
Glided darkly by tent and by wall,
Spreading awe whersoever it went,
And the gloom of dismay over all;
Blighting valor that ne'er in war's red front had quailed,
Blanching cheeks that no tempest of strife e'er had paled.

Then a council was held, and the commandant said
Direst peril was near: they must summon swift aid
From the Marshal, or all would be lost ere the sun
Of to-morrow went down in the west. Was there one
Who, to save the command and the honor of France,
Would ride forth with despatches? He ceased, and a glance
At the bronzed faces near showed that spirits to dare
Any desperate deed under heaven were there.
But the first to arise and respond was a youth
Whose brow bore nature's signet of courage and truth.
In whose eye valor shone calm and clear as a star
When the winds were at rest, and the clouds fade afar.
Who was he that stood forth with such resolute air?
Young Lieutenant MacMahon, bold, free *debonnaire*,
Never knight looked more gallant with shield and with spear,
Never war-nurtured chieftain less conscious of fear.
In his mien was the heroic flash of the Gaul,
With the fire of the Celt giving grandeur to all:
Aud he said, head erect, face with ardor aglow,
"I will ride with dispatches to Marshal Bugeaud!"

It is night, and a stillness profound
Folds the camp; Arabs stealthily creep
Here and there in the moonlight beyond,
With ears eagerly bent for a sound
From the garrison, watchful and weak;
O'er the ten s welcome night breezes sweep,
Bringing balm unto brow and to cheek
Of men, scorched by a pitiless sun
To a hue almost swarthy and deep
As the hue of the foe they would shun.

Stretching dimly afar,
Between slopes that are rugged and bare,

Half obscure under moonbeam and star,
Half revealed in the soft, misty air,
Runs a rude, broken way that will lead
Gallant rider and sure-footed steed
Westward forth to the camp of Bugeaud,
Forty miles over high land and low;
But the steed must be trusty and fleet,
And the bridle hand steady and keen
That shall guide him by rock and ravine,
Where each stride of the galloping feet
Must span dangers that slumber unseen;
And beyond, scarce a league to the west,
Yawns a treacherous chasm, dark and deep,
Where death lurks like a serpent asleep,
And the rider must ride at his best,
And his steed take the terrible leap
Like a winged creature cleaving the air,
Else a grim, ghastly corpse shall be there,
With perchance a steed stark on its breast,
And the moon shall look down with a stare
Where they lie in perpetual rest.

Now the silence is broken by neigh and by champ
And the clatter of hoofs, and away from the camp
Rides MacMahon, as gallant, as light and as free
As the bridegroom who goes to his marriage may be.
With prance and with gallop and gay caracole
His steed bounds along, as if spurning control:
But the bridle-hand guides him unerring and true,
And each stroke of the hoofs is thew answering thew.
Through the moonlight they go, fading slowly from sight,
Till both rider and steed sink away in the night.
But they go not unheard, and they speed not unseen;
Dark eyes furtively watch, flashing fiercely and keen
From dim ambush around; then like spectres arise
White-robed figures that follow: the rider descries
Them on slope and in hollow, and knows they pursue.
But he fears not their craft or the deeds they may do,
For his brave steed is eager and strong, and the pace
Growing faster and faster each stride of the chase.
Now the slopes right and left seem alive with the foe
Gliding ghost-like along, but still stealthy and low,
As wild creatures that crouch in a jungle; they think
To entrap him when back from the terrible brink
Of the chasm he returns, for his steed can not leap
The dread gulf, and the rider will halt when its steep
Rugged walls ope before him, with death lying deep
In the darkness below; they will seize him and take
From his heart, by fell torture of fagot and stake
Every secret he holds; then his life-blood may flow,
But he never shall ride to the camp of Bugeaud.

Still unflinching and free through the moonlight he goes,
And each pulse with the hot flush of eagerness glows.
Now a glance at the path where his gallant steed flies,
Now a gleam at the weird, spectral forms that arise
On the dim, rugged slopes, then still onward and on,
Till he nears the abyss, and its gaping jaws yawn
On his sight; but the rider well knows it is there,

And his speed is soon cautiously checked to prepare
For the desperate leap; he must now put to proof
The true mettle beneath, for the slip of a hoof,
Or a swerve on the brink, will dash both into doom,
Where the sad stars shall watch over a cavernous tomb.
Girth and bridle and stirrup are felt, to be sure
That no flaw shall bring peril—and all is secure;
Then with eyes fixed before, and brow bent to the wind,
And one thought of the foe and his comrades behind,
And a low, earnest prayer that all Heaven must heed,
He slacks bridle, plies spur, and gives head to his steed.
With a bound it responds, ears set back, nostrils wide,
And the rush of a thunder-bred storm in its stride!
Now the brink! now the leap! they are over! Hurrah!
Horse and rider are safe, and dash wildly away:
Not a slip, not a flinch, swift and sure as the flight
Of an eagle in mid-air, they sweep through the night,
While the baffled foe glare in bewildered amaze
At the fast-flying prey speeding far from their gaze;
And the soft stars grow dim in the dawn's early glow
When MacMahon rides into the camp of Bugeaud.

—o—

TIMOTHY E. HOWARD.

1837— —.

Timothy E. Howard was born near Ann Arbor, Mich., January 27, 1837. He studied at the public schools and at the University of Michigan, completing his college course at the University of Notre Dame. He enlisted in 1862, in the 12th Michigan Volunteers, and soon after was so severely wounded as to necessitate his discharge. Upon graduating at Notre Dame, he was engaged as a member of the faculty, and continued in that capacity until the Fall of 1880, when he was elected Clerk of the St. Joseph County Circuit Court. He resides in South Bend, Ind.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

With just the faintest chill of death,
The full fair Indian Summer comes;
By morning draped in hoary breath,
Her noonday robes of strange perfumes,
At even trailing weird-like shades,
O'er midnight still her beauty looms,
As ever, through fields and opening glades,
She drives the dark November glooms.

Not yet, she cries to the Winter wind,
Not yet, to the frosty starlight clear,
Not yet, to the northern snows that blind,
Not yet, not yet, while I linger near!
How vain the cold, cold phantoms surge,
While the Queen of Autumn shakes her spear,
And smiles despite their mournful dirge—
Last, lovely smile of the dying year!

Fair image of life's departing hour,
When days well spent have brought the soul
To smile supreme at the utmost power
That fiend or phantom can control!
Then smile, thou trusting soul, erect,
Though death's dark shades begin to roll,
That fading hour for thee is flecked
With flashes from the spirit's goal!

FINE DAYS IN MARCH.

How soon we glide to Summer's balmy prime!
To-day is redolent of airs of June,

We've bounded o'er the Spring days' chilly time,
And passed from bracing frosts to drowsy noon.

'Tis but a few short days I walked the lake,
And now the waters ripple on the shore,
Save, here and there, their dashings nimbly break
Along the icy shoals in crumbling roar.

The enamored sun sends down his hazy beams
To kiss the new-born waves and glass his form
Where bright they roll, and the dimpled blue but seems
His loved ethereal from heaven warm.

The awkward woods are hushed in strange suspense,
As though their wildered forms had roused too late;
And the silent birds slow hop from branch to fence,
And peering wonder why this Summer state!

And e'en the curious eye of reason turns
To seek the fragrance-breathing meadow lands,
The glittering streams, the hills where noonday burns,
And forests, swelling green in giant bands,—

The yellow-turning fields of waving wheat,
The dark green maize, now silvered by the breeze,
Now drinking deep the sun's enriching heat—
The clover wading herds, the shady trees,—

The white-rowed mowers down the sweltering vale,
The hay-load moving stately to the barn,—
The pleasure-boat, with drowsy flapping sail,—
All floating on as dreams of Summer's morn!

But soon the breath of lion-hearted March
Dispels the glowing vision, and a chill
Forebodes black days ere Summer's sun will parch,
For the prince of bitter winds is with us still!

—o—

REV. PATRICK CRONIN.

1837— —.

Rev. Patrick Cronin was born near the village of Adare, Ireland, March 1, 1837. He came to the United States in 1850: received his classical education at St. Louis University, and made his theological and philosophical studies at St. Vincent's Seminary, Cape Girardeau, Mo. He was ordained in 1863, and has been stationed at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, since 1873, and since that time has edited the *Catholic Union*, a journal of large circulation and wide influence. In addition to his other duties, he frequently lectures. He has written many beautiful poems.

PERE MARQUETTE.

[Read at the Second Annual Meeting of the Marquette Monument Association at Mackinac, Michigan, August 8, 1879.]

To this scene of sylvan glory,
Rich in gray and dreamful story,
Gather we, this August morning,
'Mid the Summer's bright adorning;
While the woods, in fragrant leaf,
Wave o'er fields of golden sheaf,
And the wild flowers' rich perfume
Mingles with the laurel's bloom,
Where the fresh'ning island breeze
Sweeps along the dew-lit heather;
And the honey laden bees,
From the sighing forest trees,
By these blue and limpid waters,—
Weird, as their once dusky daughters,—
Sing a dreamy song together.

A devoted pilgrim legion
Come we to this gorgeous region,—
To this green and lovely island,
Sleeping sweetly 'mid the wild-land ;
From our homes in distant tracts,
Over lake and stream and river,
Where the dark pines groan and shiver ;
And the wrathful tempest, sweeping,
Sends the torrent madly leaping
Down the foaming cataracts.

Hasten we from eastern city,
With its tearful cries for pity,
And its restless heart all throbbing,
And its laugh and sigh and sobbing,
And the Attic wit that flashes,
And the pungent pen that lashes,
There beside the Summer sea,
While the rapid ringing hammer,
And the whir of flying spindles,
Wake a music that enkindles
(While the turbulent grow calmer)
Health and wealth and jubilee.

From the land of rushing waters,
Sturdy sons and bloomful daughters ;
Where the swelling western breeze
Woos the fragrant forest trees,
And the purple mountains rise.
Over vales of golden plenty ;
And the eagle from his eyrie
Scans the broad and pathless prairie ;
Come we with the joyous chorus
Of the teeming West that bore us,
For the grateful task before us,
On which smile propitious skies.

And the Southron, tho' not here,
Hath a generous emotion
In our work of deep devotion ;
For above the livid fear
And the pallid consternation
At the yellow desolation,
South winds bear the tender tone
That sweet sympathy discloses,
And joy mingles with his moan
In his sunny home of roses.

But why do we gather thus proudly today,
What grand thought awakes all this brilliant display ?
To honor a hero come we from afar,
Whose brow is enwreathed with laurels of war ?
Or come we to kneel round a sanctified shrine,
Where angels keep watch with the stars as they shine ?
Or rear the proud marble full high on this shore,
And fling to the breeze a loved name evermore ?
Ah, yes ! 'tis a hero, all glorious, I trow,
Whose cheek never blanched 'mid the darts of the foe ;
Whose heart was as pure as the foam on the wave
That chants his sad dirge round his yonder lone grave,
And throbbed but to lessen life's poor human woes,
And make the dark wilderness bright as the rose.
In him saint and scholar, explorer, combined—
Whose deeds shall be blazoned on every wind ;
The first who spoke peace on this land red with slaughters,
And sang Christian songs o'er the Father of Waters—
'Tis a name at whose sound swarthy cheeks have grown wet—
"The Ottawa Angel," the sainted Marquette.—
His fame shall endure, the proud boast of the West,
To epic his story, our sweetest behest.

At old Laon, beside a mountain stream,
In far, fair France, he dreamt his youthful dream ;
Slender his form, and pale his beauteous face,
His high-souled honor spoke a noble race.
Young genius sparkles in those starry eyes,
And deep devotion in their dark depths lies ;
How fair is all, how sweet the world appears,

And bright the promise of the coming years!
Oh, great, grand soul! e'en in life's festive hours,
To list the Master's voice 'mid pleasure's bowers;
To see His beauty in awakening day,
And view His mercy in the moon's sweet ray;
To feel His power and vastness o'er the deep,
And His dread wrath when fierce tornadoes sweep;
Thy fresh young virgin heart He sought to gain;
Early He knocked, nor did He knock in vain.

But thine own France—the fair land of the vine—
Whose ev'ry glory swells that heart of thine—
Shall ne'er be witness to thy deeds afar,
Which dim the luster of those feats of war
In which her Christian knight bore Moslem down,
And rode triumphant thro' each crescent town.

Oh, pale, pure priest! from far beyond the wave,
The pitying angels beckon thee to save;
For there, amid a smiling paradise
Of flowers and fruits and streams and sun-lit skies,
The swarthy Indian broods in darkness lone,
And demons rear their undisputed throne;
And while the virgin vales in beauty sleep
The guardian spirits of the wild-woods weep.
Sure they will bear thee safely o'er the foam,
And sooth thy heart, mid starlight dreams of home;
There the grand epic of thy life's young story
Shall woo the muse and crown thy name in glory.

Nor Spaniards sought the fabled Fount of Youth,
Nor minstrel knight e'er sang his lady's ruth,
Nor hungry miser in his greed for gold,
Nor dreamy alchemist in days of old,
E'er sought the prize on which his soul was set,
With half thine eager heart, oh, brave Marquette!
'Mid wild Canadian woods and snowy wastes,
He taught him barbarous tongues and savage tastes;
In lone canoe along these stormy lakes
He bears the Cross, and their wild echo wakes
With Christian song, which, oft more swift than speech,
Can the rude children of the forest reach.
His memory greets us wheresoe'er we go,
'Mid Summer flowers or Winter's frozen snow!

What recks he of the perils round his path,
From beast and flood and wood and savage wrath?
What matters that his scanty food alone
Is oft but moss plucked from the wild-wood stone?
Jesu is near, the Virgin guards his sleep,
And sweet his slumbers o'er the billows deep;
He has his cross, his breviary and beads:
These be his weapons—he no other needs.
O white-stoled priest! in all thy wand'rings lone,
O'er lake and wild and river, then unknown;
Thro' all those toilsome days and nights of pain
While thou wert reaping the ripe Gospel grain,
Didst ever dream, or kindly Heaven unfold,
The wondrous story that has since been told
Of this great land? how its vast power should rise

And woo young Freedom from propitious skies;
How to its outstretched arms and fond embrace
Should haste the children of each suff'ring race,
And find by Eastern sea and Western streams
The Eldorado of their wistful dreams,
Till its free flag should proudly be unfurled
And wake or love or fear o'er all the world.
The birch canoe is gone, which erst awoke
The lonely waters by the wigwam's smoke;
And in its stead the white sail cleaves the tide
Or plows the steamer thro' the waters wide,
Bearing a world of wealth far o'er the deep,
From Northern blasts to where soft South winds sleep,
Where forests waved, and roamed the bounding game,
And quiver-laden the swart hunter came,
The fierce hot breathing of the iron horse,
With fiery nostrils, wakes the echoes hoarse,
Till far and far the frightened deer rebounds
O'er the long track and through the wild-wood grounds.
The Red Man's here no more, and by each brave
The blood-stained tomahawk rusts in its grave;
And where the savage war-dance wildly rose,
And rudely broke lone Nature's sweet repose,
The busy hum of cities wakes the day,
And festive Pleasure holds high holiday;
And o'er the sward once red with horrid sight
Of human sacrifice and Demon rite,

The cross of *Jesu* rises high in air,
And sobs the soul away in tearful prayer;
The Christian Sacrifice is here renewed,
And pours again the rich red stream from Holy Rood.
Oh, brave young Christian herald! from afar
Comes thy bright story as a guiding star:
Neglectful centuries could not hide thy fame,
Or dim the luster of thy glorious name—
That name the Red Man knows, and his swart face
Reveres the angel of his vanished race;
While the lone mariner, o'er waters dark,
When the fierce tempest crowds his trembling barque,
The same invokes as guardian of those lakes,
Nor dreads the danger, that the wild wind wakes.

They dig him a grave in the wild, wet sand,
On the banks of the lonely river,
And lay him to rest
With the cross on his breast,
Far, far away from his own sunny land,
While the night dew falls, and the sad winds sigh,
And none but the angels and *two* are nigh.

But his faithful braves will not let him sleep
So far from his own loved mission;
So in decked canoe,
When soft winds woo,
They bear him away,
'Mid blossoms of May,
Point St. Ignace, while they pray and weep;
But though centuries pass, yet the wild winds rave
Round the unlettered stone of Marquette's grave!

REV. THOMAS AMBROSE BUTLER.

1837— -—.

Rev. Thomas Ambrose Butler was born in Dublin, Ireland, March 21, 1837. He began his classical studies at St. Lawrence's Seminary, then presided over by the present Catholic bishop of Brisbane, Australia, and entered the Catholic University of Ireland as under-graduate on the day of the inauguration of Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman. In 1856 went to Maynooth College, obtaining first premium in belles-lettres in two successive years. During eight years of college life he frequently contributed to the *Nation* and other Irish journals. He was ordained priest in May, 1864, and was appointed curate in County Wicklow. In 1867, by permission of Cardinal Cullen, he went to the Vicariate of Kansas, and remained there until the resignation of Bishop Meige, in 1875. During his residence in Kansas he frequently contributed to American Catholic journals. In 1874, he brought out his book, entitled "The Irish on the Prairies, and other Poems," also a prose work, "Kansas and Irish Immigration." Father Butler's poetical contributions appear frequently in American journals. He is now pastor of St. James' Church, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE LOST HOME.

I.

Come, sit, my son, beneath the shade
where Autumn winds are sighing;
The shadows, creeping down the woods,
announce that day is dying;
And far the murky clouds outspread the
floating flags of warning—
Where Alleghanies' giant hills were seen
at early morning.

II.

Behold! my son, the fertile fields, where
golden grain is swelling;
And far away the crested pines thy brothers' axe is felling;
And yonder see our cheerful cot beside
the mountain river—
Thy father knows no master here but
God, the mighty Giver.

III.

In other days, when life was young, and
hope was beaming o'er me,
I lov'd my father's natal cot—I lov'd the
isle that bore me,
And love it still—the dear old land—
though ocean's waves divide us;
The thoughts of old and fancy's spell
shall bring its shores beside us.

IV.

Oh! land of sorrows, Innisfail! the saddest, still the fairest!
Though ever-fruitful are thy breasts—
though green the garb thou wearest,
In vain thy children seek thy gifts, and
fondly gather round thee;
They live as strangers midst thy vales
since dark oppression bound thee.

V.

My natal home beside the glen! how
could I cease to love thee?
The yellow thatch was o'er thy walls,—
the beeches wav'd above thee;
Thy skies were like the sea gull's wings—
of purest snowy brightness;
They woo'd the Sun, till round thy porch
he flung his silv'ry brightness.

VI.

Methinks I now behold thy smoke ascend
from yonder thicket—
Methinks I see my aged sire beside thy
open wicket,
And hear my brothers' notes of mirth
along the valleys ringing,
Where maidens o'er the milking-pails the
rural songs are singing.

VII.

Around thy hearth, at day's decline,
arose the voice of gladness—
The fleeting years, as on they sped, flung
in no seeds of sadness;

And though the swelling tide of care oft
roll'd its waves beside us,
We clung in hope around our home —
no perils could divide us.

VIII.

But ah! on sudden, Famine's breath
brought direful desolation;
Whilst tyrants cast their cruel laws
around the dying nation,
And spurn'd the wasted, wither'd poor,
for help, for mercy crying,—
The Saxons smil'd with joy to hear that
Celtic sons were dying.

IX.

My God, it came! — the fearful gale —
against our happy dwelling;
We stood the fearful shock awhile,
though waves of care were swelling;
Whilst, like a monster 'midst the deep,
which loves the tempest's thunder,
The lord who own'd our lands desir'd to
see us sinking under.

X.

In vain we fed the hopes awhile! in vain
each dear endeavor!
My father's fathers' natal home was lost
to us forever;
And cozy roof and porch and walls were
cast to earth together,
And we, in woe, were forced to face the
Winter's direful weather.

XI.

Alanna! 'neath their native soil my
parents' hearts are sleeping —
Across their lonely, grassy graves the
shamrock leaves are creeping;
And we are here amidst those wilds,
where tyrants ne'er can bind us,
With lands as fertile — not so fair — as
those we've left behind us.

XII.

Yes; true, my son! thy father dear has
drunk the bitter potion;
Yet often 'midst those lonely woods he
thinks with fond emotion,
That yonder billows seek our isle — that
gentle zephyrs fan her:
Oh! may her exiles seek her, too, to
raise her drooping banner!

—o—

JOHN R. BENSON.

1837— —.

John R. Benson was born in Manchester, England, June 5, 1837, and came to this country in his infancy. His life has been passed mainly in Michigan, and he is now a farmer at Mt.Morris in that State. He served in the war for three years, with great credit. He has written a number of poems, which are above the average merit.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

How swift has been the flight
Of these long years,
Now beautifully bright,
Now dimmed with tears!
But ever glowed with hope
Their horoscope.

If it be true that we
Must act the part
That God decreed should be,
The feeble heart
In vain may strive with Fate
To change its state.

But on this natal day
My soul aspires
To tear the thrall away
And let the fires
Of Truth and Virtue rise
Up to the skies.

O! grant that when again
A year has fled,
And 'mid the haunts of men
My time has sped,
My retrospective look
May not rebuke.

Thus when the days are spent
To me allowed
I may look back content,
Nor fear the shroud:
Loved by the good and wise
The rest despise.

REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

1837— ——.

The Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., was born August 15, 1837, in Parkstown, County Meath, Ireland, and emigrated to this country in 1849. He studied in St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del., and afterwards in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, where he graduated in 1857. His ecclesiastical studies were made in St. Salfice Seminary, Paris, where he spent three years; and in the American College, Rome, where he was ordained its first priest and its first D.D., in 1862. Dr. Brann was vice-president of Seton Hall College, New Jersey, from 1862 to 1864. He has been pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church, New York, for the last ten years. He is the author of several well known works.

THE PROGRESS OF THE FAITH.

[The following extract is from a poem bearing this title, written for, and published during the Fair in aid of the New York Cathedral. It was written as an illustration of the growth of the Church in New York City.]

Historic Muse! my joyous voice inspire,
To sing Faith's wonders, with celestial fire,
That in one age by valiant sons were wrought
Of Christian sires who first Manhattan sought.
Too oft thy record is of deeds of blood,
Of war and rapine, not of truth and good;
Then, to a tale in which both virtues strong
And burning zeal and piety belong,
Propitious lend thy aid, and briefly rest
Thy ceaseless pinions on this temple's crest!
The Muse invoked, behold! now quick appears
From out the gloom that hides a hundred years;
On outward wall of temple takes her stand,
Evoking facts with memory's magic wand,
And thus the crowds in trumpet tones addressed,
Their bowed heads list'ned and the truth confessed:
"From distant East your faithful fathers came,
At first but few, some not unknown to fame;
From vine-clad France, by revolution driven,
Some sought in western lands a friendlier haven,
A few from Spain, and from Italia's shores,
Impelled by faith, which unknown seas explores;
Of Teuton race, that erst so fierce and bold
Withstood Rome's legions in the forests cold.
Full thousands came, now docile to her laws,
As leal to Christ as once to Hermann's cause.*
But from lone Erin came the larger flock
To plant the faith that rests on Peter's rock.
I see them now as from that isle they sailed
The church to spread that never yet has failed,
By hate expelled and Albion's cruel laws
From native land and for religion's cause.
These and their deeds of faith thy worthy theme
Of praise immortal should this city deem.
How oft, the scene recalled, with anguish cleaves
The mind that thinks on what the exile leaves!
Mark how he wanders down the winding lane,
Each step a sting and ev'ry look a pain;
The cloistering elms that saw his youngest years,
His father's cot which 'mid their shade appears,
The old churchyard where his ancestors lie,

*The savage warrior known to the Romans as Arminius.

The church, the priest, all bid a sad good-bye!
His youthful wife hangs weeping on his arm,
The cowering child looks on in strange alarm,
Perched on the cart where their scant stores are spread
Now cries, now laughs, now hides his coyish head;
Unconscious yet of all his parents' woes,
Half pleased he looks, and chirrups as he goes.
The patient beast that all this burden bears,
The common sorrow by demeanor shares;
His steps are slow, his eye betrays his fear
To part; and shows his sorrow in his pendant ear.
The bay at length attained, where stately towers
The lordly ship that dares old Neptune's powers,
The peasants' mount, a sorrow-stricken train,
The keel that bears them o'er the Western main,
A home of freedom and of faith to find,
To weakness gentle and to exiles kind,
Lies like a lake begirt with verdant ground,
With houses glistening on the islands round;
Or silver punch-bowl for the banquet set,
Wreathed round the rim with floral coronet.
With wondering eyes the exiles fondly gazed
Till lovely landscapes their dim visions dazed,
At islets floating in the water clear,
At haughty masts in dock, and steeples near.
The great metropolis before them lay,
Queen of our Commerce, empress of the Bay.
Not Naples, gorgeous under southern sun,
Nor English Channel, where fierce billows run,
Nor Bantry, famed for cliff and sounding shore,
Nor all the harbors named in ancient lore—
Not e'en the charms of Erin's fairest Cork
Can equal thee, thou Bay of great New York!
The pilgrims land and, reverent, kiss the sod,
Impelled by faith and gratitude to God,
With joyous mien they bless the grateful shore,
Discourse of future plans, since perils past are o'er."

THE STOLEN FLOWER POTS.

A culprit fay, in haste one day,
Took all a peri's flowers:
Nor recked she then her prayers to say,
Nor sought devotion's bowers.

The peri grieved, her heart bereaved
Of all her fragrant treasures;
And sought the King, who she believed
Would take the proper measures.

The satyrs brave, of each the slave,
Took up the fairies' wrangle;
In blood they swore their swords they'd lave,
And each the other mangle.

The King, in pain, that thus his reign
Should be by fairies troubled;
Commanded peace unto the twain
Whose breasts with battle bubbled.

"Good herald, run!"—a truce is won,
Appeased the adverse forces;
The flowers go back before the sun
Has run his autumn courses.

And now do all, both great and small,
In freshness greater never;
The blossoms bloom in peri's hall,
In beauty growing ever.

For fairy smiles and peri tears
The faded rose will nourish;
And serve in lieu of light and dew
To make the dry buds flourish.

WILLIAM LOUIS KELLY.

1837— —.

William Louis Kelly, a son of Col. Charles C. Kelly, was born in Springfield, Ky., August 27, 1837. In 1855 Mr. Kelly was made assistant postmaster at Louisville. He read law at night, and graduated at the University of Louisville in 1860. In 1864 he left Louisville for the army as a special agent of the Post-office Department. He continued in the postal service until 1867, when he went to Minnesota. He was at one time editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, and is now practicing law in St. Paul.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

[In the marble floor of an old Italian church, beneath which many dead have been buried, there is one slab bearing this simple inscription: "*Pulvis — Cinis — Nihil*" — Dust, ashes, nothing.]

Only this and nothing more,
Graven on the marble floor,
Where the sunlight, soft, subdued,
Breaks upon the solitude
Of that vast church, through windows high
Stained in Christian imagery;—
Lighting up with glory quaint
As halo, head of sculptured saint,
Or Holy Mother to men given,
Peerless of all blest of Heaven:
Resting on the Altar grand
When rested priest uplifts the hand,
And incense lingers on the air,
A seeming of the Christian's prayer:
But altar, lamp and sunlight smiles
Through all those dim cathedral aisles
Reveal to every passer-by
Saint and sinner—low or high—
These three words—these, no more,
Graven on the marble floor:
Pulvis—Cinis—Nihil.

Who rests beneath? No man knows,
Nor Summer's suns, nor Winter's snows,
As on the changing seasons go,
Will tell the tale, all we know
Stands here revealed. Nor name, nor age—
Maid or matron, poet, sage,
Warrior mailed, whose flaming sword
Flashed brightest, for the living word
O'er Infidel, when blood as wine
Stained the sands of Palestine;
Or holy hermit, bishop, priest,
Or Dives at his royal feast,
Or th' beggar at the gate, who calls
For crumb that from that table falls:
This we know, that 'neath that stone
For ages slept some one, unknown.

Still as man's restless pulse shall beat
Through coming years, and thousand feet
Shall tread these aisles, as they have trod,
Where rests *th'* unknown to all save God;
Nor time, nor travel shall efface
The lessons which these three words trace
On every heart—this, nothing more,
Graven on the marble floor,
Pulvis—Cinis—Nihil.

—o—

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

1837—1862.

Michael O'Connor was born in Orange County, New York, in 1837. At the usual age he began to learn a trade, at which he worked in various places until he enlisted in the national service in the Summer of 1862. He was then in Rochester, N. Y., and became a sergeant in Company K. of the 149th Regiment. He died of typhoid fever, in an army hospital at Potomac Station, Virginia, after having been only three months in the field.

REVEILLE.

The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,

With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night;
You have basked in your sweetheart's smiles so bright;
Come, part with them all for a while again,—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dream'd full long, I know,
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum:
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming every-where.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.
Fall in! fall in!

THE BEAUTY.

Be it my most pleasing duty
To describe a little beauty;
Though I never saw her face
But within a picture case,
'Twould look better in a bonnet,
With a wreath of flowers upon it,
And a living smile to sun it.
But even round that picture cover
Love and Memory ever hover,
Like the bees round tops of clover.
It is the daguerreotype
Of all that's rich and rare and ripe!
Let me count the rosary
Of her charms, and bend the knee
Of unpretending poesy
Before the leather-covered shrine
Of this patron saint of thine,
Who, combining every grace,
Reigns a female Bonny-face:
Hair in deep, dark currents flowing,
Whose smooth waves with light are glowing,
As in countless drifts and whorls
It breaks upon her neck in curls.
Flashing eyes, with azure tinged,
Jetty, arched and silken fringed;
Blest he'll be whom their warm glances
Coax along to love's advances;
Happy he who shall behold
Love's first buds in them unfold.
Her dainty nose I'll not define
As either Greek or aquiline,
Nor it with ostentation call
"The noblest Roman of them all"—
But all their beauties blent in one
Could only match this paragon;
For in it mingle all the graces
Seen in those of classic faces.
Cheeks on which, though peace reposes,
War again the jealous roses.
A dainty mouth enwreathed with smiles
But free from all coquettish wiles,
Whose curved lips, vermilion hued,
Are love's own sweet similitude;
While through them oft are seen beneath
Flashing pearl-enameled teeth.
Throat that like a marble column,
Curtained by her tresses' volume,
Stands revealed as in a niche,
Splendidly adorned and rich,
Moulded to artistic lines,
And polished till it fairly shines.
There you see, all rare and bright,
A face of which I dream at night.
If her charms I've rightly told,
'Tis an angel you behold.

Who will win and wear the beauty?
Some old fellow, grim and sooty.
You smile, and doubtless think it funny;
Let me add, he'll have the money—
A sour and mouldy hard old crust,
Round whom Dame Fortune drifts her dust—
Some brute, who may abuse and thump her,
Or some sleek young counter-jumper—
A shrewd, adulterating grocer—
Methinks I hear you mutter "No, sir!"

Ah! my boy, you should know better;
One of them is sure to get her.
Depend upon it, she'll be won
By Jones, or Brown or Robinson.
If she fishes for a mate
With youth and beauty as her bait,
The chances are she'll catch a Tartar,
And die a matrimonial martyr;
Or, after years of angling, marry
Tom—ay, even Dick or Harry!
If her heart is not as true
As her features fair to view,
For you to strive to rival Mammon
Is worse, my friend, far worse than gammon.
Most beauties are, you should consider,
Knocked down to the highest bidder.

Every one has some sweet face
Prisoned in a picture case,
Or by memory's magic art
Photographed upon the heart;
And we all, in gloomy days,
Steal apart and on them gaze.
Some bring thoughts of hope and gladness;
Some of by-gone days and sadness;
As old eyes, by longing kindled,
Fondly to past pleasures travel,
And weird fingers, lean and dwindled,
All their web of life unravel,
For the threads of golden sheen
That far apart are dimly seen.

——o——

ARTHUR J. STACE.

1838— ——.

Arthur J. Stace was born in Berwick, England, January 28, 1838. His family came to Canada in 1852, and Mr. Stace went to Marshall, Mich., where he taught a Catholic school for some time, after which he entered the University of Notre Dame as a student. He graduated in 1864, and was engaged as a professor, continuing in that position for some years. He has a keen sense of the humorous, and a graceful faculty of expression.

THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

[This is *La Fete aux Fraises*, of the Abbé Tirebouchon. Its peculiar charm lies in the fact that it not only describes the functions of alimentation with a charming simplicity, but it serves also as a warning to the superfluously enthusiastic student not to display his newly acquired erudition at an unseasonable time. Observe that the paronomasia in the seventh stanza is one of those rare examples of this kind of wit which happen to be translatable.]

I.

A physiological student one day
Of strawberries went to partake,
And finding himself in a company gay,
He took the occasion a little display
Of his favorite science to make.

II.

"How few do we find," he began, "that will pause,
When luxuries luscious surround,
To reflect on the great alimentative laws,
Which determine the course of what passes the jaws;
But let *us*, at least, be profound!

III.

"These berries, conveyed to the mouth, are designed
By the teeth triturated to be,
And then they will pass, with saliva combined,
Through the pharynx and down the œsophagus, mind!
To the stomach, as all will agree.

IV.

"Now, let us examine what passes below,
When the juices called gastric secreted
Therein"—(Here the ladies all got up to go;
But he didn't observe it, because he was so
Absorbed, till his task was completed).

V.

"These juices convert it to chyme, and it goes
Through an aperture called the pylorus,
Excepting the peptone, which soaks out and flows

Right into the veins, we are led to suppose,
For the walls of the vessels are porous.

VI.

"Now, the chyme passing through the pylorus, to wind
Through the long duodenum begins,
Where the bile and the juice pancreatic we find,
Make chyle of the chyme to their workings consigned,
And this chyle through the lacteals spins.

VII.

"Though a pun is offensive in many respects—
An offense at which no one should smile—
Yet we scarcely can censure a mind that reflects
That a *change in the liquids* is that which effects
The conversion of chy*me* into chy*le*."

VIII.

But here, looking up for the laugh with surprise
He found himself left quite alone,
And he sighed as he added: "Alas! how unwise
Are the multitude! Gossip, and fashions, and lies
They relish; but if to instruct them one tries,
He might as well talk to a stone."

—o—

JOHN F. SCANLAN.

1839— —.

John F. Scanlan was born in Castlemahon, County Limerick, Ireland, December 29, 1839. He emigrated to the United States in 1849, lived in Boston, Mass., until 1851, and moved to Chicago, Ill., in that year, where he has since made his home. He took an active part in the Fenian Rising in 1865-6, and has ever worked zealously in every movement for the advancement of his fellow countrymen. He has been elected to several positions of trust in Chicago. Mr. Scanlan is the author of several books, and a contributor to various magazines. All his literary productions show much ability.

THE ANGELS IN GRAY.

I.

Jim, you've asked me, "why I doff my hat
To that ere woman dressed in gray."
Woman! Heaven's best gift on earth,
But she's an Angel in robes of clay;
I'll tell you why I doff my hat
To that garb that moves in its Heavenly way
When the Spirit of Charity smiled on our strife:
The handmaid of love was the Angel in Gray.

II.

'Tis now seven years gone and past
Since the word was whispered around;
The eve of the struggle was near at last
When the camp would be the battle-ground.
In silence we watched the red setting sun
And thought of the morrow, with its terrible fray,
Of our boyhood's dream and manhood's gleams,
To many 'twas the eve of eternal day.

III.

In the dark hour of night, just before day,
In the rear of the camp, 'twas marching my beat,
When a gentle voice murmured, "Forgive them, I pray,
For this, O my Lord! I bow at thy feet."
To the tent of the penitent I moved on tiptoe,
I thought some mortal was stricken with grief.
'Twas a Sister of Charity, face all aglow,
Praying for us and our country's relief.

IV.

With a fervent Amen, I dropped on my knee;
For the first in years I uttered a prayer.
My soul back to childhood flew happy and free,
I knelt to my mother by her old arm-chair,
My head, as of old, on her bosom I pressed,
Her silver white hair I fondled, as often I'd done,
'Twas only a dream in youthful dress,
For the long roll was sounding—the battle begun.

V.

The battle, it lasted from morning till eve,
And, Jim—you know it was a terrible day,
In the dawn of success I got this empty sleeve,
And learned to bless the Angel in Gray.
I bless them, for in battle field or fever tent,
When mothers and sisters were far away,
They gave life to the living and light to the dying,
That glorious band—the Angels in Gray.

VI.

I've tested my friends the world round,
In fever-wards, in camp, and battle fray,
No mother could, no human would
Face death for man like Angels in Gray.
I love that garb, Jim, with a holy love,
And salute it, as all soldiers should do,
Who were blest by the care of the Angels in Gray
When fighting for freedom 'neath red, white and blue.

——o——

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

1840— ——.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan was born in Virginia, in 1840. He was educated at St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo. He was located for some years in Knoxville, Tenn. During the Spring of 1868 he undertook the editorial management of a Democratic paper in Augusta, Ga., called the *Banner of the South*. Father Ryan is now pastor of St. Mary's Church, in Mobile, Ala. His poems are all on the same key — fiery and devout. His "Conquered Banner" is the best "Confederate" poem written during the late war.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that banner, for 'tis *weary*,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, *hide* it, let it rest.

Take that banner down; 'tis tattered!
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it—
Hard to think there's none to hold it—
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly,
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands, wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave:
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom, o'er their grave.

Furl it! For the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
But oh! wildly they deplore it
Now, who furl and fold it so!

Furl that banner—true, 'tis gory,
Yet, 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding through the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, *furled* for ever,
For its people's *hopes* are dead.

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years,
Few or many they come—few or many they go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care.

On forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth — but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their heart lies cold—
O'er them the Spring-time — but Winter is there.

And the old are ofttimes young,
When the hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead—'tis well!
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone,
And I hear not the sound of a footstep
Around me, but God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my soul could not win,
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din,
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
Yet I craved what the world never gave;
And I said, in the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is toned on the shores of the real
And sleeps like a dream in the grave.

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still I found the false with the true:
I sought 'mid the Human of Heaven,
And caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I sighed when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
And groaned 'mid the masses of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar,
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy
And around me a voice said: "Be mine!"
And then rose from the depths of my soul
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep and I dream and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from censor,
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I hear all the songs that I sing:
And the music floats down the dim Valley
Till each finds a word for a wing;
That to men, like the doves of the deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley,
Ah, me! How my spirit was stirred!
They wear holy veils on their faces;
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass down the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there:
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

REV. JAMES KENT STONE.

1840— ——.

Father Stone, best known as a zealous priest under the name of Father Fidelis, was born in Boston in 1840. He graduated at Harvard, and, in course of time, became president of Kenyon College, Ohio, an Episcopal institution. Upon reading the invitation of Pius IX. addressed to all non-Catholics, he accepted the faith. Some years later he joined the Congregation of St. Paul, but afterwards entered the order of the Passionists. He has written but few poems, yet these few show poetic talent of a high order. He is now a missionary in South America.

ITA TENEBRÆ SICUT LUX.

[This poem, beautiful and simple as one of the old breviary hymns, was written in Latin, in a student's album at Kenyon College. The author was then president of that institution, and of course not yet a Catholic. The following translation, from the original Latin, appeared some years ago in the *Ave Maria*, published at Notre Dame, Indiana.]

Eve is now her shades extending,
Night, obscure and dread, descending,
Darkness shrouds the earth and skies;
Glorious from Thy bright dominions,
Bearing health upon Thy pinions,
Rise, O Sun of Justice, rise!

Care and grief have long oppressed me,
Sin made weary and distressed me,
While sweet hope dwells far apart;
Come, and shed on me Thy gladness,
Lift, dear Lord, this cloud of sadness,
Thou who God and goodness art!

Wings, O! quickly might I borrow,
Rising, dove-like, care and sorrow,
Fault, affliction leaving far,
Swift to Thee my flight were given;
Safe at length in that dear haven,
Peace in full my soul should share.

Thou who rulest high in glory,
Turning yet to our poor story,
With a Father's tenderness,
Help Thy child, so spent, so needy,

And his thirsting heart with speedy
Bounteous peace, O Father, bless!

Thou each hidden pathway knowest;
And the guardian care Thou showest
Day and night with us remains:
Prove me, search my inmost spirit;
Aided by Thy supreme merit,
Who shall rashly cause me pains!

When mine eyes have known the vision
Of Thy strength, those choirs Elysian
Hovering near shall safety bring;
Nought in night shall more be fearful,
Resting in Thy light all cheerful,
Savior, Lord, and Heavenly King!

——o——

REV. MICHAEL B. BROWN.

1840— ——.

Rev. Father Brown was born near Plattsburg, Neb., September 20, 1840. He was ordained priest in 1867, and is now stationed at Youngstown, Ohio. He was for some years a valued professor of philosophy at the University of Notre Dame, and has been a popular and prolific writer.

THE HARP.

When the soft breath of evening, with loving caresses,
Rejoices the sweet sunny vale of the West;
When the day-star retiring, imprints golden kisses
On rosy-cheeked Nature, 'ere sinking to rest;
Come then, sister, and sit on the knoll by the willow,
And join thy sweet voice to the harp's trembling chord;
Let the rich notes of music, on wings of the zephyr,
Bear joy to a heart with thine own in accord.

When the cricket peeps out from his secret day-chamber,
To welcome the mild silvery light of the moon;
When the stars from behind the blue curtains of heaven
Lean breathlessly forward, entranced by thy tune;
O, then, let thy magical fingers glide lightly,
The slumbering strings rouse to melody true,
And thy own gentle voice chime with every vibration,
As on fragrant flow'rs falls the soft, soothing dew.

When the gay world is breathless with sport and excitement,
And nectarine goblets the epicure sips:
When silence reigns over the meadows and woodlands,
O, then, let sweet melody flow from thy lips.
Touch, then, lightly the chords of thy harp, sister dearest,
For music is charming wherever 'tis found,
But flowing all pure from the chaste touch of beauty,
A new charm is added to harmony's sound.

——o——

ANNIE A. FITZGERALD.

1842— ——.

Miss Fitzgerald was born in Canada, October 23, 1842. She is a sister of Marcella A. Fitzgerald, and in 1865 entered the order of the Sisters of Notre Dame, in San Jose, Cal., taking the name of Sister Anna Raphael. She is a valued contributor to various publications.

SANTA CRUZ IN OCTOBER.

What beautiful pictures have gladdened my vision!
What garners of thought I have gathered to-day!
What records for memory with faithful incision,
To carve on imperishing tablets for aye!

What landscapes embalmed in such mildness and brightness,
As only our golden October can bring!
What wind clouds that fleck with their tresses' soft whiteness,
The clear, azure dyes of the Heaven's dewy wing!

What redwood crowned heights, with their serrate peaks cleaving
The rain baptized ether of North and of East!
What garden-girt homes, sober hill-sides relieving!
What city crowned slopes, a perpetual feast

Of light and of color, where pleased eyes may linger
And, wandering from hill-top to hill-top may find
New traces each moment of God's glorious finger,
New gladness and food for the heart and the mind!
What blending of maple and locust and laurel,
What grand encalypti, pine, cypress, and lo!
What poplars majestic that "pointing a moral,"
Fire all the calm air with their rich torch-light glow!

What home-Altars tended with loving emotion!
What fanes reared to Justice and Beauty and Use!
What temples to Charity, Learning, Devotion—
Bright pledge of thy future, O fair Santa Cruz!

What gleams thro' its stretches of shadowy willows
Of the clear San Lorenzo! but what shall I say
Of their beauty majestic, the organ voiced billows,
And the glitter and glisten of iris hued spray?

Of the leagues upon leagues of the far stretching ocean,
With its six score and six million miles, craving more,
With its merciless phalanxes ever in motion,
And steadily gaining on earth's crumbling shore?

Oh! the marvelous swell of its foam-crested ridges!
Oh! the wealth of its plant-world's red, olive and green!
Oh! the wonderful arch of its wave-sculptured bridges
And the rock-haunting sea-birds enlivening the scene.

Rude cliffs where the hoar eriogonum lingers,
And the wild rose braids wreaths for their weather-stained brow,
Where the mesembryanthemum's stiff, fleshy fingers
Trail massive festoons; I can see it all now.

Not in fragments, or gleams, but beyond overpraising,
A picture unpeered, as when first to my eyes
Revealed, from the tower of the light-house out-gazing,
From the foam-furrowed sea to the cloud-crested skies.

"Deep answering to deep," blue to azure replying,
A kinship of pearliness, cirri and spray,
And a soft, fleecy haze, Autumn's bride-veil o'erlying
The brow of the mountain, the breast of the bay.

Monterey and Salinas and Watsonville hiding
In mists from our vision, and faint thro' the haze
To the south lovely Aptos, in calm peace abiding
And Soquel's jutting headland outgleam as we gaze,

While eastward proud Loma Prieta looms grandly,
His dark forest mantle wrapped close round his breast,
Yet with reverent brow bared, as the noon airs woo blandly
The glance of our monarch of mountains to rest

On the realms at his feet, like submissive serfs lying,
On the home-dotted plateaus and picturesque sight
Of the city hill throned, and with earth's fairest vying,
Now bathed in the splendors of mid-day's warm light.

O Santa Cruz! Santa Cruz! Blest Elydoric!
In clear, mellow colors, how oft to my view,
With tintings warm, genial, grand, gentle, historic,
Will memory, the artist, still limn thee anew!

With thy hills, homes and hearts that with grateful emotion
Will thrill me, and fill me, till life's latest hours,
With thy grand, glorious anthems of mountain and ocean,
And the sweet minstrel strains of thy shells and thy flowers.

Like the countless doves haunting the the hallowed and hoary
Old Mission where Christian faith first gave thee name,
What thoughts cluster round thee of song and of story,
What joy-pinioned thanks for thy health-giving fame.

And yet there are thoughts that no language discloses
When reverence and worship, in rapt silence lie,
And speech, like the broken bell* under the roses,
To the hand of the ringer can yield no reply.

Farewell! lovely scene, but no space can dissever
The bonds of remembrance that never can cease;
God grant that thy name be thy Labarum forever
O Queen of the hills by the ocean of Peace!

—o—

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

1844— —.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. He received a thorough practical education, and learned the printer's trade in the office of the Drogheda *Argus*. For political reasons he was exiled to Australia in 1866, but remained in England some time afterward, and it was not until January, 1868, that he reached Australia. He was so fortunate as to escape February 18, 1869, and make his way to Boston, where he has since been connected with *The Pilot*, a Catholic journal of which he is now the principal owner. He is a graceful and forcible poet, an accomplished scholar and a true gentleman and friend. Mr. O'Reilly received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Notre Dame, at the annual commencement in 1881.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O beauteous Southland! land of yellow air,
That hangeth o'er the slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of the valleys fair
And wooded hills, like aureole of gold.

*An allusion to one of the choir of nine old mission bells, which now lies broken and silent under the Castilian roses in the ancient garden, an object of interest to the tourist and antiquarian.

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
Ere Nature, in completion, turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land! God made thee wond'rous to the eye,
But His sweet singers thou hast never heard:
He left thee, meaning to come by and by,
And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad flowers,
But left them scentless; ah, their woeful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers,
To make so sweet fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood;
But, midst them all, bloomed not one tree of fruit.
He looked, but said not that his work was good,
When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey—every bell
Looks earthward, sunward, with a winning wist;
But no bee lover ever notes the swell
Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kissed.

O strange land! thou art virgin; thou art more
Than fig-tree barren. Would that I could paint,
For others' eyes, the glory of the shore
Where last I saw thee! but the senses faint

In soft, delicious dreaming when they drain
Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

GOLU.

Once I had a little sweetheart
In the land of the Malay,—
Such a little yellow sweetheart!
Warm and peerless as the day
Of her own dear sunny island,
Keimah, in the far, far East,
Where the mango and banana
Made us many a merry feast.

Such a little copper sweetheart
Was my Golu, plump and round,
With her hair, all blue-black, streaming
O'er her to the very ground;
Soft and clear as dewdrop clinging
To a grass-blade was her eye,
For the heart below was purer
Than the hill stream whispering by.

Costly robes were not for Golu;
No more raiment did she need
Than the milky budding breadfruit,
Or the lily of the mead;
And she was my little sweetheart
Many a sunny Summer day
When we ate the fragrant guavas,
In the land of the Malay,

Life was laughing then. Ah! Golu,
Do you think of that old time,
And of all the tales I told you
Of my colder Western clime?
Do you think how happy were we
When we sailed to strip the palm,
And we made a latteen arbor
Of the boat sail in the calm?

They may call you semi-savage,
Golu! I can not forget
How I poised my little sweetheart
Like a copper statuette.
Now my path lies through the cities;
But they can not drive away
My sweet dreams of little Golu
And the land of the Malay.

AT BEST.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So man to man: in fair accord,
On thought and will, the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never change,
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears:
She's thine unto the end.

TO-DAY.

Only from day to day
The life of a wise man runs;
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns?

To climb the unreal path,
We lose the roadway here,
We swim the rivers of wrath
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink,
Our eyes on the cloud afar,
We fear the things we think,
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best,
To-morrow forever flies,
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life;
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

STAR GAZING.

Let be what is; why should we strive and wrestle,
With mobile skill, against a subtle doubt?
Or pin a mystery with our puny pestle,
And vainly try to bray its secret out?

What boots it me to gaze at other planets,
And speculate on sensate beings there?
It helps me not, that, since the moon began its
Well-ordered course, it knew no breath of air.

There may be men and women up in Venus,
Where science finds both summer-green and snow,
But we are happier, asking, "have they seen us?
And, like us earth men, do they yearn to know?"

On greater globes than ours men may be greater,
For all things we see in proportion run;

But will it make our poor cup any sweeter
To think a nobler Shakespeare thrills the sun?

Or that our sun is but itself a minor,
Like this small earth—a tenth-rate satellite,
That swings submissive round an orb diviner,
Whose day is lightened, with our day for night?

Or, further still, that that sun has a center,
Round which it meanly winds a servile road;
Ah, will it raise us or degrade, to enter
Where that sun's Shakespeare towers almost to God?

No, no; far bet'er, "lords of all creation,"
To strut our ant-hill and to take our ease;
To look aloft and say, "That constellation
Was lighted there my regal sight to please!"

We owe no thanks to so-called men of science,
Who demonstrate that earth, not sun, goes round;
'Twere better think the sun a mere appliance,
To light man's villages and heat his ground.

There seems no use in asking or in humbling;
The mind incurious has the most of rest.
If we can live and laugh and pray, not grumbling,
'Tis all we can do here—and 'tis the best.

The throbbing brain will burst its tender raiment
With futile force, to see by finite light
How man's brief period and eternal payment
Are weighed as equal in the Infinite sight.

'Tis all in vain to struggle with abstraction—
The milky way that tempts our mental glass;
The study of mankind is earth born action;
The highest wisdom, let the wondering pass.

The Lord knows best; He gave us thirst for learning;
And deepest knowledge of his work betrays
No thirst left waterless. Shall our soul-yearning
Apart from all things, be a quenchless blaze?

—o—

WILLIAM GEOGHEGAN.

1844— —.

William Geoghegan was born in Ballymahon, County Longford, Ireland, in 1844. He came to America in 1862, and has been a frequent contributor to the Catholic press of this country. He has twice visited Ireland since coming to America, and on his first visit was arrested by the English authorities as a suspicious character. He was, however, soon set at liberty. His poems are distinguished for their melody and thoughtfulness.

PASSING STORMS.

Though winds grow chill, though stately forest-queen,
Crimson robed maple, sheds her burnished leaves;
Though silver-robed hoar-frost hath deposed
King Autumn from his throne of golden sheaves,

What recks it? On the soft Æolian harp
Of lovers' memories, for you and me,
There is no note of Winter,—all its strings
Are ever tuned to Summer harmony.

Whirls the gray plover o'er the heatner'd moor,
Bare, brown and sere, upon his devious way;
No omen sinister, to fright us, love,—
We have a safeguard, let who will say "Nay."

Ah, well-a-day, the passion-flower folds
Her gorgeous draperies, and lays them by
For a long season, whilst a parting tear
Falls dewy from her pure, regretful eye.

The white flocks crowd beneath the friendly trees,
All scared, and panting, with the consciousness
Of ill impending; and the birds
Pipe querulous in troops their dire distress.

For, see, a black cloud bursts across the dun
That lines the horizon of the lowering skies;
The tempest-gnome is wrathful and the fire
Of furious mischief lurks within his eyes.

Closer to me, love! Covert needs the rose
From sudden onset of the ruthless storm;
The sturdy briar no fostering shelter craves,
So that in its bosom the rose lies warm.

'Tis past—the wild storm-spirit is appeased—
A jeweled rainbow shows athwart the sky;
Shines out the sun-god from the tearful clouds,—
Not Nature mourneth; why, then, you and I?

It is not Autumn, 'tis not Winter yet—
Mingle the two, yet neither holdeth sway;
'Tis Summer-time, for us at least, dear wife;
And whilst our sun shines, we "will make our hay!"

A MORNING DREAM.

I, far removed from meadows green,
From tranquil shade or woodland lawns,
Lie in my attic, all alone,
And dream the while the morning dawns.
About my brain there flit, like birds,
Thoughts of a past surpassing fair;
I hear old unforgotten words,
Remembered footsteps on the stair.

Old odors, olden songs, perhaps—
Sleep seems to melt them into one—
Come back, and all the long elapse
Of time rolls back to days long gone.
I know I'm dreaming; if I wake
I shall descend to narrow days
And petty cares, which grudge and take
The time I'd spent in other ways.

My daily labor, hard and stern,
Gives me so little, takes so much;
Gives me such wages as I earn,
But chills my life with icy touch.
There's nothing left. Vainly I think
In duty done to find content;
Each dawning day wakes me to shrink
From life, from which the soul seems rent.

This is my happiest hour, this time,
Brief moment of my morning dream,
Before I hear the unwelcome chime,
Sounding more in rain than gleam.
'Tis then I smell the lilies white,
Whose tall stem swayed in that still place,
Half garden, half a desert bright,
Where last I saw you face to face.

I see you as you stood, I hear
Your voice that mingled with the birds',
And all the sounds far off and near,
Making a prelude to your words.

I look beyond, across the world,
To where the windmill stood, and hurl'd
Its giant arms, that turned and roll'd
In dizzy motion, quickly whirled.

I see the pigeons wheeling high
Above our heads; the golden bees,
Treasured with honey-laden thigh,
Like winged insect argosies.
I see it all; it fades and dies
Into the gray of waking hours,
As rainbows fade in Summer skies,
Whose brilliant color mocked the flowers.

Oh weary light! that comes to glad
A hundred hearts, no smile you bring
To me, whose heart, though now so sad,
Was once as light as swallow's wing.
Oh fields! where never more my feet
Will tread, as in the long ago,
In dreams I smell your fragrance sweet,
And see the corn-flowers sway and blow.

—o—

JOHN B. TABB.

1845 — —.

John B. Tabb was born in Amelia County, Virginia, March 22, 1845, and educated in the Episcopalian creed. On September 8, 1872, Mr. Tabb became a Catholic, since which time he has made his home at St. Charles College, near Ellicott City, Md. He has written much for various literary journals. We select two of his poems—the first from *Lippincott's Monthly*, and the other from *Harper's*.

TO SHELLEY.

Shelley, the wondrous music of thy soul
Breathes in the cloud and in the skylark's song,
That float as an embodied dream along
The dewy lids of Morning. In the dole
That haunts the west wind, in the joyous roll
Of Arethusan fountains, or among
The wastes where Ozymandias the strong
Lies in colossal ruin, thy control
Speaks in the wedded rhyme. Thy spirit gave
A fragrance to all Nature, and a tone
To inexpressive Silence. Each apart—
Earth, Air and Ocean—claims thee as its own,
The twain that bred thee, and the panting wave,
That clasped thee, like an overflowing heart.

THE CLOUD.

Far, on the brink of day,
Thou standest as the herald of the dawn,
Ere fades the night's last flickering spark away
In the rich blaze of morn.

Above the eternal snows,
By Winter scattered on the mountain height
To shroud the centuries, thy visage glows
With a prophetic light.

Calm is thine awful brow:
As when thy presence shrined divinity,
Between the flaming cherubim, so now
Its shadow clings to thee.

Yet, as an angel mild,
Thou, in the torrid noon, with sheltering wing,
Dost o'er the earth, as on a weary child,
A soothing influence bring.

And when the evening dies,
Still to thy fringed vesture cleaves the light,
The last sad glimmer of her tearful eyes,
On the dark verge of night.

So, soon thy glories wane!
Thou, too, must mourn the rose of morning shed:
Cold creeps the fatal shadow o'er thy train,
And settles on thy head.

And, while the wistful eye
Yearns for the charm that wooed its ravished gaze,

The sympathy of Nature wakes a sigh,
And thus its thought betrays:

Thou, like the cloud, my soul,
Dost, in thyself, of beauty naught possess;
Devoid the light of Heaven, a vapor foul,
The veil of nothingness.

——o——

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

1845— ——.

Miss Fitzgerald was born in Canada, February 23, 1845. Her family emigrated to California in 1851, and located in Gilroy, where Miss Fitzgerald has since resided. Since 1865 she has been a constant contributor to the press. Many of her poems have attracted deserved attention. We are pleased to note that Miss Fitzgerald's poems will soon appear in book form.

DONNER LAKE.

Like a gem in rarest setting, or a poet's dream of beauty,
Or that haven which a pilgrim pictures in his thoughts of rest,
Is the lake which lies encircled by the fairest, sweetest blossoms,
Sentineled by giant pine trees near the tall Sierra's crest.

O'er its waves of crystal clearness lightly dance the mountain zephyrs,
And across the fringing grasses come the timid deer to drink,
While the song birds carol gayly many a joyous glee and anthem,
Resting on the branches bending downward to the water's brink.

Looking on it in the glory of the Summer's fairest moments,
Who would deem its echoes ever heard the wild despairing cry
Of that little band of heroes who had toiled through many dangers,
By its margin then so lonely, there to famish and to die.

When those lofty pines were writhing in the storm king's fierce embraces,
And the Winter's snow had drifted, forming barriers broad and deep,
While the craggy heights beyond it in their weird and grim outlining,
To the traveler's straining vision seemed an ogre's castle keep.

Here they rested worn and weary, the bright visions which allured them,
Vailed behind the cloud whose darkness low and dense obscured their way;
The wide vales of peace and plenty which their eager fancy painted,
Lying still so far beyond them at the Western gates of day.

Who can paint the dreary picture of those sadly length'ning hours,
When the moments, sorrow-freighted, slowly dragged their iron chain,
While across the tortured spirits of the sufferers came the haunting
Memories of the homes whose comforts they would never see again.

Pictures of the happy evenings spent around the blazing hearth-side,
Or when mirth and music cheered them round the joyous festal board;
Came to mock them 'mid the gnawing of the fearful pangs of hunger,
Or when 'mid the echoing mountains loud and fierce the tempest roared.

But from out the gloomy shadows which o'erhang that distant period,
Shine the names of valiant women, noble heroines who wrought
Marvels for their starving children, and with words of hope and cheering—
Courage to the fainting spirits of their hapless comrades brought.

Valiant women! noble mothers! give to them a deathless glory!
Laurels brighter than the warrior bringeth from the battle field,
Write their name in fadeless letters on our land's historic records,
Who, though facing death and danger, to despair would never yield.

They have passed unto their guerdon, and oh! children, loved so fondly!
Let no cloud obscure the brightness of their memory thro' the years;
Cherish it with fond affection, teach your children to revere it,
Keep it green with the bedewing of your love's sincerest tears.

How the grand old pines of Donner seem to breathe the story over,
As their murmurings sound like echoes of the prayers heard long ago,
Sighing still as though in pity for the anguish which they witnessed,
For the heart-break and the sorrow, for the agony and woe.

Lake of weird romantic beauty! for the sake of friends who bravely
Quaffed the chalice of affliction by thy waters at that time,
For their sake, true friends and cherished, do I dare to make this offering,
To thy beauties and thy memories, of this simple wreath of rhyme.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

1845— ——.

Charles H. A. Esling was born in Philadelphia, in 1845, and is now conducting a flourishing law practice in that city. He has written many beautiful poems.

THE FOUNTAIN AT FAIRMOUNT.

[Verses dedicated to the Catholic Temperance Societies of the United States, on the occasion o the completion of their Centennial monument, and the full payment of the debt thereon, July 4, 1878.]

O, fairer than Bandusian fount,
Whereof Horatian numbers sung,
Purer than sheam on Helicon's mount
Beneath Pegasian hoof that sprung;
For here no form of impure love
Her traits voluptuous mirrored views,
But Freedom floats thy mists above,
Encrowned by Iris' brightest hues.

Bright guardians here claim privileged place,
Prudence 'neath sainted Carroll's form,
And Justice stands with equal grace,
By him of Carrollton upborne;
While Barry's lion-hearted mien
Bespeaks him Fortitude's own son;
And Temperance stands with brow serene,
Where gentle Matthew's place is won.

Pulaski, Kosciusko, Meade,
De Grasse, Orono, Lafayette,
Apostles these of Freedom's creed,
Whose sculptured forms are in thee set.
Their warrior martyr spirits dwell,
Each in its graven image bound,
And breathe their grand heroic spell
In thy Valhalla's marble round.

And over all doth Moses stand,
And strike the water-giving rock.
Grand type of this rock-breasted land
Whose bosoms 'neath the law-giving stroke
Of Freedom, bursts in founts of joy,
Like Polar streams whence virtues start,
And for whose draughts without alloy
The world doth pant as pants the hart.

And more life-giving than the Spring
Which Ponce De Leon vainly sought,
For here no syren voice doth sing,
Youth's mythic fountain yielding naught;
But he who hither bends his quest
Shall find life's cup no sparkling lie,
He has the pledge of Sichar's guest—
"Who drinks of me shall never die."

Bethsaida's crowded colonades,
The healing of Siloe's pool,
Egeria's leafy cloister shades,
Where kings sought wisdom's rustic school:
All these thy beauteous form recalls,
All fairy virtues near thee dwell,
All sweetest memories haunt thy walls,
Whence is thy power? What is thy spell?

Would we that some divining rod—
As was to ancient wizards given—
Were ours, to pierce the fragrant sod,
Which holds thy secret that, upriven,
Would prove far sweeter than the spells
That charmed young lovers to their tryst
Beside enchanted wishing wells?
The potent magic would be—List!

A serpent once, old legends tell,
By Charlemagne freed from toad-shaped dragon,
A gem enriched with love's sweet spell,
In gratitude, dropped in his flagon;
And whosoever held the stone
The Emperor's love the while did win,
Till Bishop Turpin it had thrown
Old Aachen's crystal lake within.

Then long beside the healthful stream
The Emperor his sweet vigil kept,
Watching entranced by love's sweet dream,
The gem that 'neath the waters slept;
Till, strengthened by the magic powers
The stone was in the water brewing,
He reared there Aix La Chapelle's towers
In memory of the wondrous doing.

Ye conquerors of sin's venomous toad,
Than Charlemagne's fame yours is far truer,
The Brazen Serpent hath bestowed
On you this gem, his cunning cure;
When in temptation's sparkling bowl
The amulet of grace he sank,
Changed by that antidote's control.
Love's virgin-making wine you drank

For Him, when He was lifted up
And felt the bondage of love's thirst,
Rejected sin's embittered cup,
Uplifted on the spear that burst
The opening in His sacred heart,
From whence the mystic life-stream flowed,
Sin's spear become the victor's dart
His freedom in man's own bestowed.

Unto Him thirsting gave ye drink
When from drink's bondage ye had risen,
In gratitude His love did sink
Upon your souls, for Him in prison
Ye had visited and freed,
And now you know the measure given
Of promised blissfulness, indeed,
To who the captive's chains have riven.

In memory of this victory high,
Your soul's new freedom, ye now here,
On Freedom's day, 'neath Freedom's sky,
This beauteous shaft of triumph rear,
And by Religion's guiding hand
Have in these spotless waters cast
Your pledge to Self, Faith, Fatherland,
Drawn from the cup of vices past.

This, then, the secret spell that guides
Your footsteps to this hallowed ground,
That 'neath this fountain's gushing tides
The gem that won your souls lies bound.
And ye, like Charlemagne, sit and trace
This lesson in the water's glow:
High o'er the treasure of God's grace
The fountains of his sweetness flow.

Like Israel's children, stay not camped
Beside this Elim's palms and waters,
March on, your souls with victory stamped
Unmurmuring through life's desert quarters.
Sigh not for Egypt's pots again,
In thirst and trials hail your Moses,
His prayer brought manna and the rain
That from the rock his rod uncloses.

——o——

BROTHER AZARIAS.

1847— — .

Brother Azarias was born June 29, 1847. He received the habit of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, June 29, 1862. For sixteen years past he has been teaching in Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Md., of which institution he was made president, November 10, 1879.

MILTON.

Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal fire.
—*Paradise Lost, b. 7.*

Irreverent Milton! bold I deem thy flight;
Unsanctified, unbidden, thou didst wing
Thy pathless way off tow'rd the secret spring
Of God's decrees, and read them not aright;
Thou sought to do what no man mortal might,
Still thence a speech majestical didst bring,
And there o'erheard some angels whispering
Of Eden's bliss, and from thy lofty height
Surveyed all starry space, both far and wide,
And saw hell's deepest depths and tortures dire,
And viewed the darkling works of demon pride,
And in the glowings of poetic fire,
What time thy heart felt age's chilly hand,
Embodied all in language stately, grand.

SONNET.

[Written on seeing a very touching picture of a wounded Christian Brother on a battle-field. It is commemorative of Brother Nethelm, who was killed while attending to the wounded and dying at Bourget. Under the picture is the sentiment: "*Soldat du Christ—1870-71—Patriotisme et Devouement.*"]

Gazing serene upon the battle din—
No fear, no awe-struck terror, hath a place,
'Mid the fierce carnage, on his placid face;
There, only thoughts which God's good pleasure win—
Seated upon the earth, he leaneth in
Against the spade wherewith a little space
Away, he 'gan a soldier's grave to trace,
When, through his heart the fatal ball did spin.
His life-blood oozeth through the sign of peace
Upon his breast; the red cross redder still
It makes; his flutt'ring pulses slowly cease
To time the deeds that went his days to fill;
And I calmly, sweetly fades his life away,
As fades the twilight of a cloudless day.

——o——

JOHN LOCKE.

1847— ——.

John Locke was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1847, and came to this country in 1868. He was for a time editor of the New York *Emerald* and *Celtic Weekly*, and has written for many Catholic publications.

EVENING BY THE HUDSON.

Here I sit this silent even by the broad, blue Hudson's side,
While the flow'rets, fondly drooping, kiss the ripples on its tide:
All the clouds are blushing crimson, and the sunset's lingering ray
Lights the long, green maple woodland, stretching westward far away—
While the wind rolls up the vapors to the mountains of the West,
And the cloud with folded pinions, bears the round moon in its breast.

But to me those evening beauties bring no thoughts of joy or pride,
For my weary heart is wand'ring o'er the ocean's troubled tide,
To a valley in green Erin, where the streamlets sweetly sing—
Where the winds creep thro' the clover, and the clover blossoms swing,
Where the lilies shimmer over blue lagoons of sunny sheen,
And the poplar woodland shadows park-land slope and pasture green—
Where the bright-eyed village maidens while away the Sabbath noon,

And my youthhood's years rolled over—
years that rolled away too soon!

Oh! that happy time of boyhood, when
the sunshine of the Spring
Was not half so bright or glowing as my
soul's imaginings!
When my young heart filled with gladness
like a glade with summer flow'rs,
On the magic wings of Fancy roamed
thro' Dreamland's rosy bow'rs,
Singing lays of love to Ireland, weaving
sonnet-wreaths for May,
Twining garlands for my Kathleen till
the Summer passed away.

Now I welcome not the Maytime, for its
winds chant in mine ears
Naught but weary, woe-filled dirges for
the hopes of buried years:
Summer comes with fruit and blossom,
but no garlands now I twine,
For a weary weight of sorrow and a
broken heart are mine;
Still beside this western river, mem'ries
of the olden days
Come at times like autumn sun-gleams
struggling thro' the harvest haze.

Years have rolled since I and Kathleen
roamed around the fairy rath;
Many shadows since have fallen on the
exile's darkened path:
Ah those cold, cold years of exile have
been bitter years to me,
For where'er my footsteps turned still
my heart strayed o'er the sea,—
Back again to those who loved me, to the
maid who night and day,
Ever sent her dearest blessings to the
wand'rer far away.

Now blow soft, ye winds of ocean, and
bear tidings unto me,
Of the friends at home in Erin o'er the
far Atlantic sea;
For tho' friends or home or country Fate
may ne'er again restore,
Round my heart their memories olden
shall be twined for evermore.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

1848— ——.

Eleanor C. Donnelly was born in Philadelphia, September 6, 1848. She is an exceedingly prolific writer, and has published several volumes of religious verses. During the war she wrote many spirited ballads. To one of these, "Missing," we accord a very high rank.

THOMAS MOORE.

May 28, 1779—May 28, 1879.

'Twixt the waning of Spring and the
Summer's sweet dawning,
Ere the May-blossoms drooped on the
bosom of June,
Thy coming, great bard, was in Nature's
fair morning,
When the sun of her seasons was
rounding to noon.

No breath of the Winter thy natal-day
chilling;
The Muses beheld thee that morning,
'tis said,
With a rose in thy mouth, and a nightingale trilling
His exquisite song at the side of thy
bed.

Oh! surely no lips to the flowers were
dearer
Than thine, where the rose-leaves of
fancy lay furl'd;
And no nightingale's lay could be sweeter
or clearer
Than the song *thou* wert destined to
sing to the world!

The glories of Erin, her lights and her
shadows,
The limpid delights of her loughs and
her streams,
The blue of her heavens, the green of
her meadows,
Were imaged, dear bard, in thy beautiful dreams.

Her joy was thy joy, and her sorrow thy
sorrow;

Beside the blest graves of her heroes and kings,
Thou hast caught the old harp from the lone walls of Tara,
And struck a new strain from its mouldering strings.

Now soft as a zephyr, now fierce as a whirlwind,
The breath of thy muse love or hate can inspire;
The gladness and grief of beloved old Ireland,
Out-ringing, by turns, from the chords of thy lyre.

If love from her limbs could have stricken the fetters,
How gladly *thy* hand would have broken her chains!
In the soil of her freedom, her children (thy debtors)
Would long since have cradled thy cherished remains!

But what tho' her wrongs thro' the centuries reeling,
Embalm thee with tears? Erin, helpless and poor,
Still clings to the treasures of fancy and feeling
Ensnrined in the magical music of Moore.

Oh! well was it said, tho' the king rule the nation,
Tho' the making of laws to the statesman belongs,
Who reigns first, who reigns last in the hearts of creation,
Is the God-given poet who maketh our songs!

Place the crown on his head, place his hand on the helm
Of national glory—a king by God's grace—
Thou art monarch, O Moore, of a marvelous realm,
And thy throne's the warm hearts of thine own Irish race!

MISSING.

In the cool, sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old ground,
And the wind and the birds and the limpid brook
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound;
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek press'd to a breezy pillow,
Couch'd where the light and the shadows cross
Thro' the flickering fringe of the willow?
Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier, clad in the Zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies there in the shadows cool and dim,
His musket brushed by a trailing bough;
A careless grace in each quiet limb,
And a wound on his manly brow:
A wound, alas!
Whence the warm blood drips on the pleasant grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes;
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of a sad surprise;
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern,
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out, with a cry, to burn
Their wings in the sunset glory,
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face on the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who waits at home,
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,

Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While the lover is walking in Paradise!
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigils follow,
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
May breathe the tale of the hollow!
Alas! alas!
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

—o—

HENRY O'MEARA.

1849— ——.

Henry O'Meara was born in 1849. He was for twelve years connected with the Boston *Pilot*, and has been a frequent contributor to the Boston press. He is now attached to the staff of the *Boston Daily Journal*.

THE LAST DAY OF POMPEII.

Full eighteen hundred years, like cinders down Vesuvius' side,
Have passed o'er dead Pompeii since her awful, fated tide
Of flame and livid lava fell, engulfing deep in gloom
Her homes, her pomp, her very site, in one vast living tomb.
Festive the day broke over broad Campania's plain and town,
And even grim Vesuvius' brow for once forgot to frown,
While all encircling hills exulted in the morning breath,
When doomed Pompeii's people thronged to glut their eyes on death.
The gaudy villas smiled above the mist and valley then,
Her red-tiled roofs and time-worn towers rose young and gay again:
Forum and stately arch of triumph spoke the coming strife—
Portal and crowning statue welcomed each new stream of life.
But through th' inspiring scene the Elder Pliny, wise as brave,
Foreboding sees the trembling shore repel the tardy wave,
And, listening, hears with trembling heart a murmur hoarse and deep,
Along the beauteous river's bank and laughing valley creep—
"The gods protect the guiltless! vengeful Orcus bursts with ire" —
Swift the velaria tent reveals the mountain's frightful fire!
The gladiator, quivering low, is left to rise or die;
The lion, roaring fiercely, turns like all the rest to fly.
Night to the realms of Noon with rushing darkness comes on all—
Vesuvius' vapor, shaped like monstrous pine trees,* spreads a pall.
In vain the priest of Isis strives to light the sacred flame,
In vain the guard of mighty Rome proves worthy of the name;
The late Gomorrah, as the old, in ashes smiles at last.
Her day is come, her doom is sealed, her pride and life are past
And yet exhumed Pompeii lives again to tell her story--
Clearer than Pliny's classic page, to show her age and glory.
Thus oft o'erpowering fate, that seems to leave the heart forlorn,
Serves but to save men's thought and worth for ages yet unborn,
As still in fame survives, above her ashes and her woe,
The city burned and buried eighteen hundred years ago.

THE SISTER OF NOTRE DAME.

O sister parted, yet a sister still,
Though claiming now a name we little knew,
Why take a trustful heart with steadfast will
From those life's very tendons bind to you?

**Vide* Pliny.

Vocation sweet allures you to your Lord,
To find content in cloistered Notre Dame,
As heart and being all in grand accord,
Choose *Ad majorem Dei Gloriam.*

His greater glory now enshrines our pain,
His mercy mitigation soft insures,
His love can well your life and death enchain,
Whose hallowed natal day is haply yours.
Then as you yield to him a soul sincere,
Oft may your patron yet the gift renew,
And by some grace of transmigration here,
Your virgin-patron live again in you.

Religion's gains now more our loss decrease—
This choice of lot is but a happy taste;
Ours—sand e'er swept by Passions swift caprice,
Yours—cool oasis 'mid a worldly waste.
O doubly sister, that such chains entwine,
What faithful light through doubtful years and dim,
To look toward one who yearns for Spouse Divine,
And calmly leaves us evermore to cleave to Him!

——o——

ELIZABETH CARMEL HENDRY.

1849— ——.

Elizabeth Carmel Hendry was born in St. Louis, Mo., May 5, 1849, and removed with her family to Philadelphia in 1855. Hiss Hendry is best known by her prose writings, her poems having, in nearly every case, been published anonymously. She wrote the first original stories that appeared in the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard* and *Guardian Angel*, to both of which papers she has been for many years an occasional contributor. She has also published several small volumes of tales for children and many translations from the French and Italian.

LENORE'S CHOICE.

I asked, on the day of her nuptials,
Of my beautiful niece Lenore,
"Which of the flowers, my darling,
Will you cull from my garden store?
Here are fair orange blossoms,
Befitting a bride so well,
With the words of gracious greeting,
The poets say they tell;
And here are bridal roses
That breathe of Happy Love;
True emblems of your future, sweet,
God send that they may prove!"
Lenore's fair face grew pensive,
And she raised her eyes to mine,
"Over life's path, dear aunt," she said,
"The sun does not always shine.
And for me in that hidden future,
Though its promises brightly glow,
May be many an hour of sadness,
And many a cause for woe.
So give me the flowers of Devotion,
And of Patience, these teachers sweet,
Whose golden blossoms are shining
So brightly at our feet:
That, learning their holy lessons,
I may treasure them in my heart,
And go forth bravely, strengthened
To fulfill my allotted part."

VINTON AUGUSTINE GODDARD.

1850—1876.

Vinton Augustine Goddard, son of the late Hon. Daniel Converse Goddard, was born in Washington, D. C., February 16, 1850, and died March 2, 1876. He entered the West Point Military Academy in 1867, and graduated in June, 1871. He was placed on the staff of General Pope, and served on the frontier and elsewhere. In 1873 he applied for duty at Alaska, and while serving there contracted an illness which resulted in his death. He was a ready and graceful writer, and had he devoted his attention to literature, would have doubtless lived to render his name famous.

THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

COMPOSED AT TEN YEARS OF AGE, BY VINTON A. GODDARD.

While wandering up the mountain side,
Before me I a cross espied,
On which the bleeding Jesus hung,
His soul with grief and anguish wrung,
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

Beneath the Cross His Mother stood,
And bathed with tears the blood-stained wood,
For how could Mother see her son,
By Jewish hands, thus rudely hung,
Upon the Cross of Calvary?

The cruel spear pierced through His side
By wicked men for whom He died;
His Mother's heart with anguish thrilled,
While o'er *Her* form, *His* blood dis'illed,
From the rude Cross of Calvary!

Oh, loved and holy Cross of yore,
Thy sacred wood we all adore;
On thy rough bed my Lord reclined,
Which makes thee blest to all mankind —
The Saving Cross of Calvary.

—o—

REV. WILLIAM T. TREACY, S. J.

1850— —.

Rev. Father Treacy was born in 1850, and at an early age entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. He is now stationed at Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C. He has written many lyrical poems, which are sweet and tender.

TO THE REV. ABRAM J. RYAN,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, CHRISTMAS TIDE, 1880.

I.

Loved Priest, loved Bard, how like my native isle,
My heart hath found those sweet, sad songs of thine;
Bright beaming through their mist of tears—the smile
Of holy Faith is seen, a peace-lit, rainbow sign.

II.

Like pure and holy wells to light, they spring
From sacred cells, deep, deep, within thy breast;
To darkened hearts bright cups of joy they bring,
To wearied souls they waft the balm of rest.

III.

The stars of hope sleep on their floods of woe,
And on their waves forever floats a prayer;
The Cross is shining in their depths below,
And o'er them glows the arch of heavens fair.

IV.

Along their shores is heard the surge of war,
A Nation's soul is in their sorrowed tone,
A people's wail they carry near and far;
"The field is lost, though with our dead 'tis strewn."

V.

"The field is lost!" O no, not lost. Not lost,
Since one great master hand was found to thrill
The earth with pity for the blood it cost,
And love for generous hearts forever still.

VI.

"The Conquered Banner," shall forever wave
In pride above the dark, green towers of time,
And bright shall gleam the stainless Southern glave,
Now glorified in deathless songs sublime.

VII.

The Lost, Lost Cause in noble song is won.
Its Dead still live led on by Robert Lee,
As long as mountains stand or rivers run,
Thy songs will give the shout of—"Victory!"

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

1846— —.

William D. Kelly was born in Ireland, May 25, 1846, and has resided in the United States since 1850. He graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1864, and from Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., in 1866; was ordained at Grand Seminary, Montreal, January 30, 1870, and is at present living in Boston.

JUNE.

With tardy feet, as Spring recedes
In all the grace her days have brought her,
Lo, in her stead, across the meads,
Comes June — the Summer's fairest daughter;
With roses in her tresses caught,
Her lightsome tread the greensward presses,
While balmy winds, with odors fraught,
Infold her form in their caresses.

At sight of her Apollo mends
His courses through the blue expanses,
From closer range on earth descends
The ardor of his burning glances;
At earlier hour day's portals ope
Beneath the pressure of his fingers,
And when he nears the western slope,
On slower march his chariot lingers.

Now from the overcrowded streets,
Whose torrid heat the city parches,
The multitudes seek cool retreats
By breezy shores or woodland arches;
Winged vessels skim the foamy tide,
Strong steamers plow the briny billows,
And Venus walks the shore beside,
While Cupid lurks beneath the willows.

I know a spot where seaward dips
A circling beach from fields of clover,
Where twice each day, with eager lips,
The ocean, like a giant lover,
Comes in to kiss the sands that pout
Beneath his stalwart, fierce embraces,
And twine his amorous arms about
The beauties of their dimpled faces.

Thither, when Summer days grow hot,
I fly the city's close environs,
And seek the quiet of that spot,
Where, sweeter than the songs of syrens,
The echoes of the rolling surf
Float over clover-covered meadows,
And in broad lines across the turf
The willows fling their grateful shadows.

—o—

H. W. I. GARLAND.

1851— —.

Henry Wollaston Ignatius Garland was born at King's Lynn, in the county of Norfolk, England, April 3, 1851. Mr. Garland came to the United States in May, 1879, and was for a time assistant editor of the *Catholic Union*. In April, 1880, he was made editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, which position he still holds.

AS THE BOATS COME UP TO LYNN.

They stand on the bank an eager group
Of anxious, rough clad fishers' wives,
And near them sports a motley troop
Of comely urchins, making dives
At times into the turbid tide,
To bring out sticks and bits of wood,
That float upon its bosom wide,
While women watch in pensive mood
As the boats come up to Lynn.

The boats they enter, one by one,
Those storied, stony, beaconed banks,
And the golden light of the setting sun
Falls softly on their tarry planks—
Sheds glories on their sails, bark-tanned,
Painting them all of a blood-red hue—
Right proper craft, and each well manned
With an honest, sturdy fisher crew,
As the boats come up to Lynn.

They wave their hands and hoarsely shout,
"Haul in the slack of the sheet!
Down with the helm and come about!
To run for the Fisher's Fleet!"
The "Nonpareil," the "Arrow" bold,
The "Bullreut," too, is here,

The winklers young, in the "Bitter" old,
Ring out a merry cheer,
As the boats come up to Lynn.

The sun has set, 'tis growing dark,
As alone on the bank I stand,
The full flood-tide hath left its mark,
And the night is nigh at hand;
Shimmer's the pale moon's beauteous beam,
And the silvern stars, o'er the silent sea,
And I wake to find 'twas but a dream,
To wonder if ever they'll think of *me*,
As the boats come up to Lynn.

——o——

PATRICK SARSFIELD CASSIDY.

1851— ——.

Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy was born in Dunkeneely, County Donegal, Ireland, October 31, 1851. His parents belonged to good old Celtic families. He came to the United States in 1869. Soon after his arrival in New York he was employed by the Associated Press, with which he is still connected. Mr. Cassidy has written "Gleveigh, or the Victims of Vengeance," which was a very successful novel, and which has been dramatized. He has also written frequently for various literary journals, in prose and verse.

———

WHERE I MET MY LOVE.

I.

Sweet is the month of honey and roses,
Dewy eyes and love-liquid moons;
Happy the bird on the bough reposes,
Mingling its notes with the stream's soft croons—
Croon of the stream that strays through the meadows,
Wanders along in the woodland's shade,
Mirroring life in its lights and shadows,
Bending, graceful, fair as a maid.

II.

I met my love in that month all joyant;
Fair as a fresh-blown flower was she,
With step and spirit sunlit and buoyant,
Tripping along on the upland lea.
Lightly she pressed the carpet of clover—
Blossoms bending to kiss her feet;
"I marvel much if she hath a lover?"
Thus said my heart with a new-felt beat.

III.

Month of honey and cheeks of roses,
Blue-veined temples of Psyche sweep;
Eyes as bright as the heaven discloses,
When, through its portals, angels peep!
Breath like the scent of the clover blossoms,
Lips with the virgin dew still wet;
Earth that month from her pregnant bosoms
Distilled all sweets, and she was their pet!

IV.

The incarnation of all the sweetness
Nature had lavished on luscious June:
My heart went out with a spirit's fleetness—
Out to her, for it read love's rune—
Read it in every graceful motion,
Line and curve of her lissome form;
I loved her then with a life's devotion—
Love, will love her through shine and storm!

———

SEA-SIDE SONG.

I.

The pure, pale star of the Autumn eve
Beams from the blue like an angel's eye,
And softly the wayward wavelets heave
And sink on the strand with a weary sigh!
Oh, I love the ocean's strange unrest,
And its voice to my fancy evermore
Says, "Come, come out on my bounding breast,
Out, far out from that dull, dead shore!"
Then step in my boat, O tenderest love,
Let's out on the throbbing sea;
With the waves beneath and the stars above,
Right merry, I trow, we'll be!
Right merry, I know, we'll be!

II.

There's breeze sufficient to swell the sheet,
A playful ripple the waters o'er ;
What blissful hour for a sweet retreat,
Away from this dull and depressing shore !
Like a cavalier's crest shall the white spray flash,
As careers our white-winged boat along,
With a surging sweep, a sonorous dash,
Like the rushing surge of a rolling song !
Then step in my boat, O daintiest love,
Let's out on the pulsing sea ;
With no one to watch save the stars above,
Right loving, I trow, we'll be !
Right loving, I know, we'll be !

III.

I'll steer our boat for the glowing west,
Where the golden cloudlets kiss the sea—
The heavens are pillowed on the ocean's breast,
And nymphs and angels mingle free !
Our chart be yon roundly-rising moon,
Whose beams are soft as thine eyes' deep glance ;
As true to the ocean's deep-toned tune,
In measures swift shall our fleet boat dance !
Then step in my boat, O tenderest dear,
Let's out on the throbbing sea ;
As away o'er its yielding breast we steer,
Right happy, I trow, we'll be,
Right happy, I know, we'll be !

IV.

Ah, now we are out on the wandering waves,
Though trodden oft, yet pathless still !
Behind are the shore's receding caves,
And the darkening crown of each distant hill.
Around us soft, mystic voices float ;
The dulcet notes of the mermaid's song
From the waves arise to hail our boat,
As light o'er the deep we dance along
How bless'd to sweep o'er the sea's blue breast,
Alone with ourselves and love,
While the listening stars our vows attest
In the eternal courts above,
In the bowers of bliss above !

——o——

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

1852— ——.

Maurice Francis Egan was born in Philadelphia May 24, 1852. He studied at La Salle College, and taught some time at Georgetown. He served a journalistic apprenticeship on the secular press. He has written much for the magazines, besides several anonymous society novels. He published "Preludes," a volume of poems. Mr. Egan is now the associate editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Both as a poet and prose writer he occupies a front rank.

DANGEROUS FRANKNESS.

Inconstant ? And why not, O fair Helène ? —
You have the bluest eyes I've ever seen,—
Blue as the violets in that season when
The fields and hills are tinged with faintest green;
But you have not fair Marie's tender voice,
Or Constance' smile, in which all hearts rejoice.

Inconstant ? Why ? I love the good in all
The good in one, and, like the roving bee
(Are you *bas bleu*, fair Helène? will you call
My "roving bee" a threadbare simile ?),
I go from flower to fruit, and I love each,
The faint-tinged rosebud and the carmine peach.

I love you for your eyes, O fair Helène,
Your blue, blue eyes, so deep and limpid-clear,
In whose deep depths are drownèd many men—
And for their hearts have you not shed a tear.
And yet I love dear Rosalind's shy grace,
And—can I help it?—little Celia's face.

I love the good in all, the good in one;
Too frank am I? Can't help it! 'tis my way.
If you'll be Clytie, I will be the sun,
And you can follow me about all day,
And yet I'll smile on all, and that will be
Love universal, not inconstancy.

Conceited? How you wrong me, fair Helène!
I'm not Apollo, and I know that well;
But you're not Clytie; if you were, why then
I'd follow you. Good gracious! who could tell
The girl would get so mad? A temper, too!
I'll never trust in meekest eyes of blue!

THE OLD VIOLIN.

Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,
Like some great thought on a forgotten page,
The soul of music can not fade or rust—
The voice within it stronger grows with age;
The strings and bow are only trifling things—
A master-touch!— its great soul wakes and sings.

THEOCRITUS.

Daphnis is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
And mourning mingles with their fountains' song;
Shepherds contend no more as all day long
They watch their sheep on the wide, silent plain.
The master-voice is silent, songs are vain;
Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,
Done by the gods when gods and men were strong,
Chanted to waxèd pipes, no prize can gain.
O sweetest singer of the olden days,
In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead:
The gods are gone, but poets never die;
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
Sicilian nightingales, enrapturèd,
Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky.

"LIKE A LILAC."

Like a lilac in the Spring
Is my love, my lady-love.
Purple-white the lilacs fling
Scented blossoms from above:
So my love, my lady-love,
Throws sweet glances on my heart;
Ah, my dainty lady-love,
Every glance is Cupid's dart.

Like a pansy in the Spring
Is my love, my lady-love,
For her velvet eyes oft bring
Golden fancies from above;
Ah, my heart is pansy-bound
By those eyes so tender-true,
Balmy heart's-ease have I found,
Dainty lady-love, in you!

Like the changeful months of Spring
Is my love, my lady-love,
Sunshine comes, and glad birds sing;
Then a rain-cloud floats above:
So your moods change with the wind,
April-tempered lady-love!
All the sweeter to my mind,
You're a riddle, lady-love!

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

The old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
Anoint of nature, fauns and dryads fair
Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
A sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise
Brought charmèd thoughts; and in earth everywhere
He, like sad Jaques, found unheard music rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.
A pagan heart, a Christian soul, had he:
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified,
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

—o—

KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY.

1852— —.

Katherine Eleanor Conway was born of Irish Catholic parents, in Rochester, N. Y., September 6, 1852. Since 1868 she has contributed, in prose and verse, to various publications. She is now employed in writing for the *Catholic Union*, published at Buffalo, N. Y.

A SONG IN MAY-TIME.

A song for the joyful May-time,
A song like the song of a bird,
A song of the heart in its play-time,
With never a sorrowful word!

A song—but whence shall I win it?
Winged like the butterflies,
With the fresh-leaved woods' breath in it,
And the glow of the glad sunrise!

This is the song you ask, dear,—
Would I could do your will!
But set we a song as a task, dear,—
A test of the singer's skill?

A dweller in cities ever,
A toiler within the walls,—
'Mid the tumult of man's endeavor,
Where the unseen fetter galls;—

Little I know of the tender
Blithe songs that the free birds sing,
Little I know of the splendor
Of the wild wood's blossoming;

And less of the heart's sweet play-time—
So brief was mine, you know;
And the flowers of my beautiful May-time
Died under a strange, late snow.

Out of my life the cheery
Sweet spirit of youth is fled;
My songs are the sighs of the weary,
Or plaints for my dear ones dead.

Yet you've loved this sad song-voice, dear,
You would give it a nobler range;
And because of your honor and choice, dear,
'Twere fain to ring out and rejoice, dear,
With the mirth of the May-time change;

Oh, joy to be your joy-bringer—
When 'tis joy, dear, even to pray
That a fairer and gladder singer
Will sing your song of the May!

—o—

AGNES VIVIEN MACLEAN PHELAN.

1852— —.

Agnes Vivien MacLean was born in London, Ontario, Canada, November 27, 1852. She was educated at Cedar Grove, Cincinnati, and at Nazareth Academy, Kentucky, and, in 1880, was married to J. Bruce Phelan, A.M., M.D., a physician of Chicago. Some of her poems are much admired.

KING HENRY TO HIS QUEEN (MARGARET OF ANJOU).

Down the fair turrets fall the rubied rays,
Death-drops of dying day. Dost see my queen?

They dye my missal-page; the prayer and praise
Seem with Christ's saving Gore incarnadine
Ah may our souls be thus ensanguined—dyed
In Thy most precious Blood—*O Crucified!*

Art thou impatient—Margaret my queen?
That my poor thoughts tend ever Heavenward?
They linger not on earthly themes, I ween—
On kingly pomp, or statescraft, or the sword.
More sweet to me one hour with God alone
Than all the splendors of my kingly throne.

Ah me! This jewelled crown doth chafe my brow.
(His was of Thorns!) I'll lay it down awhile.
Nay frown not, sweet; that pure, proud face wears now
An anxious frown more frequent than a smile;
Those beauteous eyes methinks are often wet;
What aileth thee—my fair pearl, Margaret?

Say the proud earls, King Henry's hand hath grown
Too weak to hold the sceptre? (*His—a reed!*)
My warrior queen! Then clasp it with thine own,
For thou a monarch art in every deed.
King Rene's war-like spirit liveth yet
Within thy breast, my peerless Margaret.

For me—I'm weary the troublous strife,
Warring, ambitious pride and greed of gain;
Too brief the moments of this tristful life
To waste on things so valueless and vain:
Fadeth the golden west to ghastly gray,
So fade in death man's fairest hopes away.

From thee, my Rose of Lancaster! how fain
With my heart's shield I'd ward the coming woe!
How little dreamed we of the grief and pain,
The traitor-friend—far worse than armed foe—
When England's chivalry with glad acclaim
Donned the sweet, snowy flower that wears thy name;

Let us go hence, my queen; for faint and far
I hear the holy sound of vesper hymn.
See, Margaret! How yonder silver star
Hath risen in beauty o'er the vapors dim:
So may our wearied souls, from earth set free,
Find peace at last in Heaven's Eternity.

—o—

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

1853— —.

Thomas O'Hagan was born in Canada, March 6, 1853. He was educated at St. Michael's College, Toronto. Having completed a course of four years in that institution he entered the profession of teaching, and has, during the past few years, lent much assistance to the advancement of separate schools in his native province. He is at present Head Master of the separate schools in the city of Belleville, Ont. Mr. O'Hagan's special characteristics as a writer of both prose and poetry are beauty of diction, energy and pathos.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year pass'd over—gone,
Hope beaming with the new;
Thus move we on—forever on,
The many and the few;
The many—of our childhood days,
Growing fewer—one by one,
Till death, in duel with each life,
Proclaims the last is gone.

Another year—the buried past
Lies in its silent grave;
The stream of life flows ever fast,
As wave leaps into wave.
Another year—ah! who can tell
What memories it may bring
Of lonely heart and tearful eye,
And Hope bereft of wing?

Another year—the curfew rings;
Fast cover up each coal,
The old year dies, the old year dies,
The bells its requiem toll.
A pilgrim year has reached its shrine,
The air with incense glows;
The spirit of another year
Comes forth from long repose.

Another year—with tears and joys
To form an arch of love;
Another year to toil with hope,
And seek for rest above;
Another year wing'd on its way,
Eternity the goal;
Another year—peace in its train,
Peace to each parting soul.

REVERIE.

At eve, as the sun sinks low in the west,
And its streamlets are kissing each hill,
'Tis sweet to recline 'neath a bright Autumn tree,
That is brooding in silence so still,

To watch the dark mantle of night fall down
And wrap the cold shoulders of day;
O golden hour in the Autumn of life,
Stay, linger with Hope's bright ray.

Stay, linger awhile in thy sapphire hues,
And paint me a vision so bright,
That the past and the future shall blend into one,
Like a day and a star-cheering night.

O paint me those sweet-lipp'd hours long past,
When my heart puls'd free from all care;
When the bright, bright flowers of a rosy morn
Were breathing the incense of prayer.

Far back, far back in the morning of life,
Glad memory beckons me on
To a garden of hope bedash'd with dew,
Where visions of infancy throng.

Ah! yes, I am treading once more the path,
See, here are the lilacs in bloom,
And the fancy I wove in a wreath one day
To cover some nameless tomb.

O vision of Youth, O altar of Truth,
O golden censer on high,
I would that my soul might float, like thee,
In fragrant balm to the sky.

——o——

JOHN CURRAN KEEGAN

1854— ——.

John Curran Keegan was born May 13, 1854, in Stranadara, Ballinamore, County Leitrim, Ireland. He graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, and, in the capacity of newspaper correspondent, visited France, Switzerland and Spain. He afterwards declined a position of trust under the British government, and came to this country, settling in Lowell, Mass., where he remained some years. He is now engaged in journalism in Chicago.

"BEAUTY'S VISION."

It dawned on my soul like a picture of light,
Or a star that illumines the azure of night,
Sparkling and beautiful, winsome and fair—
The pink of perfection of all that were there.

Ah! Nature was kind to the work of her hand.
Her model was peerless, accomplished and grand;
In form a Venus, angelic in face,
Each movement the queenly expression of grace.

A voice in whose music the magical tone
Leads hearts to embarrassment, and makes them its own;
And eyes where the fire and luster sublime
Glow forth like the lights in the northern clime.

A mind richly stored with the treasures of thought—
Bright gems in the school of intelligence brought,
A heart where true kindness and virtue reside,
And sense that despises the folly of pride.

I looked on the vision, I turned away,
Like mortal in dreamland, yet wishing to stay.
I've roamed far away through the world since then,
And shared in the cares and amusements of men.

But that fair vision haunts me like the spirit of light,
In the heart of noon-day, in the darkness of night,
In moments of sorrow it comes with relief
To chase with its brightness the shadow of grief.

—o—

ANNA T. SADLIER.

1855— —.

Miss Anna T. Sadlier was born in Montreal, Canada, in 1855, and for many years resided in New York. She is now living in Montreal. She has published several excellent translations from the French, German and Italian, and has written many stories and poems.

"FAIR."

Fair, ladye fair, beneath whose gentle sway
Have bowed the *preux chevaliers* of the past,
And sung the troubadour his soul away,
Too blest if smiled she on his minstrelsy.

Low at her feet has tourney's victor knelt,
Where sword and lance in mimic fray flashed high,
And low, outpoured with more than minstrel skill,
The knight's sweet tale and tender lover's sigh.

And *Fare*, to fare on life's stern battle field,
Fare well or ill, and meet whate'er betide,
In love or war, with glory or with shame,
When friendly lips applaud, or foes deride,

Fare, aye to press still onward in the race,
And see beyond the heav'nly domes o'erpast,
Or watch their golden summits fade away.
And see the leaves of hope strewn in the blast.

Fair, costly fair, where nature and where art
Alike appeal to every human sense,
Where wit and wealth and beauty all combine
Mankind to dazzle in its impotence.

A labyrinth wherein the wand'rer finds
Rare marvels of the artificer's skill,
Wherein he strays unmindful of the hour,
Each winding maze new marvels showing still.

Where beauty smiles upon his awe-struck sight,
Till, half forgetting Charity's mild face,
He feels his bounty still a new delight,
And wealth invested with a subtle grace.

So fares the wand'rer at this magic fair,
Enthralled by wit or beauty's potent spell,
Forgetting half the purpose of the Fair,
Yet loath to bid the brilliant scene farewell.

E'en so, as gazing on the treasures rare,
Surpassing "Ormuzor the Ind" in cost,
Can he regret that lured by beauty's smile,
He staked in many lotteries—and lost?

A PARTING.

It was a silent parting, though the stars
 Gazed down upon us with their wistful eyes,
But looking up to them our speech was lost,
 For sense of past companionship would rise.

Wherefore we could not choose but wordless be;
 We had no speech to utter our farewell,
Out in the starshine, with the voice of Nature
 Hushed into twilight silence, like a knell.

The knowledge fell upon our hearts, that we
 Should for the last, last time together stand,
As even now, in love or friendship, which
 It were, each clasping thus the other's hand.

For that was our farewell, we knew, and felt it,
 And turned our faces upward to the sky,
As though in yon bright stars, straight, straight above us,
 Some wording of our destiny might lie.

But there was not, though they, in their bright zenith,—
 In vain, astrology, we wooed your arts;
The question, yet unuttered with our lips,
 Came straightway from the fullness of our hearts.

And slow as if some destiny had bade,
 Sadly we turned to earth once more our eyes,
And looked into each other's, as if to read
 Some wording of our fate, without disguise.

We saw there sadness and unconscious pain
 And love, but little hope, and so once more
Essayed to speak the words that broke each bond
 And bade us be as strangers. Heretofore

We had been something more, and yet not friends,
 A strange companionship had linked each heart.
'Twas over now, we wrung each other's hand,
 And in the stars' cold silence stood apart.

——o——

ELIOT RYDER.

1856— ——.

Eliot Ryder is the son of the late Rev. Almanza S. Ryder, a Unitarian clergyman, and was born in Hubbardston, Mass., January 30, 1856. He has been employed as a journalist in New York and Boston, since 1870. His poems have been contributed principally to the New York *Sun*. He became a Catholic some years ago.

THE PENITENT AT PRAYER.

Beneath the grand cathedral's lofty dome
 The penitent kneels on the marble floor,
With eyes uplifted to the heavenly home,
 Which never seemed so far away before.
Slowly and reverently he tells his beads,
 And meditates upon the love of Christ;
For him once more his dying Saviour bleeds!
 Once more the Lamb of God is sacrificed!
Peace comes to cheer his heart, and while he prays,
 Through the high windows of the dome there steals
A flood of golden sunlight, and the rays
 Fall like a benediction where he kneels,
And through his tears he fancies he can trace
A smile upon the Virgin's pictured face.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

The round, full moon sheds forth its mellow light ;
The peaceful river glides in calm repose ;
The tropic, odor-laden air of night
Against my boat's white bulwark gently blows.
Far from the uproar of the noisy town
I drift upon the tranquil stream at ease;
My meerschaum slowly colors cloudy brown ;
The Spanish weed perfumes the gentle breeze ;
The lazy motion of my drifting boat,
The balmy sweetness of the tropic air,
With every care from this fair scene remote,
Combine to form a joy divine and rare.
'Tis hours like these which light life's devious ways,
And cast a glory o'er the coming days.

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

This is my attic room ; the walls and floor
Are bare of all the luxuries of art,
Yet here are treasures which I value more,
And which are always dearer to my heart.
In rare confusion scattered round, on shelves
And chairs, and filling all convenient nooks,
Are the delights of one who fondly delves
For learning in a glorious host of books.
True friends are they, whose dear love never goes!
And, holding them, why should I wish for more ?
Since through their trusty channels always flows
The storied wine which thrilled the gods of yore ;
And, drinking deep, in enviable dreams
I walk with them beside their mystic streams.

THE SORROW OF LOVING AND LOSING.

There is many a grief for our hearts to bear,
As we drift o'er life's broad ocean,
And we mutter a curse or breathe a prayer
As we struggle with bitter emotion ;
But the deepest sorrow that man may know,
Which we all of us flee from, yet can not forego,
Is the sorrow of loving and losing.

You have had your trials, my friend, I know ;
They have lined your brow with wrinkles ;
Yet still in your eyes, with a merry glow,
A radiant love-light twinkles,
For a true, fond heart has been your throne ;
You never have dreamed of, never have known,
The sorrow of loving and losing.

You can not know how the cross has weighed
So heavily on my shoulders ;
Of the fond devotion, unrepaid,
Of the fire which faintly smoulders ;
Of hopes raised high but to be o'erthrown,
Which leave in the heart the thought alone
Of the sorrow of loving and losing.

—o—

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

1857— —.

Joseph K. Foran was born September 5, 1857, at Aylmer, Ontario. He studied at the College of Ottawa, under the Oblate Fathers, and at Laval University, from which institution he took the degree of LL.B. in January, 1881. He was admitted to the profession of barrister for the province of Quebec, during the same month. He is now practicing law in his native town. Mr. Foran is a graceful writer, and has contributed to the *Harp* and other papers.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

13th September, 1759.

I.

Calm was the night! On Levis' height
The haloed moon was gleaming;
In airy flight the signals bright
Along the sky were streaming.
In camp beside St. Charles' tide,
Brave Montcalm's men are sleeping.
The pickets tread—the stars o'erhead
From deepmost shades are peeping!

II.

From Levis' shore the stealthy oar
With silent stroke is plying;
Along the heights the beacon-lights
In fitful blaze are dying!
The armèd band in silence land,
They stay a moment's breathing;
The mountain's brow they're climbing now,
Their flags with glories weaving.

III.

'Tis morning bright! O'er Levis' height
The gorgeous sun is beaming.
Above the crag, the olden flag
Its lily folds is streaming.
From dark repose the orb arose,
His crimson pride displaying;
The breezes fann'd an army grand
On Abr'ham's plains arraying.

IV.

An hour is o'er! The cannon's roar
Has broke the soldier's slumber.
The English host at duty's post
Twelve thousand heroes number!
Down in the glen the Montcalm men
Have heard the musket's rattle;
Each warning loud, each trumpet proud
Proclaims the day of battle.

V.

In phalanx strong they rush along
To join their fellows' danger!
The hills resound with bugle sound
Of Frenchmen and of stranger.
Oh, nation's fault! without a halt
The Montcalm men, appearing,
Scarce draw a breath, but rush to death!—
Hark to the warriors cheering!

VI.

As billows' shock against the rock—
As lightning's flash at even—
As tempest loud, in misty shroud
Across the space of heaven—
As torrents roar from mountain hoar—
As avalanche descending—
The sons of France, in battle's glance,
The British lines are rending!

VII.

As mountain hoar or craggy shore
With ocean's spray is blending—
As stately pine, the English line
Before the blast is bending!
They pause a space—advance a pace
From rolling volumes under—
"Fire! Charge and fire!" The words expire—
Loud peals the battle thunder!

VIII.

The live-day long saw armies strong
For glory's crown contending;
The smoky shrouds with heaven's clouds
In darksome maze are blending!
The sabres clash—the muskets flash—
The war-horse neighs and prances—
'Till close of day in deadly fray
The British host advances!

IX.

The glowing sun his course has run.
The English hero lying
Upon the field, beside his shield—
Immortal Wolfe is dying!
In death's repose his eye did close;
Hark to the warrior shouting!
Exultant cry—"They fly! They fly!"
Oh, what an awful routing!

X.

Cried Wolfe, "Who fly?" The men reply,
"The French—vain their decision."
His high brow bent—"I die content!"—
His spirit left its prison!
And Montcalm, too, midst warriors true,
From France—may God defend her!—

His latest word—his hand on sword—
"I see not this surrender!"

XI.

The *Fleur de lis* no longer free
Is fanned by breeze of heaven;
The British flag above the crag
Was planted in the even!
The day is done—the Autumn sun
In fiery blaze is sinking;
Laurentine's brow is gorgeous now
With hundred beauties linking!

XII.

In lofty pride along the side
Of Stadacona frowning,
Your city grand—our native land—
A monument is crowning!
It tells sublime thro' waning time
Of deeds of vanished glory,
When heroes fought, the works they wrought
With blades in crimson, gory!

XIII.

Oh, England's fame! Oh, glorious name!
And one, that France most cherished,
On marble bare are written there—
Their names and how they perished!
Its summit high against the sky,
Like sentinel defending,
Points from the sod to where, with God,
Their spirits now are blending!

XIV.

Sons of a land so great and grand,
Bethink you of the story
Now shedding bright its living light
On Stadacona hoary!
Think of the day when in the fray
A nation's hopes were blighted;
And in the end these peop'es blend
In firmest bonds united!

——o——

ELIZABETH WAYLEN.

1857— ——.

Elizabeth Waylen (Ethel Tane) was born in London, England, in 1857. She has contributed to the *Living Age*, and other publications. Many of her poems are really exquisite. She now resides in Philadelphia.

A CYNIC.

I.

And so your life has been a dreary story
Of treachery against you, leal and true;
And little of our nature's tender glory
Is yet revealed to you.

II.

You think that you are wise and I am dreaming
The dream of youth—as beautiful as vain—
That friendship is another name for scheming,
And love is—love of gain.

III.

My friend, not long ago my dull existence
Passed slowly by within a city drear,
I watched the endless roofs, the smoky distance,
The sparrows, prating near.

IV.

At length a footstep mounted to my attic:
One entered in and reached to me his hands,
And now I go with him—O joy ecstatic!
Across the meadow lands.

V.

The saucy robin trills his carol near us,
The lark arises at our very feet,
While speckled thrush and blackbird often cheer us
With mellow notes and sweet.

VI.

And he—my guide—has promised me that yonder
Are built the nests of doves and nightingales,
In secret woods where we alone shall wander,
In more sequestered vales.

VII.

But *you*—you look for doves in city alleys,
For nightingales among the sparrow crew—
Then marvel that the music of our valleys
Is still unheard by you.

A YOUNG POET.

I saw the poets in a mighty hall,
Each singing out of his o'erflowing heart;
One sang to rich and poor, to great and small;
One to a group that stood with him apart;
One warbled lays to move a maiden's soul,
Of truth, and trust, and love that will not fail;
While other bards sang of the cannon's roll,
In tones that made their gentle listeners quail.

But one there was — a youthful singer he—
Who only gave sweet echoes of the rest,
Who only reproduced the melody
That had its birth-place in some older breast,
And many scoffed and called him "mocking bird,"
While others harmed him more with lavish praise;
But when that voice of passion I had heard,
And gazed my fill upon the glowing face,
I paused in doubt and hope—for surely he,
With ears so true for every singer's tone,
Shall one day wake to Nature's harmony.
And make her thrilling language all his own;
Rise in the ether on his own strong wings,
Sing the star's music—not man's renderings.

JOHN ACTON.

1858— ——.

John Acton was born in Philadelphia, July 25, 1858, and still resides in that city. He has written several very pretty poems.

MIDSUMMER.

Marguerite April and Ophelia May—
April had jewels made of flawless rain,
May laughed 'mid pansy wreaths to hide death pain—
Are dead, and Earth mourns not in black or gray.
June-Juliet watches her sun knight all day
From her green pillared arbor in the grass,
And birds and winds fly downward as they pass,
To teach young hearts a song, strayed ships their way.
The corded dust of the sweet four-o'clocks
In curdled leaves makes richest perfume gifts
For dew and night, for which the gardens yearn;
The satin-fingered grass winds round the phlox,
The jasmine sheaves thin honey in white drifts,
And rosebuds all to perfect scent-curves turn.

——o——

E. J. McPHELIM.

1861— ——.

E. J. McPhelim, a young Irish-Canadian, was born in Bouctouche, New Brunswick, in 1861. He passed seven years in St. Joseph's College, Memram cook, N. B., graduating in June, 1879. Mr. McPhelim has contributed prose articles and sketches to various magazines and periodicals. He is at present a reporter on the Chicago *Times*.

HER MAJESTY.

She wears a royal golden crown,
 Our little, laughing, shy-faced queen;
The clust'ring curls o'er eyes of brown
 Are bright as Summer starlight's sheen.

She sways a sceptre o'er us all,
 And we obey each proud command;
For we are held in slavery's thrall
 By that imperial, dimpled hand.

Her robes of state are pure as snow,
 In every heart she finds a throne,
In all the land she has no foe;
 The name of rebel is unknown.

Her loyal subjects, low and high,
 Full many a costly tribute bring;
The glories of her kingdom, I,
 Her humble poet laureate sing.

Around my neck her soft arms twine,
 My song is smothered in her curls;
Her sweet, fresh lips are pressed to mine,
 Oh, Baby—little queen of girls!

——o——

WILLIAM J. KELLY.

1862— ——.

William J. Kelly was born in Colchester, New London County, Conn. Since 1878, he has been pursuing his studies at the College of St. Laurent, near Montreal. His home is at Taftville, Conn. Mr. Kelly's poems show great delicacy of feeling, and a considerable degree of thought.

———

CHILDHOOD.

As murmur gently through the balmy air
 The breezy winds of sweet and fragrant May,
 They bear upon their willing wings a lay
Which tells of joy, with neither grief nor care.
Thus passes childhood, short and sweet and fair,
 With ne'er a care to mar life's pleasant way,
 And ne'er a hand its pleasures sweet to stay;
And thus with joy 'tis wont its course to bear
To manhood ranks. Oh! would the joys of men
 Were all as fair as those of childhood's days!
 For sweeter far are they than all the bliss
That's treasured deep in an Elysian glen,
 Where birds in happy notes sing forth their lays,
 And brooklets give to mossy banks their kiss.

APPENDIX.

We give, in this appendix, selections from authors whose work entitles them to recognition, yet who have not responded to calls for information concerning themselves. We trust that, in the near future, the defect which their reticence has caused may be repaired.

THE EDITOR.

APPENDIX.

MRS. MARY E. BLAKE.

Mrs. Blake is the wife of a distinguished physician of Boston. She was for years a valued contributor to the *Pilot*. Her poems show much thought, and are very sweet and graceful.

TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

Glad with the perfect light of sea and sky,
 And sweet June blossoms bending on their stalks,
 And roses tangled near fair garden walks,
And tuneful wild birds singing as they fly—
Glad too with each sweet promised hope that dwells
 Within the fruitful bosom of the year,
 So dawns the golden day on which we hear
The happy music of thy wedding bells!
O Friend! whose steps so lightly turn aside
 To enter on the new and chosen way,
May each glad type that Heaven hath strewn to-day,
Of joy and love before the white robed bride,
 Bloom in the fuller sunshine of thy life,
 And crown with bliss the future of the wife.

TILL TO-MORROW.

Be kind, dear Love, and never say, "Good-bye!"
 But always when we're parting—"Till to-morrow;"
So shall my lips forget to frame a sigh,
 And Hope smile fondly in the face of Sorrow!
For if, indeed, it be but little space
 Before our parted steps again are meeting,
'Twill cheat the hours to haste their lagging pace,
 If memory lingers still on thought of greeting.

Or, should our feet diverge through weary days
 And dreary nights, the changing seasons bringing,
The flinty sharpness of our lonely ways
 Will somewhat smooth, While thus the heart is singing.

And if—O saddest chance!—God's pitying hands
 Should wide as life and death our paths dissever,
What dearer thought could mend the broken strands,
 Than thus to wait, until we meet—forever!

So dearest Love, be kind,—say not "Good-bye,"
 But ever when we're parting—"Till to-morrow;"
So shall my lips forget to breathe a sigh,
 And Hope smile fondly in the face of Sorrow!

—o—

JOHN BOYLE.

John Boyle is a native of Kings County, Ireland, and came to this country quite young. He is now principal of one of the public schools of New York City. He has written many lyrics and essays, chiefly for the *Nation* and other Irish journals, and a History of the Irish Civil War of 1689-92, entitled "The Battle Fields of Ireland." He has also written

largely for the press of New York, but his signature rarely appears in connection with his work.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

When balmy eve and roseate dawn
 Announce the floral goddess near,
And over swelling mead and lawn
 The wild flowers, one by one, appear;
From privot copse or hawthorn bush
 The linnet pours her dulcet strain,
And the wild solo of the thrush
 Leads captive all the warbling train,
Then round our doors the redbreast pours
 Her ever plaintive minstrelsy;
Soft, sweet, and low, as if to show
 How true a little friend should be.

Touched by the Summer's fervid breath,
 The flowers, unfolding, woo the bees:
While droop the feathered tribes beneath
 The arches of the forest trees;
Then noonday silence reigns o'er all,
 The drooping leaves are hushed, until
The rail rings out his martial call
 Defiant to the skylark's thrill,
Then from her trance, with eye askance,
 The redbreast lists their rivalry,
And pours her note from swelling throat
 To show how true a friend should be.

Brown, whistling Autumn tramps among
 The fruitful trees and golden fields,
His jocund days are all a song,
 For rich the offering Ceres yields—
While preens the finch her gorgeous coat
 Among the swaths of new-mown hay;
The blackbird sounds his bugle note
 Secluded from the glare of day.
But still before the cottage door
 The little redbreast we may see;
Near, and more near her song we hear,
 To show how true a friend should be.

The sparrows seek the sheltering eaves,
 For Winter's sigh is on the blast,
And, with the quickly passing leaves,
 The birds of passage, too, have passed;
When swoops the hawk, on treach'rous wing,
 Upon his weak unwary quest,
With panting heart and trembling wing
 The robin seeks the gentlest breast,
And there receives the crumb she gives,
 'Till Spring revisits lawn and lea,
With looks of love still sings to prove
 How true a little friend can be.

Thrice blest the maid whose look and word
 Awake to tenderest sympathies
The instinct of this lonely bird!
 By such unerring signs as these
Her name is placed among the good,
 The cherished fav'rite of the plain,
She bears to stately womanhood
 The household virtues in her train,
And then her cares the redbreast shares,
 A neighbor in the alder tree,
And pours his lay, the livelong day,
 To show how true a friend should be.

SAN SALVADOR—(OR, COLUMBUS).

I.

A flowery waste, through ages gray,
In ocean's lap Columbia lay,
Save where its erring peoples trod
As exiles from the face of God.
While slowly moved from place to place
The footsteps of his chosen race.
Ere shone on earth th' empyrean gem,
The star that led to Bethlehem,
Still kept an angel watch and ward
O'er this dominion of the Lord.
Adoremus dominum!

II.

Upon the mountains of the land
The angel took his patient stand,
And through the ages watched and wept,
As human passions surged or slept:
For well he knew how human will
And pride retard God's mercy still:
Yet well foresaw that even these
Must yield at length to his decrees;
The destined hour might be afar,
But mercy steps from star to star.
Adoremus dominum!

III.

The rolling plains and woodlands green
Put on or doffed their sylvan sheen,
Round bounteous hills the rivers rolled,
Through silvery beds besprent with gold,
From peak to peak the thunder spoke,
The mountains felt the lightning's stroke;
From out the days' or nights' repose,
The ever-startling war-whoop rose,—
But still the angel all alone,
Sent this refrain to heaven's throne—
Adoremus dominum!

IV.

'Twas Autumn; and the angel stood
Looking afar o'er ocean's flood,
While twilight died in purpling shades
Along the tropic everglades:
He saw the rainbow in the sky,
And knew the destined hour was nigh,—
There, as the wearied albatross,
He saw afar the laboring Cross
Arise or sink behind the wave,
And sang to heaven this joyous stave;
Adoremus dominum!

V.

Amid the gloom, far out at sea,
A frail bark rode, alternately
Her graceful mast and trembling spars
Went circling through the clouds and stars,
Now flung athwart, engulfed from sight,
Now standing on the waves aright;
But gazing steadfast from her prow,
A sea-worn man, of solemn brow,
God's holy cross in his right hand,—
'Twas thus Columbus sought the land.
Adoremus dominum!

VI.

The wails of a desponding crew
Pierce his heroic bosom through;
He points the way the sea-mew goes
A sign the ocean wanderer knows.
Still rings the wild rebellious cry;
He points the sea-drift floating by,—
The land is near!—O blessed sign!
He kneels unto the powers benign!
Uplifts the cross upon his sword
While rings from all to mercy's Lord,
Adoremus dominum!

VII.

The morning dawned—O heavenly light!
What isles — what wonders crown his sight!
Pledging both north and southward coasts
An offering to the Lord of Hosts!
He plants his banner on the shore
And names the pla e *San Salvador*,
For there *Salvation's* reign began,
And there the *angel* blessed the man!
Thence bore to heaven on spreading wings
Those tidings to the King of Kings—
Adoremus dominum!

—o—

REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.

The many friends of the distinguished Dominican orator will gladly peruse the following spirited poem from his pen:

THE IRISH DOMINICANS.

This land of ours was famous once—no land was ever more—
For saintliness so pure, so bright, as well as learned lore;
And strangers from a sunny clime were wafted to our shore,
In bearing meek, and quaintest garb as ne'er was seen before;
And these were the Dominicans, six hundred years ago.

They came with vigil and with fast, men versed in pray'r and read
In all the sacred books, and soon throughout the land they spread:
The people bless'd them as they passed; low bow'd each tonsured head,
So meek, 'twas like the saints, as they shall raise them from the dead,
For holy were the Guzman's sons, five hundred years ago.

And soon their learned voice was heard in pulpit and in chair,
Whilst thro' the glorious Gothic aisle resounds their midnight pray'r;

The orphan found beneath their roof a
parent's tender care;
Whilst boldly in their country's cause
they raised their voice, for there
Was Irish blood in Dominic's sons four
hundred years ago.

When heresy swept o'er the land like a
destroying flood,
And tyrants washed their reeking hands
in martyrs' holy blood,
St. Dominic's children then, like men,
embraced the stake, and stood
Before the burning pile as 'twere the
Saviour's Holy Blood,
And kiss'd their habits as they bled,
three hundred years ago.

And whilst the Altars fed the flame, and
Christ was mocked again,
Their faithful voices still were heard in
mountain's cave and glen,
And thus was saved our Country's Faith,
and thus the Lamb was slain,
And ne'er was Ireland's title more the
"Isle of Saints" than when
The Preacher found a martyr's grave,
three hundred years ago.

And thus for full three centuries they
fought the holy fight,
In city and on mountain side from Cash-
el's sacred height;
True to their Country and their God, each
man a burning light,
They kept a nation's lifeblood warm and
saved the Crozier's might,
For miters shone on preachers' brows
one hundred years ago.

Now, men of Ireland, raise your thoughts
to that bright realm above,
Where Christian Faith and Hope are lost
in all-absorbing Love,
And blend the serpent's prudence with
the sweetness of the dove,
And faithful to our land and creed, in
their bright footsteps move,
Who fought and bled and conquered, all
these centuries ago!

MRS. MARY C. BURKE.

Mrs. Burke is the wife of Dr. Martin N. Burke, of New York City. She has written many poems, some of which have become quite popular.

LITTLE SHOES.

They're very pretty little things,
With bow and buckle bright,
And fitted to dear little feet,
So soft and smooth and white,
And all the children eager rush
To tell the joyous news
That "Our baby has short clothes
And pretty little shoes."

Why is it that my mother heart
Is full of anxious fears,
And all unconsciously my eyes
Glisten with blinding tears?
It is that, up to this, my babe
Lay on a loving breast,
To which he ever eager turned
For nourishment and rest—

But little shoes, ye bid me think
That from this very day
I send another pilgrim forth
Upon life's weary way,
Into the world's sin and care,
Its struggling and its strife,
Until, like Job, his heart may wish
It never had known life!

'Tis just two years ago I put
On little Katie's feet
Such shoes as these, with fond caress
And kisses warm and sweet.
They were such pretty little things—
Aye, not a bit more stout—
Yet she had joined the angel band
Ere they were quite worn out!

Ah! many a mother's bitter tears
On little shoes are shed—
Relics of household treasures gone—
Idols amongst the dead.
Whether this babe reach man's estate,
Or soon his course be run,
I only ask for grace to say
Father, Thy will be done!

REV. RICHARD CASWALL.

Rev. Richard Caswall, is a convert from Anglicanism, and a priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. His poetry is distinguished for its peaceful serenity, and merits for him a high place among poets.

ON AN ANCIENT STONE QUARRY.

Know, visitor, that from this spot obscure,
So hid from human gaze,
Whither scarce once a year, across the moor,
A lonely shepherd strays,

In olden time, far off beyond the seas,
A vast cathedral rose,
Whose fame extends to earth's extremities,
And still with ages grows.

The stones that here in darkness would have lain,
There, piled in glorious state
Up to the skies, the fretted roof sustain,
Majestically great;

Or, carved in many a mystical device
And forms of saints on high,
In glory ever new, bring Paradise
Before the astonished eye.

Such power hath God for His eternal ends
To human genius given;—
Genius sublime! by which the mind ascends
In Him from earth to heaven!

So, at his will and bountiful decree,
From low, obscurest things,
In everlasting truth and harmony,
Celestial beauty springs,

E'en as at first, from the rude formless mass
Of earth's chaotic frame,
This fair creation, at his word of grace,
In perfect order came.

EDITH W. COOK.

Miss Cook is a resident of Hoboken, N. J. She has written many beautiful poems, which have appeared chiefly in the *Catholic World*.

A MOUNTAIN FRIEND.

I.—Our Bond.

I know not why with you, far, somber height,
I hold so subtle friendship; why my heart
Keeps it in one dear corner set apart.
No rarer glory clothes it day and night
Than find I otherwhere, yet, wheresoe'er,
Amid all wanderings wide, by road or nest,
Mine eyes upon those simple outlines rest,
My heart cries out as unto true friend near.
Nor holds that half-forbidding strength of form
Memories more dear than give so deep a grace
To other heights; yet e'er on yon dark face,
Sun-lighted be it, or half veiled in storm,
I longing gaze with thoughts no words define,
And feel the dumb rock-heart low answering mine.

II.—Noon.

I climb the rugged slopes that sweep with strength
And lines scarce broken, from the wilderness wide,
Beneath whose shadow frailest flowers abide,
And sweetest waters trip their murmuring length.
I stand upon the crown—the autumn air
Blows shivering out of scarcely cloud-flecked skies,
While warm the sunshine on the grey moss lies

And lights the crimson fires low leaves spread there.
Beyond, hills mightier far are lifted stern
With ancient forest where wild crags break through;
And, nobler still, far laid against the blue,
Peaks, white with early snow, for heaven yearn—
Whose azure depths the quiet shadows wear—
Crowning my mountain with their distance fair.

III.—Night.

The strong uplifter of the wilderness,
Holder of mighty silence, voiceful made
With bird-song drifting from the spruce's shade,
By quivering winds that murmur in distress,
Proud stands my mountain, clothed with loneliness
That awesome grows when darkness veileth all
And south wind shroudeth with a misty pall
Of hurrying clouds that ever onward press,
As something seeking that doth e'er elude,
Flying like thing pursued that dare not rest,
By some wild, haunting thought of fear possessed—
Not drearness all, the cloud-swept solitude:—
Through changing rifts the star-lit blue gives sign
Of mountain nearness unto things divine.

IV.—Dawn.

Slow breaks the daily mystery of dawn—
In far-off skies gleams faint the unfolding light,
Anear the patient hills wait with the night,
Whose shadow clings, nor hasteth to be gone.
A passionate silence filleth all the earth—
No wind-swept pines to solemn anthem stirred,
No distant chirp from matin-keeping bird,
Nor any pattering sound of leafy mirth.
And seems that waiting silence to enfold
All mystery of life, all doubt and fear,
All patient trusting through the darkness here,
All perfect promise that the heavens hold.
Lo! seems my mountain a high altar stair
Whereon I rest, in thought half dream, half prayer.

V.—On Fire.

Scarce dead the echo of our evening song
That o'er the camp-fire's whirling blaze upsoared
With wealth of hidden human sweetness stored—
Life-thought that thronged the spoken words along;
Scarce lost our lingering foot-steps on the moss
When the slow embers, that we fancied slept,
With purpose sure and step unfaltering crept
The sheltering mountain's unsmirched brow across.
Alas! for straining eyes that through long days
Of strong breathed west wind saw the pale smoke drift
Its threat'ning pennons in the distance lift,
So setting discord in sweet notes of praise.
Yet, hath the wounded mountain in each thought
Won dearer love, for wrong, unwrithing wrought.

JUNE.

"June! dear June! Now God be praised for June." —*J. R. Lowell.*

"And yet in vain
Poet, your verse: extol her as you will.
One perfect rose her praises shall distil
More than all song, though Sappho led the strain.
Forbear, then, since, for any tribute fit,
Her own rare lips alone can utter it."
—*Caroline A. Mason.*

Each year she comes whom poets call
"Dear June,"
With face e'er young, and voice of grief-
less tune,
Bright'ning the wayside with her roses'
glow,
Filling the woods with song where hides
below
Not any note of pain to trace sad line
On her smooth brow, crowned with youth
divine,
Whence eyes look forth wherein no
shadow lies
Of any thought less glad than Paradise—
Soft, trustful eyes that look in ours to give
Wealth of pure soul that but in joy doth
live.
Each year she comes as one that grows
not old,
Whose unstained robes unchanging heart
enfold.

Upon her daisy fields that stretch to meet
The glitter of blue bays, her strong, white
feet
Fall with the melody of western wind
That no dark thunder clouds lurk low be-
hind;
While from her broidered raiment's every
fold,
The wild grape's subtle incense is un-
rolled.
Wide open are her hands that gifts may fall
With grace of one that, loving, giveth all,
Fears not that any cloudy day shall come
When sun shall shine not, or sweet birds
grow dumb.
She never hath known loss; how shall
her heart
Fear with its generous wealth in love to
part?

And we that list each year, her winning
speech—
Music ripples on low, sandy beach—
That gaze into the depth of her clear eyes,
Trusting each thought that in their
shadow lies;
We, unto whom her roses' wayside blush
Seems witchery strange as that quick-
passing flush
That, as day dieth, melteth into air,
Titanic strength of rocks high heaped and
bare;
To whom snow peaks scarce fairer vision
seem
Than her blue seas where her wind-
pressed vessels gleam;
To whom a world of stars naught richer
yields
Than the white radiance of her daisy
fields—

We seek in our fond hearts some ne'er-
heard phrase,
Wherewith to speak our dear queen's
fitting praise,
And lips grow dumb though heart be
eloquent,
Our little treasure of love's speech soon
spent,
Our murmuring lips but echoes old repeat
Of some true poet's clinging accents
sweet
Whose mouth June kissed ere he had
sung her grace,
Left on his page the print of her young
face,
Guided his pen with her pink finger tips,
So perfecting the blessing of her lips.

And sweet June mocks us not that incom-
plete
And unto outward seeming, all unmeet
The stammering homage of her words'
poor praise;
Her thoughtful eyes in ours, soft smiling
gaze,
Perchance for our joy's sorrow might she
weep,
Did any thought of tears her dear eyes
keep.
She reads, "We love her," written in her
heart,
So, pushing her white daisies wide apart,
She places on our lips a red June rose,
That unto none but her each heart dis-
close,
What she hath waked, lest idle words do
wrong
To love that lieth deeper e'en than song.

J. C. CURTIN.

Mr. Curtin is a well-known Catholic writer. He was for some years editor of *The Tablet.*

IN MEMORIAM.

'Twas in the springtide, when its glorious bourgeon
Of buds and blossoms, flowered shrub and tree,
When the green earth's heart heaved with quick'ning motion,
She gave her soul, O loving God, to thee;
In womanhood's bright bloom, ere slow decay
Had touched her heart, from earth she passed away—

Passed from this world with sin and sorrow rife,
A world unfitted for a soul like hers—
Pure in each sphere—as sister, mother wife—
To mingle with God's holiest worshippers,
And round his throne to join the myriad throng
Who praise his holy name in ceaseless song.

For she was one whose heart was never chilled
By the cold touch of earth or its false gloss;
But hoping, trusting — one whose soul was filled
With love of her Redeemer and the Cross,
She strove alway to reach the destined goal,
The haven—haven of every Christian soul.

Sweet be her joys in Paradise! We know
She lives and loves within that blest abode.
Oh! that our hearts could feel the holy glow
That burned in hers to bear the weary load
Of life, with all its cares and all its woes,
Its passing pleasures and its fleeting shows.

Bright be her dole! Oh! may her radiant spirit
Beam down on us with soul absorbing love,
And grant that we, her followers, may inherit
The love and glory she enjoys above,
And that our hearts, by sin's dark tempests driven,
May find surcease and dwell for aye in Heaven.

—o—

MADELINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

Mrs. Dahlgren was born in Gallipolis, Ohio, and was the only daughter of the Hon. Samuel F. Vinton. She was married at an early age to D. C. Goddard, and after his death, to the late Admiral Dahlgren. She has published several original works and translations. Her home is in Washington, D. C.

THE ARGO NAVIS.

[Suggested on seeing a silver boat filled with flowers and resting on a silver mirror at the president's mansion.]

What argent boat, flower-laden afloat,
With argive grace, o'er glassy face,
Of mirror'd seas, doth sail at ease?
The Argo Navis!

A Cazique brave, on silvery wave,
Unfurls the sail, of bark so frail,
From treach'rous shore, bold bends the oar
Of Argo Navis!

This seeming grace, of burnish'd face,
Is but a snare, a vitreous glare,
Where quicksands deep do shipwrecks reap,
Oh, Argo Navis!

Nor recks he then, with prescient ken,
The potent spell that holds this shell—

For *taut* and still, firm at his will,
Is Argo Navis!

'Midst icebergs slides, and safely glides
'Neath Southern skies, onward it flies,
Its flag so fair, *Union's* stars bear,
This Argo Navis!

Who guides the bark, in time so dark?
A Higher Power, in supreme hour,
At helm doth stand, and take command
Of Argo Navis!

SYMBOLS.

Hidden in web that fair Arachne weaves
Cradled in dew-drops quivering on the leaves,
They flash in sunshine, caught in diamond drops.
Or play in breezes, o'er the mountain tops.

As flutt'ring insects in fair flowrets lave,
Or sparkling foam fast topples o'er the wave,
Faintly the moonlight shadows liquid pearls,
Or weird and wan, fantastic vapor curls.

As fairy web mirrors the plan of youth,
Exhaled like dew-drops are these plans. forsooth,
Yet darting sunbeams waken hopes anew,
That swift as wanton winds spring forth from view.

The fleeting insects show the morn of life,
And rushing waters symbolize its strife;
'Neath scorching sun expires illusion hope,
While all of Nature has an ideal scope.

—o—

MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey has for many years been a valued contributor to the Catholic press of the country—notably to the *Ave Maria*, from the pages of which the following selection is taken. She has published a volume of poems which is now out of print. Her stories are read and admired wherever the English tongue is spoken.

ITALIAN MARINER'S HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

CHORUS.

The moon-lit billows lave our bark,
As o'er their surges bright we ride;
Sancta Maria! guide and mark
Our glittering pathway o'er the tide.
Ora pro nobis,
And shine upon our life's wild sea,
Then bid each cloud and tempest flee,
That comes between our souls and thee.

SINGLE VOICE.

Rest, brothers, rest upon each oar,
For the night breeze sighs
And steals most sweetly from the shore;
Oh, we fall and rise
As the blue billows round us curl,
And balmy winds our sails unfurl.

CHORUS.

Regina Angelorum! smile
Upon our labors and our toil,
Save us from dreams of wreck the while
We draw our nets and count our spoil.
Ora pro nobis.
As thou in purest thoughts excel,
Oh, guard our dark-eyed daughters well,
Preserve them from the tempter's spell.

SINGLE VOICE.

Rest, brothers! perils wild forget;
From the shore now steals
The light notes of a castinet,
And sweet laughter peals
With dance of echoing feet along,
Above the surges' whispering song.

CHORUS.

Stella Matutina! bless
Our homes beneath the sunny vine;
Restore us to the loved caress
Of those who kneel before thy shrine;
O a pro nobis!
Preserve their beauty from decay,
And gifts of gold and pearls we'll lay
Upon thine altars when we pray.

SINGLE VOICE.

Hear, O *Mater Salvatoris,*
Hear our hymn to thee!

Spread thy glittering pinions o'er us—
Scatter rays of love before us,
From eternity!

CHORUS.

Furl the white sails—lay by each oar—
We're floating in—the bright sands yield!
Oh, soon, our bark, we'll gently moor
On flow'ry shores thy sparkling keel!
Ora pro nobis,
Sancta Maria! hear us when
The mists of death on us descend;
Shield from its gloom our souls. Amen.

——o——

P. HENRY DOYLE.

Mr. Doyle is a Philadelphian, and is now editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of that city.

TWO VISIONS.

A youth kneels at a woman's feet, and seems
Lost in the sweetest of love's golden dreams
While gazing in her eyes;
Whate'er he sees his tongue may hardly tell,
For hope and fear have wrought a double spell,
Beneath which language dies.

Yet had his earnest face the soul of speech,
'Twere plain, tho' life were but a joyless reach,
As barren deserts are—
He were content to patient plod his way
Unto the end, if guided by the ray
Of such a longed-for star.

* * * *

Through Summer sunshine and through Winter tears—
The mist fall'n from the evening of long years,
A man smiles at the boy;
The pride of age and knowledge—wisdom's art—
That flouts at all where hope plays well a part,
Would mock his deep-rapt joy.

But in his laugh—so worldly, sad and worn,
A shadowed pain—a half regret is born
That hope and love and truth—
The hope that only dreams, and yet is blest,
The soul's pure faith, its brightest and its best—
So often die with youth.

——o——

MRS. S. B. ELDER.

Miss Susan Blanchard was born at an extensive Western frontier military post, where her father, then a captain in the United States army, afterwards Gen. A. G. Blanchard, C. S. A., was stationed. While quite young she became the wife of Charles D. Elder, of New Orleans. She has written many occasional verses, some of which are distinguished for great poetic merit. She is the literary editor of the New Orleans *Morning Star*, whose literary department, under her management, is unexceptionable in its character.

CLEOPATRA DYING.

Glorious victim of my magic!
Ruined by my potent spell,
From the world's imperial station
I have dragged thee down to hell!
Fallen chieftain! unthroned monarch!
Lost through doting love for me,
Fast on shades of night eternal
Wings my soul its flight to thee!

Cæsar shall not grace his triumph
With proud Egypt's captive queen;
Soothed to sleep by aspic kisses,
Soon my heart on thine shall lean!
Soon my life, like lotus blossoms,
Swift shall glide on Charon's stream;
Clasped once more in thy embraces,
Love shall prove an endless dream!

Iras! Charmian! bind my tresses!
Place the crown above my brow!

Touch these hands and take these kisses ;
Antony reproves not now !
Gods ! my lips breathe poisoned vapors !
They have struck my Charmian dead !
Foolish minion ! Durst precede me
Where my spirit's lord has fled ?

None shall meet his smile before me—
None within his arms repose !
Be his heart's impassioned fires
Quenched upon my bosom's snows !
None shall share his burning kisses
Ere I haste me to his side !
Octavia's tears may prove her widowed—
Cleopatra 's still his bride !

See ! my courage claims the title !
Close I press the aspic fangs !
Memories of his quickening touches
Sweeten now these deathly pangs !
Honor, manhood, glory's teachings,—
All he bartered for my smile !
Twined his heartstrings round my fingers,
Vibrant to a touch the while;

Followed fast my silver rudder,
Fled from Cæsar's scornful eye,
Heeded not his bleeding honor,
Glad upon my breast to lie !
Then I 'snared him in my meshes,
Bound him with my wily art,
From the head of conquering legions,
Snatched him captive to my heart.

Wild his soul at my caresses !
Weak his sword at my command !
Rome, with fury, saw her mightiest,
Bowed beneath a woman's hand.

Noblest of the noble Romans !
Greatest of the Emperor's three !
Thou didst fling away a kingdom,—
Egypt gives herself to thee !

Sweet as balm; most soft and gentle,
Drains the asp my failing breath !
Antony ! my Lord ! my Lover !
Stretch thine arms to me in death !
Guide me through deepening shadows!
Faint my heart, and weak my knee !
Glorious victim ! Ruined hero !
Cleopatra dies for thee !

SUSAN L. EMERY.

Miss Emery is a convert to the Catholic faith, and has contributed to various Catholic publications. She resides in Boston, Mass.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

[The first Sisters of the Order of the Visitation, founded by St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, were professed in June, 1611. The Devotion to the Sacred Heart was revealed in June, 1675, to Blessed Margaret Mary, of the same Order.]

Sweet Saint of God, and well-beloved of men !
On earth, with steadfast feet, the ways of God
By thee in peace and love and joy were trod;
And peace and love and joy like holy rain
God gave through thee to one great soul in pain,
Who long had thirsted to be led aright
To serve God perfectly by day and night.
Thy work for her a blessed work hath been;
It raised a whole new Order in God's Name.
Let it show us, by worldly love congealed,
How with God's love thy soul was all on flame.
But lo! another sign shows what thou art:
God to a daughter of thy heart revealed
The dear devotion to the Sacred Heart.

—o—

JAMES JOSEPH GAHAN.

Mr. Gahan is a Canadian writer of much promise. He is a frequent contributor to the *Pilot* and other papers.

CANADIAN VESPER-BELLS.

It is vesper-hour, and a stillness deep
Doth fall with the evening dew,
And the sunset gleam, with its golden beam,
Is tingeing the mountains blue;

And the mild moon's ray, o'er the dying day,
On the silver cloudlet dwells—
She cometh amain with her starry train
To list to the vesper-bells!

O'er the heathery slope, and the blue sea-bay,
The harmony sweetly rings,
To the flowery mead, and the forest fair,
A mystical peace it brings;
And the moss-grown oaks and the birches thrill,
While the liquid measure tells
The freshening balm, and the holy calm,
Of Canada's vesper-bells!

They ring far away o'er the cavern-cliffs,
And on the Atlantic fall,
And fishermen bold, while they ply for gold,
Await for the vesper-call;
O'er rapid and lake, through valley and brake—
Through all the Laurentian dells—
Where the Saguenay sweeps, and the Ottawa leaps
Are heard our Canadian bells!

O'er Red River's pass, Saskatchewan's vale,
They blend on the evening air,
And Assiniboine hears, with straining ears,
The voice of their chimings rare;
And sweeping along, with the torrent strong,
Through the Cascades' granite cells,
They die on the breast of Pacific blest—
Our rhythmical vesper-bells!

—o—

REV. B. D. HILL, (FATHER EDMUND) C. P.

Father Edmund is a native of Shrewsbury, England, and a graduate of the Cambridge University. He is a convert to the Catholic faith, and is now a member of the Congregation of the Passion. He has published two volumes of poems. His poetry glows with ardent piety, and his contributions to literature are always valuable.

THE BETTER CHRISTMAS.

"'Tis not the feast that changes with the ever-changing times,
But those that lightly vote away the glories of the past—
The joys that dreamlike haunt me with the merry matin chimes
I loved so in my boyhood, and shall dote on to the last.

"There will still be much of laughter, and a measure of old cheer:
The ivy wreaths, if scanty, are as verdant as of yore,
And still the same kind greeting for the universal ear;
But to me, for all their wishing, 'tis a 'merry' feast no more!"

I said; and came an answer from the stars to which I sighed—
Those stars which lit the vigil of the favored shepherd band—
And t'was as if again the heavens opened deep and wide,
And the carol of the angel choir new-flooded all the land.

"Good tidings still we bring to all who still have ears to hear—
To all who love His coming—the elect that can not cease:
And louder rings our anthem to these watchers, year by year,
Its earnest of the perfect joy—the everlasting peace.

"Art thou, then, of these watchers, if thou canst not read the sign?
The world was at its darkest when the blessed Day-Star shone;
Again 'tis blacker to Her beam; and thou must needs repine
And sicken so near sunrise, for the moonlight that is gone!"

MRS. E. B. HOLLOWAY.

Mrs. Holloway resides in Shelbyville, Ill., and has written many stories and poems.

MARY.

There's a mound on the prairie where flowers are brightest,
The roses are deepest, the lilies the whitest,
And the footstep of Winter falls ever the lightest—
The spirit of Mary
Still hallows that prairie.

Oh, knew ye the maiden so lovely and true?
In the wilds of the West like a flower she grew;
All wild flowers are lovely, but earth never knew
One other like Mary,
The *Pride of the Prairie.*

In the depth of her spirit were treasures untold,
And the dew-drops that fell on her locks' sunny fold
Would sparkle like diamonds embedded in gold—
Such bright hair had Mary,
The Pride of the Prairie.

Of these rare spirit treasures a glance would you win,
Through her soul's azure windows, with curtains so thin,
You'd a glimpse of the fountain that sparkled within—
Such bright eyes had Mary,
The Pride of the Prairie.

She loved the wild flowers, she sought them at dawn,
But dearest of all Mary loved her white fawn;
I would you had seen them one brilliant May morn—
The fawn, flowers and Mary,
At play on the prairie.

On her brow bloomed a wreath of the roses of May,
And flowers fell down in her pathway so gay,
As following the fawn that was going astray,
As light as a fairy
She tripped o'er the prairie.

He seeks for his kindred—the beautiful fawn—
O'er the emerald billows he 's gone—he 's gone!
Nor heeds he the blast of the wild hunter's horn,
Nor the sweet call of Mary
That floats o'er the prairie.

Now sees he the hunters; as shaft from the bow,
Swift, swift bounds the fawn—the danger is o'er;
For, ere it can reach him, the arrow must go
Through the warm heart of Mary,
The Pride of the Prairie!

On press the bold hunters, so mad in their glee!
In the pure robes of Mary the white fawn they see.
List! a cry of deep anguish is heard o'er the lea:
"Hold, hold! it is Mary,
The Pride of the Prairie!"

Too late came the warning; ah! never again
Shall her voice of gladness resound o'er the plain;
The bowl at the fountain is broken in twain—
The life blood of Mary
Flows out on the prairie.

* * * *

There 's a mound on the prairie where flowers are brightest,
The roses are sweetest, the lilies are whitest,

And the footstep of Winter falls ever the lightest—
The spirit of Mary
Still hallows that prairie.

——o——

EDWARD HYDE.

The following poem was published in the *Ave Maria* in 1880. It has attracted wide attention by its beauty and freshness.

THE TYPES OF GOD.

I worked in my harvest field,
And cradled the yellow grain.
I thought of the plenteous yield,
And counted the fold of gain.

In my palms I rubbed an ear,
The chaff from the wheat I blew,
There were thirty kernels clear,
Which from one kernel grew.

I threw them down at my feet,
And thought, as I saw them lie,
Except a kernel of wheat
Fall into the earth and die,

It abideth ever alone.
But this one fell and died,
And these thirty, from one seed sown,
Were raised and glorified.

Then I said if a kernel of wheat
A thought so great enfolds,
Oh! what is that thought complete,
Which all creation holds?

In the acorn hides the tree
That shall lift its giant form:
In the dew-drop hides the sea
With the tumult of its storm.

Thus Nature hides, in germ,
Her glory, power, and grace.
Oh! where is that lowly term,
Which hides God's holy face?

Then weary, I sat me down,
In the shade of a maple tree,
Where the bare field I had sown,
Was a waving wheaten sea.

Like seraph tongues, I heard
The leaves their anthem pour,
And the wheaten sea was stirred
With the sound of a far-off shore.

There the scales fell from my eyes,
And the veil fell from my heart,
And I saw, with glad surprise,
The harvest's counterpart.

The Son would not dwell alone,
Therefore He fell and died:
Himself a seed was sown,
Then raised and glorified.

He is that lowly term,
Which hides God's holy face,
The Eucharistic germ
Of glory, power and grace.

The miracle is great,
Whenever our daily food,
Of water and flour of wheat,
Is changed to flesh and blood.

Faith finds no greater test,
When the offered bread and wine,
To flesh and blood of Christ
Are changed by power divine.

Thus bone of His bone are they,
And flesh of the flesh of Christ,
Who eat, from day to day,
The Holy Eucharist.

And as He rose, so they,
After their crucial strife,
Shall rise and soar away
In the power of an endless life.

I took my scythe again,
But hesitating trod,
For it almost gave me pain,
To cleave the types of God.

I saw, not a field of grain,
With its swaying, bearded mist,
But a harvest white with men
Made white by the Eucharist.

I heard, not the wind's low song
In the leaves above my head,
But the voice of an angel throng,
And of countless risen dead.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Dr. Joyce is a resident of Boston, and became widely known through his poem, "Deirdre," published in that city some years ago. His poems are full of thought, and it is safe to predict that they will enjoy longer life than is vouchsafed most poetry produced in the present day.

ODE TO POVERTY.

O kind acquaintance! thou who, proverbs say,
Dost make strange fellows meet in tawdry bed,—
Comrade of wistful mouth, keen eyes of gray,
Rough world-bewrinkled face and hoary head
They say a gulf's between us that no tread
Of thine can cross, though loving me so well,
Yet still I long to clasp
Thy hand with friendly grasp
For, spite of their predictions, who can tell?

What days we had, old comrade, you and I,
Bright years ago when I was gay and young;
With you I roamed the ferny mountains high,
Heard nature's voice in streams, in winds that sung,
And wood-birds warbling with melodious tongue;
With you and other just as quaint compeers
What days and nights we had
Well mixed of gay and sad,
What revels and what laughter and what tears,

Ah! many a lord of power and high renown,
Driven from his State, at last shook hands with thee,
And many a queen and mighty king, whose frown
Would shake the world, have kept thy company:
Thee they derided, while I, reverently
Call on thee, brother, with affection kind,
That if misfortune's pain
Should come to me again,
Thou'lt leave me still the heaven of heart and mind!

AUTUMN LEAVES, FROM "DEIRDRE."

One stilly day, 'neath Autumn's amber beam,
She sat with Lavarcam beside the stream,
And looked upon the leaves that strewed the ground
In fading pomp and glory all around,
And said,—
"O Lavarcam, and shall I be
Like these poor castaways of bush and tree?
I've seen them bloom on many a branch and stem,
And I have bloomed, and why not die like them!"

.

With scarlet berries laughed the rowan tree,
The nuts in clusters from the hazel hung,
And high and wide the stately oak-tree flung
Its fretted branches, rich with acorns brown;
While from a leafless spray, a-nigh its crown,
A brown thrush sang his song with dulcet throat,
Betimes awakening the glad red-breast's note,
Responsive from its thorny brake, whereon
The blackberries, like living garnets, shone.

.

By the borders of the widening stream,
The bog-flax drooped its head of silvery snow,
And the last iris shone with golden glow,
And yellow sunflowers closed their drowsy lids.

Calm Autumn died, . . .
The last flowers withered in the treacherous air,
The little stream with mournful murmurs rolled,
And the trees doffed their robes of bronze and gold,
And fading blue and green, and glowing red,
And all the outside lands lay damp and dead.

.

. . The thick rain would pour and swell the rills
To rivers, and the rivers into seas,
Till at once would rise a southern breeze,
Born 'mid the bowers of some more genial clime,
And make a mimic Summer for a time!

—o—

MRS. ANNE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

Mrs. Ketchum is a Southern lady who has for many years contributed to *Harper's* and other magazines. She has published a volume of poems called "Lotos Flowers."

AT PARTING.

Farewell—shall it be farewell?
Farewell, said lightly when the careless part;
Farewell, said coldly by the estranged in heart,
And serving but to tell
The empty dearth of cold Convention's shell.
Nay! not farewell.

Good-bye—shall it be good-bye?
Good-bye, low whispered amidst blinding tears;
Good-bye, presaging sad, long parted years,
Telling, with sob and sigh,
Of change, or thwarted plan, or broken tie.
Nay! not good-bye!

Good-night—shall it be good-night?
Good-night, which means to-morrow we may meet;
Good-night! I fain my foolish heart must cheat,
Though morning's golden light
Shine on a lone ship leagues beyond thy sight.
Yet still, good-night!

Thou best-beloved, good-night!
Good-Night, best Night, with all thy fairest dreams,
Good-Night, best Night, with all thy starriest beams,
Watch by her pillow white
And tell her all my love, thou gentlest Night!
Good-night, good-night!

—o—

MRS. MARY E MANNIX.

Mrs. Mannix was born in New York City, of Irish Catholic parents, and went with them to Cincinnati, where she now resides. She has for some years been a miscellaneous contributor to the press.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

Softly fell the touch of twilight on Judea's silent hills;
Slowly crept the peace of moonlight o'er Judea's trembling rills.

In the Temple's court conversing, seven elders sat apart;
Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of head and pure of heart.

"What is rest?" said Rabbi Judah, he of stern and steadfast gaze.
"Answer, ye whose toils have burthened through the march of many days."

"To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "decent wealth and goodly store,
Without sin, by honest labor—nothing less and nothing more."

"To have found," said Rabbi Joseph, meekness in his gentle eyes,
"A foretaste of heaven's sweetness in home's blessed paradise."

"To have wealth and power and glory, crowned and brightened by the pride
Of uprising children's children," Rabbi Benjamin replied.

"To have won the praise of nations, to have worn the crown of fame,"
Rabbi Solomon responded, loyal to his kingly name.

"To sit throned, the lord of millions, first and noblest in the land,"
Answered haughty Rabbi Asher, youngest of the reverend band.

"All in vain," said Rabbi Jarus, "if not faith and hope have traced
In the soul Mosaic precepts, by sin's contact uneffaced."

Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest, gravest of them all:
"From the heights of fame and honor even valiant souls may fall;

"Love may fail us, Virtue's sapling grow a dry and thorny rod,
If we bear not in our bosoms the unselfish love of God."

In the outer court sat playing a sad-featured, fair-haired child;
His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow—they were godlike when he smiled.

One by one he dropped the lilies, softly plucked with childish hand;
One by one he viewed the sages of that grave and hoary band.

Step by step he neared them closer, till, encircled by the seven,
Thus he spake, in tones untrembling, with a smile that seemed of Heaven:

"Nay, nay, fathers! Only he, within the measure of whose breast
Dwells the human love with God-love, can have found life's truest rest;

"For where one is not, the other must grow stagnant at its spring,
Changing good deeds into phantoms—an unmeaning, soulless thing.

"Whoso holds this precept truly owns a jewel brighter far
Than the joys of home and children—than wealth, fame and glory are;

"Fairer than old age thrice honored, far above tradition's law,
Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient prophet saw.

"Only he, within the measure—faith apportioned—of whose breast
Throbs this brother-love with God-love, knows the depth of perfect rest."

Wondering, gazed they at each other: "Praised be Israel evermore;
He has spoken words of wisdom no man ever spake before!"

Calmly passing from their presence to the fountain's rippling song,
Stooped he to uplift the lilies strewn the scattered sprays among.

Faintly stole the sounds of evening through the massive outer door;
Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on the Temple's marble floor.

Where the elders lingered, silent since he spake, the Undefiled—
Where the Wisdom of the ages sat amid the flowers a child!

—o—

THOMAS J. McGEOGHEGAN.

Thomas J. McGeoghegan is a native of Dublin, and came to New York several years ago. He is at present the associate editor of the New York *Tablet*.

KNEELING AT KNOCK.

Kneeling at Knock amid visions of glory,
Humbled and penitent, bowing the head,

The young and athletic, the aged and hoary,
Absorbed in those visions so pleasingly dread!
In no gorgeous and turreted temple, surrounded
With pomp and display, doth Our Lady appear;
Not where the wealth of the worldling abounded,
But away in a wilderness cheerless and drear.

Not above Gothic and gold-girded altars
Doth Bethlehem's star throb and tremble again!
Its light may grow dim, altho' cymbals and psalters
Should swell with the grandest, sublimest refrain;
Not there, oh! not there, but in mountain recesses,
Whither Cromwell had chased our loved sires of old,
There, there by a poor lowly shrine Mary kisses
The children of Connaught, who cling to the fold!

Ay, they lovingly clung to the fold through the ages,
Defying the blood-embrued sword of the foe,
And unflinchingly still, while the black storm rages,
They stand by the cross, tho' environ'd with woe;
And therefore, our sinless, immaculate Mother
Thus deigns to come down from the realms above,
With angels celestial, who smile on each other
Beholding dear Erin so leal in her love;

So leal in her love, even angels must love her,
Knowing well how her children withstood the rude shock
When a tempest of sorrow swept fiercely above her—
Now those children are comforted kneeling at Knock!
Kneeling at Knock, while a nimbus of splendor,
Brighter than calcinms, piercing the tomb,
Blazes above them, the young and the tender,
The blind and the crippled enveloped in gloom!

There our dear Lord is the blessed exhorter,
Inspiring the faithful with love and with awe,
There hundreds are healed by the marvelous mortar.
Even skeptics proclaiming the wonders they saw!
The glacier gleaming away on the ocean.
The hurricane dismally howling afar,
Vesuvius quivering with turbid emotion,
The storm-king riding the lightnings of war.

The glare of the battle so dread and appalling,
The blaze of the musketry flashing on high,
The blast of the loud, thrilling trumpet recalling
The wavering troops when they falter or fly—
Oh! Mars, with his fiery banner unfurled,
Looks grand and sublime as the desert's sirroc;
But sublimer than all in this star-girdled world
Is the faith of the worshipers kneeling at Knock!

—o—

JAMES McNAMARA.

James McNamara resides at Dexter, Mich., and is a contributor to several Catholic journals.

SANCTA MARIA.

Mother Immaculate, we pray thee hear us!
O may our humble prayers to thee arise!

We pray, sweet Mother, that thou'lt be near us
In death's dark hour—receive our parting sighs.
Then lift in silent prayer our hearts to thee,
As we are wafted to eternity.

Oh, Queen of Heaven, thy sorrows should have taught us
To bear our cares with fortitude and love.
By Precious Blood on Calvary He bought us,
Christ, the Redeemer, God of peace and love.
Sancta Maria, star forever bright,
Guard us and watch o'er us by day and night.

—o—

KATHLEEN T. McPHELIM.

Miss McPhelim is a young Chicago writer, whose work is full of promise.

TWO WOMEN.

Grandma sits in her great arm-chair,
Balmily sweet is the soft Spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane.

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress
As it flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long,
Her lover is coming, her life's a song."

Grandma sternly shakes her head,
"Love is folly—that's all!" she said.

Up from the orchard's flow'ry bloom,
Floats perfume faint to the darkening room

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace
And a softer light comes into her face.

Once again she is young and fair,
Twining red roses in her hair.

Again, as blithe as the lark above,
She is only a girl and a girl in love.

The last faint glimmers of daylight die,
Stars tremble out in the purple sky—

E'er Dora flits up the meadow path,
Sadly afraid of Grandma's wrath.

With rose-red cheeks and flying hair,
She nestles down by the old arm-chair;

"Grandma—Dick says,—may we—may I,"
The falt'ring lips grow strangely shy.

But Grandma presses one little hand,
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!"

She gently twists a shining curl,
"Ah, me, the philosophy of a girl!

"Take the world's treasures, its noblest, best,
And love will outweigh all the rest.

"He may have you, my darling;" not all in vain,
Did Grandma dream she was young again.

And through the casement the moonlight cold,
Streams on two heads,—one gray, one gold!

—o—

REV. CHARLES MEEHAN.

The Rev. Charles Meehan is a gifted Irish priest, who has contributed some valuable works to the literature of his country, notably, his "Confederation of Kilkenny," and "History of the Geraldines." He has also written some fine poems.

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

Ah! why should I recall them — the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet are gather'd to decay?

The Summer's sun shall come again to
brighten hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring
beneath the balmy shower—
But all in vain will memory strive, in vain
we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—the
friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid
me now count o'er
The vanish'd friends so dearly prized—the
days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile
our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with
each moment flew.
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the
past a dream appears:
And where are they—the loved, the young,
the friends of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold churchyard—
they long have stol'n to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks
by woe were ne'er oppress'd;
Life's sun for them in splendor set—no
cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world
upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but
sweetest flowers be flung,
The fittest offering thou canst make to
hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has never torn with
racking hopes and fears;
For bless'd are they who pass away in
boyhood's happy years!

—o—

MARION MUIR.

Marion Muir is a native of Chicago, and a daughter of the Hon. W. T. Muir, of Colorado, who crossed the plains in 1860, held office under Miner's and United States laws, and forms a prominent figure in the history of the State. Miss Muir resides in Morrison, Col. She has written much for the periodical press.

THE BURIAL OF CUSTER.

Beneath the mountain's scowling shade,
With neither coffin, shroud nor pall,
The leader and his men they laid
In the rest that levels all.

No funeral pomp, no tolling bell,
The warrior's desert burial knew.
Yet, surely, through that echoing dell
The wind his requiem blew.

No martial music marked the hour
When they parted—the true and brave—
But comrades gave a silent shower—
Their tears—to the lonely grave.

Far, far from home the Western wild
Held the hero and his fellows,
With mountain sods above them piled
And mountain rocks for pillows.

While ever through that fatal vale
The wild dove's mourning note shall
swell,
And solemn pine trees grieve the gale
For the time when Custer fell.

Till sadder flows the tireless tide
Of those dark hills sweeping river,
And frontier homes for which he died,
Will shield his name forever.

—o—

REV. MICHAEL MULLEN, D.D.

Dr. Mullen was a native of Ireland, and wrote much and learnedly on theological topics. He died in Chicago, some years ago.

THE SONG OF SATURNUS.

A hymn to Saturnus, a grateful hymn,
With goblets festooned to the bead-
crowned brim,
On his festival we sing:
Who once in the year
Doth freedom and cheer
To slave and to master bring.

He taught unto men how to till the hard
soil,
To plant the green grape and to draw the
fat oil

Which flows in the olive's heart,
To prune the vine
And to tap the mine,
And every useful art.

He breathed on the earth; and his breath is the spring
Which flowers and fruits on its bosom doth fling,
And sweetens the Summer breeze
As it freshly blows
Where the water flows
Through the roots of the leaf-clad trees.

He breathed on the sea; and the ripples came
Like smiles o'er its face, and its amorous frame
Kissed with its cooling lip
The shore in the hours
When the sky sends its showers
For the thirsty earth to sip.

He breathed on the air; and its brow grew white
With rays scarce concealed by the veil of night;
And the sun from its blue looked down
With a smile so bland
As to free the land
From the chill of his Winter frown.

He breathed on the springs; and the streams rushed out
From their mother's lap with a mirthful shout:
"Oh! come to the fields," they sang,
"For the parchèd meads
Need our limpid beads."
And they laughed as they onward sprang.

Then a hymn to Saturnus, a grateful hymn,
With goblets festooned to the wine-crowned brim,
On his festival we sing:
Who once in the year
Doth freedom and cheer
To slave and to master bring!

J. W. S. NORRIS.

Joseph W. S. Norris resides in Bay City, Mich. He is not a prolific writer, but his poems are highly finished, and show much depth of thought and grace of expression.

THE ANSWERED "AVE."

The dear Saint Bernard ere eve's shadows fell
Throughout the cloister's fair and fragrant shade,
Paused as the golden sunbeams slowly fade,
List'ning to the holy Angelus bell,
Which thro' each happy hermit's peaceful cell
Poured its full note, re-echoed, then decayed.
'Neath Mary's image ling'ring he delayed
To breathe his loving "Ave:" Legend tell
From out the pure white marble lips there came
A voice of wondrous sweetness,—thrilling power,—
That Bernard's greeting answered graciously:
O Mary! kindle in my heart Love's flame
That I may greet thee thro' life's every hour
Hopeful of welcome sweet, at death, from thee.

THE GARNERED FLOWER.

A violet, hid from rain and worldly eyes,
That dews of heav'n had cherished as most dear,
Soft-bloomed 'mid fragrance, feeling naught of fear,
In beauty beaming, bright as heaven's skies,

For Him who deems the humble heart
full wise.
"O, pure, pale violet, thou that oft didst
cheer
Thy loved companions in God's garden
here,
Lift upward thy pure heart in burning
sighs!"
The sighs were spent. Ere yet the wind's
low wail
Swept mourning o'er the Summer's
peaceful dead,
The Master came and raised the mystic
vail
That sorrow had placed o'er the meek-
bowed head,
And sweetly whispered, "Come." The
Autumn gale
Passed as a gentle spirit heavenward
fled.

INVOCATION.

Blow from the South, ye balmy winds of
May,
Breathe all the freshness of the sweet
Spring-time,
While with fair garlands at Our Lady's
shrine
We cast our hopes on this the blithe May-
day:
Pour forth thy love-song, birdling, clear
and gay;
Fragrance and song in God's own bright
sunshine,
Harmonious mingle. Memory's magic
chime
Wakes and resounds and echoing dies
away.
Madonna, Queen and Mother! sweeter
strains
Than thy inspiring never hath been
sung—
Thou art the poet's purest, brightest
dream.
Fairest! ah break the captive's cruel
chains.
Sweet are life's charms, yet sweeter far
among
Thy court to see thy glorious beauty
beam.

O. D. O'CALLAGHAN.

Mr. O'Callaghan is a frequent contributor to New York journals. His "River of Time" is a fine poem, and has become very popular.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

O River of Time! the long ago thou wert
but a rippling rill,
And the dulcet rhyme of thy crystal flow
was sweet as wind-harp's trill;
That song of joy like a lullaby on the air
rose soft and low,
As thy ripples sped from their fountain-
head and flashed in the morning
glow;
While Earth's fair queen, in radiant sheen,
flower-crowned by angel hands,
Thy beauteous grace of her mirror'd face
oft scann'd in thy golden sands;
And the dreamy moon, in night's mystic
noon, when her full, round orb shone
bright,
Gazed down with pride on thy silvery tide,
pale shimmering in her light,
While the primal stars in their gilded
cars rolled on through the azure
hight—
Fair, glittering gems, bright diadems high
set on the brow of Night.

O River of Time! thy stream has swelled
thro' the centuried lapse of years—
Has grown and swelled since of old it
welled from its fount 'mid the starry
spheres,
Till now, broad and deep, with majestic
sweep, like the roll of an inland sea,
That stream, erst a rill, turns God's
mighty mill on its course to eternity!
Oh, methinks I hear, rising high and clear
on the ghostly midnight wind,
The surge and the roar of thy waves ever-
more and the rush of the flood be-
hind,
And the shrieks of the lost on thy bosom
tost, like wrecks on the ocean waves,
Drifting out to sea, O River, with thee, far
away from the land of graves!

O River of Time! from the days of yore
flowing on to the billowy sea,
Bring us back once more from the silent
shore the friends who have flown
with thee,
The myriad host of the loved and lost—
the hearts that were fond—ah, me!—
The beauty and bloom in the grave's dark
womb—the spirits that wander free
From sin's dark slime in that wondrous
clime—bright land of the ransomed
souls,
Where Death's cold shadow never falls,
nor death-bell sadly tolls.
Ah! in vain we crave, for thy ebbless
wave, when it passeth the grave's
dark bourne,
With its freight of souls, as it seaward
rolls, never can or will return!

O River of Time! flowing solemnly on,
with the wrecks of our hopes and
dreams—
On, evermore on, to the great Unknown,
where the rapturing vision gleams,
And the white souls float in space, as the
mote on Summer's irradiant beams—
Oh! swollen thy flood with the priceless
blood which ever and aye doth well
From human souls slain on Life's battle-
plain by the ambushed hosts of
hell;
Sin's Juggernaut rolls over prostrate souls
thick strewn on the field of strife,
While thy mystic tide with their blood is
dyed—red blood from the battle of
life!

O River of Time! in the dim, dark past,
full many and many a year,
Thou 'st left thy fount on that sacred
mount, long lost to both "sage" and
"seer;"
No human eye, as the years sped by, has
ever beheld, I ween,
That mystic mount, or that crystal fount,
all bright in its virgin sheen.
Since the first twain fell, 'neath the tempt-
er's spell, amid Eden's flowery bow-
ers,
When Earth was young, ere yet upsprung
the thorns among the flowers;
When thy limpid stream in the morning
gleam reflected the Heavenly towers,
And Paradise rang with the silvery clang
of the harps of seraphic powers;
For Earth at its birth, in its child-like
mirth, flower-gemmed and green and
fair,
Careering through space, in emulous race
with the stars and the spirits of air,
Was nigher, I ween, to the angelic scene,
than this Earth of ours to-day,
With its deep, dark crime, oh, River of
Time—in sorrow and sin grown gray!

—o—

FRANK O'RYAN.

Frank O'Ryan is employed as a special teacher by the Board of Education of New York City. He was born at Carrigaline, Ireland, where he studied. He obtained a classical education at Middleton College. Coming to America, he was employed by the present bishop of Rochester, to teach Latin at Seton Hall College. He contributes frequently to the periodical press.

NEARING THE CITY BY NIGHT.

[Composed during a railroad journey.]

Daylight was dying, and dimness was
creeping;
Landscape and life were despoiled of
their charm;
Swift on our straight iron path we were
sweeping,
Anxious and mute 'mid the solemn
alarm;
Awful the shadows that round us were
massing!
Huge and misshapen the things that were
passing
Farther, still farther from life and from
light!
Thus we went fearing, and thus went
careering,
And so we went nearing the city by
night!

Wayfarers, strangers, each other unknowing—
Still more unknown was the goal that we sought;
Morn found us reckless of where we were going—
Night, on a sudden, brought gloom to our thought.
Ah, this strange city! how much we did fear it!
No one had seen it, or ever been near it—
What did it keep for us, pain or delight?
Thus we went fearing, and thus went careering,
And so we went nearing the city by night.

Terrible tales has been told us about it.
Can we be certain we there shall find rest?
Are we so near it? Ah, would we could doubt it!
Could we fly back from it, that would be best.
One blessed hope then indeed hovered o'er us
Of seeing the friends that had gone there before us;
But still with uncertainty blended affright
As thus we went fearing, and thus went careering,
And so we went nearing the city by night.

Stars glimmered out, but our care was unceasing;
Stars can be baleful no less than benign.
Cavernous darkness and phantoms increasing—
These were the objects our eyes could divine;
Shadows of vastness that ever kept looming,
And valleys of blackness that roared at our coming—
Where was the wonder our souls were affright?
As thus we went fearing, and thus went careering,
And so we went nearing the city by night!

Ah—but I dare not go on to the ending!
Language nor fancy can match with its tone
The depth of the crisis sublime and transcending—
The crisis when man goes to meet the unknown!
Whether these things are all true evidences,
Or parts of a dream that still hangs o'er my senses,
Often I shudder and think with affright
That ever there's *somebody*, *somebody* fearing
And *somebody* nearing the city by night.

—o—

VERY REV. JOHN A. ROCHFORD, O. P.

The Rev. Father Rochford is a native of Virginia, and early in life entered the Order of St. Dominic, of which he is one of the most distinguished members in this country. He has been president of St. Joseph's College, Perry County, O., and also Provincial of his order. He is now pastor of St. Dominic's Church, Washington, D. C.

SURSUM CORDA.

[Written to assuage a poignant sorrow afflicting the heart of a friend who had lost a sister by death.]

You ask me, friend, in mourning tears,
To write the mind of aged seers,
And tell, if there is after years,
A Sursum Corda.

Yes! see it on the Christian's grave!
'Tis echoed from the surging wave!
'Tis heard whilst angry tempests rave,
The Sursum Corda.

Whilst storms brood on the mountain's peak,
And shake the gorge's snow-lit cheek,

The wild winds to the faithful shriek
The Sursum Corda.

What if thy sky be dark to-day,
And sadness have no joyful ray,
To-morrow's sun will soon portray
The Sursum Corda.

What though life's voyage stormy be,
And perilled be thy sanctity,
If God points out beyond the sea
Sursum Corda?

The mother sees her infant die,
And weeps and prays imploringly,
Until she sees revealed on high
The Sursum Corda.

Yes, martyrs, too, when rack'd with pain,
And tortur'd by the tyrant's chain,
Have triumph'd in the sweet refrain of
Sursum Corda.

E'en though thy sister calmly sleep
In death, why shouldst thou weep?
God's angels o'er her slumbers keep
The Sursum Corda

There is no grief, nor loss of love,
That is not gaug'd by God's sweet Dove,
Who brings to earth from heaven above
The Sursum Corda.

Then sow not with those doleful tears
Thy heart with dismal hopes and fears,
For thou shalt know, in after years,
The Sursum Corda.

And so, when fifty winters hoar
Have brought thee to the sunset shore,
Oh! mayst thou hear forever more
The Sursum Corda,

——o——

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., is located in Dublin, Ireland, at the church of St. Francis Xavier. He is also editor of the excellent *Irish Monthly*. Father Russel has published several volumes of verse, and is a most industrious and popular writer.

DIO AMORE.

From the Italian of Silvio Pellico.

I love, and 'gainst my heart has throbbed the Heart
Of my Beloved; and His name—my tongue
Dares scarce to name Him. But, O God! 'tis God,
God who in glory radiant reigns in Heaven,
Yet centers His delight in wretched man,
In this dark vale a wanderer. Amazed,
The Seraphim behold the King descend,
Disguised, to this heir of crimes and woes,
And heal with His own hands the mangled worm,
And tell to all the world His joy, His joy,
If by that worm he be, perchance, beloved.
O'er gulfs profound I saw Him move toward me,
And tenderly, "Ah, why so long," He cried,
"From My embrace thou hidest?" Near and yet
More near He came, and bright and yet more bright
Out flashed the luster of His eyes. I caught
The flame, and in that flame shall burn forever.
I love, and 'gainst my heart has throbbed the Heart
Of My Beloved; and His name—yes, yes,
Before the universe I cry, the Lord!
I saw, I knew!—I love Him, I am loved!

———

VENI, JESU.

A Prayer Before Communion.

Come, O Lord, my God, my All!
I have heard Thy loving call;
Thou hast drawn me by Thy charms,
Thou hast raised me in Thine arms.
Draw me closer still, I pray,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

Come, oh come, my Jesus come,
Make this yearning heart Thy home.
Come, but ere Thou come, prepare
For Thyself a dwelling there.
Come! no longer, Lord, delay,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

Why is not my heart on fire
With an angel's pure desire?
He whose smiles makes angels blessed
Comes within my heart to rest:
Soon, too soon! Make straight His way,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

Low, He comes, the Savior! He
From his glad eternity
Looked with pity on our woe,
Saying, *Ecce venio.*
Pity still his heart doth sway—
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

Human heart can never know
All the love Thou here dost show;
Angel's voice could never tell
What the souls that love Thee well
Taste, each sweet Communion day.
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

But can e'en Thy heart endure,
One so selfish, mean, impure—
So ungrateful, Lord, to Thee
Who hast shed Thy blood for me?
How can *I* dare thus to say,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

Leave me, Lord, depart, depart!
Come not near so vile a heart.
Nay, forgive this foolish cry,
For without Thee, Lord, I die.
Pity me, turn not away,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

Come with every needed grace;
Make my heart a holy place,
Rich in faith and prayer and love,
Pure as happy saints above.

Cleanse all trace of sin away,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni! veni!

Veni! Come, my Jesus, see
How my heart doth yearn for Thee.
Come, and place Thy heart as seal
On whate'er I do or feel.
Come to me, and with me stay,
Mane mecum, Domine,
Veni! veni!

—o—

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

SISTER STELLA.*

THE ANGEL OF THE HOSPITAL WARD.

As from some roaring ocean, lo, the city
Cast up its wrecks forever at her feet.
Where, like some angels clothed in power and pity,
She waits, where life and death in mercy meet,
To heal the hearts crushed in each wild disaster
Beneath the unpitying feet in soulless marts,
Telling, the while, how Christ, her Lord and Master,
Knows how the world will break its finest hearts;
Until they marvel at His love alone,
And thinking on His grief forget their own.

Above life's sweet-voiced pleasure, subtly woeing,—
The wild heart-longings which enervate all.
She heard the heavenly voice of mercy suing,—
And rose responsive to her Master's call;
Turned from the flashing rounds of hollow fashion,
Youth's promised raptures and the lover's speech,

*A Sister of Charity in the poor wards, Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C.

The soul consuming fires of pride and fashion,
And set her heart above the world's low reach—
Beyond the bristling rounds of sin and strife,
With Him whose love can light the waste of life!

How blest is she whose cirling years inherit
Life's high commission, sanctioned from above!
Who can portray the beauty of the spirit
Which turns to pity thro' excess of love?
Whose steps of peace fall soft in darksome places.
Whose voice rings sweet upon the ear of grief
Whose gentle presence lights up sad, pale faces,
Whose sympathetic touch commands relief,
Who comes, like Hope all radiant, to proclaim
That Christ is love, and woman is the same!

Oh! ye who blindly bartered the eternal,
To flaunt your brilliance in the garish world
One maddening hour,—within life's witching vernal
Lurk all the serpent passions, fanged and curled
To strike and shrivel in the throes of pleasures,—
Bear witness, 'mong the penitent or dead,
How wise is she who took the world's full measure,
And set her heel upon the serpent's head.
Lo, all the unborn years of God are hers.
And men and angels are her worshipers.

In her fair presence, how we stand enchanted
By the sweet grace of perfect womanhood!
By her chaste beauty how the soul is haunted
With dreams of worlds where all is pure and good!
As some old master's heaven-inspired creation
Is fondly set in soft cathedral light,
To woo the heart to deeper adoration,
To catch the spirit thro' the raptured sight—
So, set in sunlight, shall her fair face be
A sacred picture in our memory!

Oh, STAR, love-lighted, whose magnetic beauty
(Incomprehensive as the songs of birds)
Transfigured by angelic grace and duty,
Evades the harness of material words!—
Could I but catch the raptures chaste and tender
Which to the pure of heart alone belong;
That sin-subduing, soul-uplifting splendor
Which bathes thy spirit in celestial song.—
Then would I breathe along the thrilling lyre
Words that would burn with high harmonic fire!

But grander lyres than mine shall hymn thy glory,
When all the Heavenly choirs, thro' all the spheres
Shall catch the penitent's sad whispered story!—
Shall catch the eloquence of grateful tears!—
Shall catch thy name by feverish lips low spoken,—
And the deep gratitude of dying eyes.—
The prayer from hearts by sin and sorrow broken,—
And weave them into song beyond the skies,

Which shall outlast the evanescent years,
And sound thy praises thro' the rolling spheres.

——o——

EMILY SETON.

1838— ——.

Emily Seton, a sister of the Right Rev. Monsignor Robert Seton, D.D., was born in New York City, in 1838. She was a daughter of Captain William Seton, U. S. N., who was the elder and only surviving son of the venerated Mother Seton, of Emmittsburg. The following lines are an extract from an unpublished volume of poems written during a sojourn in Italy in the years 1860-61.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

My darling sleeps in his pillowed cot,
Nor dreams of other days and changing lot,
Nor knows, O, happy child!
If joyousness or grief be on life's water's wild.

Those bright locks clinging to that downy bed,
Are no suggestion of a dying head;
The small hands clasped upon that bosom fair
Speak not to me of anguish or of cold and dark despair.

Yea, little one, how sweet thou art,
And may thy years be spotless as thy heart.

——o——

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

Harriet M. Skidmore was born in New York City, and removed, at an early age, to Brockport, N. Y. In 1859 she went to California, where she has since resided. She has contributed to various Catholic journals, and in 1877 published a volume of poems entitled "Beside the Western Sea."

THE MIST.

I watched the folding of a soft, white wing
Above the city's heart—
I saw the mist its silent shadow fling
O'er thronged and busy mart—
Softly it glided through the Golden Gate,
And up the shining Bay,
Calmly it lingered on the hills, to wait
The dying of the day—
Like the white ashes of the sunset fire,
It lay within the West,
Then onward crept, above the lofty spire
In nimbus-wreaths to rest—
It spread anon—its fleecy clouds unrolled
And floated gently down—
And thus I saw that silent wing enfold
The Babel-throated town—
A spell was laid on restless strife and din,
That bade its tumult cease—
A veil was flung o'er squalor, woe and sin,
Of purity and peace—
And dreaming hearts, so hallowed by the mist,
So freed from grosser leaven,
In the soft chime of vesper bells could list
Sweet, echoed tones of Heaven—
Could see, enraptured, when the starlight came,
With lustre soft and pale,
A sacred city, crowned with "ring of flame,"
Beneath her misty veil.

——o——

SARA T. SMITH.

Miss Smith resides in Philadelphia. She is a contributor to the *Catholic World* and other journals.

"5:30 A. M."—SHIPWRECKED.*

"When *will* the day break? Is there hope of dawn?
O God! this darkness in the mouth of hell!"

*Steamer *Vera Cruz* sank in the Gulf of Mexico, at 5:30 A. M., August 29, 1880.

What is that? Listen!"—"There's another gone!"
"Was it the Captain? Who of you can tell?"
"Who is this near me? Hold me—hold me close!
Pray for me—help! There is no hope, they say—
Death is so near! O Love! *must* I die thus!"
"Oh, for one hour!" "See! yonder breaks the day!"

Yes! All majestic, slowly, and serene.
The rounded glory of the morning rose,
Beyond the awful waste's gray-pallid gleam,
Beyond the drifting of those foaming snows.
From every hollow of the unseen powers,
The shrieking winds rushed maddened, drunk with doom,
And Death, the Dauntless, veiled in briny showers
Bent for his victims from the fleeing gloom.

A night of sorrows mocked by cruel day!
The heavens pitiless, the dreadful waves!
A crushed, stripped hulk, tossed in their awful play—
The ghastly dead, flung back from restless graves—
And shrinking in the midst, alone with Him
Whose Face the future is a veil to hide,
Two score sad souls, who scan the level rim,
Of their small world, where hopes no more abide.

No more! no more! A moment's breathless pause—
A shuddering throe from keel to sundered mast—
Then, like a creature,—did they guess the cause?
The wreck reeled, quivering—and life's woe was past!

The wide sea rolling under wide, gray sky,—
A white, white face—a woman's floating hair—
A man's strong arms outstretched, and raised on high—
A silence—awful in its dead despair.

IN SUMMER TIME.

Are our hearts lighter for the roses bloom?
Or sad life fairer for their odorous breath?
Or tangled threads upon Fate's busy loom,
More deftly straightened by the hands of Death?

Because the sod is daisied, clover-flushed,
Because the sunset has an opal hue,
Is there more hope for trembling "dust to dust,"
One shadow fainter on our darkened view?

It seems so, truly! O'er the lovely earth
We look out, smiling, though with pain at heart,
And half forget the Winter's desert dearth,
And half believe our very selves a part

Of changing radiance, morn, and noon, and night—
Of living color, tingeing hill and stream,
Of winds of blessing, sweeping soft and light,
Across the current of our fevered dream.

Is this a promise? Surely, it may be
The setting forth we *now* can grasp and hold
Of some perfection deathless eyes shall see
Beyond the ice rim of Death's Winter cold.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Charles Warren Stoddard is a resident of San Francisco, Cal., and humorously says of himself, that he "is somewhere in the forties." He was born in Rochester,

N. Y. He has travelled extensively in tropical climates. His poems abound in rich coloring, and are very musical and thoughtful. He is the famous correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Mr. Stoddard has published several volumes.

A GOSPEL OF AUTUMN.

Across these leaves of gold,
Under the Autumn sun,
What solemn gospels are unrolled!
I read them one by one.

Behold, how small a bud,
Tender, and frail, and brief,
But nourished by the trees sweet blood,
Is brought to perfect leaf!

Behold, how frail a bough,
Its pliable, slim frame
Quite stiffened with the frost, is now
In leafage, all a-flame!

Lo! as the prophet heard
Of old, I clearly hear
From every burning bush God's word
Outspoken to mine ear.

IN A CONVENT.

A fair white tower, where doves as white as snow
Flutter, the while three bells swing, to and fro;
A garden and a cloister hid below.

A Summer garden full of calm delight;
A cloister, wreathed with roses red and white;

A row of lilies meek, that hold their breath,
As pale and mute and passionless as death;

Curtained beyond a leafy screen, the bees
Drone their monotonous, sweet litanies.

A fountain lisping the responses, caught
On the still air with heavy incense fraught;

And all within an island in the wide
And wild lagoon; an island sanctified—
Walled by the golden flood, the glowing amber tide.

MERIDIAN.

The sea is blazing all around;
An idle bark is inward bound;
The ripples lap upon the reef;
The gulls' dull flight is low and brief;
The low beach-grass begins to fade;
The land-crabs sidle to a shade;
The cocoa hangs its nutted head,
And nothing stirs—the wind is dead.

The peopled plain is still as death;
No cricket chirps, for lack of breath;
A scorching dust is in the air;
The glitter blinds me every-where;
The hills are limned in colors fleet,
And quiver in the noon-day heat;
The lizards pant upon the wall—
An empty sky is over all.

——o——

MRS. MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

Margaret Frances Buchanan is a native of Longfield, Tyrone, Ireland. Her father, James Buchanan, a descendant of Scotch immigrants who entered Ulster in the middle of the seventeenth century, was profitably engaged in the flax industry, and was a man of sterling character, refined in his tastes and thrifty in his occupation. Her mother, whose strong characteristics were a deep religious feeling and entire devotion to her children, was of the old Irish O'Gormans. The death of her father, while Margaret was an infant, made it prudent for the family to seek a new home; and they settled in Detroit, Michigan, where she was given excellent educational advantages, learning the classical and modern languages, mathematics and music. Her literary inclinations were shown before she was fourteen in metrical translations from the *Æneid*, which were found worthy of publication although the writer was un-

known. The rewards of journalism attracted her to Chicago where she had the exceptional fortune of taking at once a high position. She has been for some time literary editor and editorial writer on the Chicago *Times;* and being a student by habit, and a ready composer, has devoted most of her leisure to contributions, chiefly in prose, to the *Catholic World* and other periodicals. She has also been one of the writers for the *American Catholic Quarterly Review.* In 1874 Miss Buchanan was married to Alexander Sullivan, Esq., an able young lawyer of Chicago, and, in presiding over the domestic affairs of a profoundly happy home, she finds a higher enjoyment than any which even the delights of literature afford.

A REVISION.

I read a legend, sweet and quaint,
The other day, amid the faint,
Calm light of early dusk;
The story, odorous of musk,
Smiled in a dusk-bound, silent book,
Neglected in a lover's nook.

Of course you know it—how he strove
To shape the marble like his love—
That ancient sculptor; how his hand,
Guiding the chisel, like a wand,
So perfect made the beauteous whole,
Jove breathed in it his lady's soul.

The dainty myth in modern time
Will serve to tell in careless rhyme,
Our sculptor sneers there is no Jove;
Science has made a myth of love;
So practical the love has grown,
'Tis only beauty's heart in stone.

THE IRISH FAMINE OF 1880.

[This poem was first made public on an historical occasion — when Charles Stewart Parnell and John Dillon were received as the representatives of Ireland, in Chicago, by thirty thousand persons, in the Exposition building. It was recited by Miss Emily Gavin; her voice, according to one of the daily journals, being "not only full of feeling, but of such remarkable strength as to reach all in the vast audience. The poem prevoked in turn the wildest enthusiasm and copious tears."]

Behold the lovely vista within you Irish dale!
The rosy dawn is blushing behind her hazy veil;
The brooklet prattles on the sward, the linnet's early notes
Are answered from the foliage by countless tuneful throats;
The zephyrs tease the tassels of the nodding, drowsy grain
That soon will be awakened to be tossed into the wain;—
Now o'er the gentle landscape the sun's broad rays are broke,
And from the cottage chimneys ascends the cheery smoke!
The morning mist has disappeared—the vision is still clearer,—
What terror-stricken band is that whose feet are hurrying nearer?
God of justice! God of mercy! They are weeping, they are shrieking!
There is frenzy on their faces, and some with wounds are reeking!
The bailiff horde behind them in cruel fury comes,
For the smoke we saw ascending was the burning of their homes!

O miracle of miracles! O wondrous cause of wonder!
Proclaim the story to mankind with trumpet of the thunder!
A fertile, generous, joyous land, forbid to feed its people
By laws enacted 'neath the shade of consecrated steeple!
Starvation made by statute — famine a legal code
For subjects of a Government with an "established" God!
Look not into their genial soil for hunger's helpless cause—

The Irish people famish—to obey their English laws!
They plow and plant, they sow and reap, they spin and weave all day,
The English fleet is at their wharves to bear it all away!
Their fathers' land the alien owns; the landlords own their labor;
Their mortgaged lives have been foreclosed to glut their English neighbor!

This is Irish famine and this is English law!
And this the saddest sight on earth that Sorrow ever saw!
Nature's heart is touched with pity, Nature's eyes with tears are filled,
While the people die of hunger in the fields that they have tilled!
From the pastures low the cattle: "For the stranger is our flesh;"
Moans the wind into the harvest: "For the stranger you must thresh;"
And the sheep bleat sadly seaward from green gorges in the rocks:
"The stranger wears our wool, and the stranger eats our flocks;"
And the horses paw in fury, as they neigh from out the manger:
"Oh, we would fight for Ireland — but our backs are for the stranger!"

In this band of homeless outcasts limps a cripple whose deep scars
Tell of service as a soldier, perhaps in foreign wars;
An arm is gone; he totters; in youth his hair is white;
Is it hunger makes you tremble who shrank not in the fight?
The coat he wears is tattered—the color—yes, 'tis blue!
Were you ever in America? pale friend, oh, tell me true!
The ashen lips grow livid, the face becomes less wan—
"Aye, was I," proudly answers he, "I fought with Sheridan!

"Before the War was over, my aged father died;
The only daughter, fair and young, lies buried at his side;
The dear old mother lingered still,—to shelter her from harm
I came across the water, and worked the little farm;
'Twas taken from us yes'erday—" "And she?" "She died last night—
Of hunger, hunger—oh, great God! that son should see such sight!
In battle I ne'er trembled—in the whirr of shot and shell
I rushed with demon recklessness within the living hell!
To-day I shake with palsy, unmanned by hunger's pangs;
I feel about my breaking heart a slimy creature's fangs;
And all are gone who loved me, the last one of my kin;
Patrick drove the serpents out to let English reptiles in!

"Tell my comrades in America who wore the loyal blue
That Erin was the stanchest of all the friends they knew;
Her heart was theirs, her strength was theirs, O she was proud to fight
To make liberty and manhood the same for black and white!
On every field your standard won, Irish blood like water ran:
Remember Shields and Meagher, remember Mulligan!
I gave my arm to strike the chain from off your black slave's hand;
And now I die of hunger, white slave, in my native land!
The debt your great Republic owes to those who for her bled,
Oh, comrades, hasten to repay! Send starving Ireland bread!"

Lo, here a mother hurries, in her fleshless arms a child,
Her limbs begin to fail her, her face is white and wild;
Full forty miles she walked to-day to reach a poor-house door,

And keep the feeble flickering light in
eyes—that ope no more!
Dead the babe upon her bosom! Oh,
mother's mighty sorrow,
Bewail in vain your journey's length!
bewail your awful morrow!
"Dear turf," she faintly murmurs, "take
the life I could not save!
Oh, land that dare not give her bread,
give thou my child a grave!"
She falls—she dies—but not until her
voice has stirred the tombs:
"Victoria, with my milkless breasts, I
curse your English wombs!"

Philanthropist and missioner lives on St.
George's Channel—
Sends Bibles—to the Pope of Rome, and
to the tropics—flannel!
Prays godly prayers for *foreign* sin before
her holy altar,
The while her hands twist at her back
for Ireland's neck a halter!
In *foreign* lands protects the weak, with
treaties—or with cannon!
And thrusts the dagger to the heart of
her sister on the Shannon!
So generous to her foreign foes they
praise her to the sky—
And leaves her Irish subjects *one* privilege
—to die!
Come, nations of both continents, behold
a Land of Graves!
Come, Russia, with Siberia! France,
bring your galley slaves!
Come, leering Turk, with dripping knife,
refreshed in Christian gore!
Bashi-bazouk, hold up your head! Be ye
ashamed no more!
O empires of a modern world! behold
this Christian nation,
That *makes* her people paupers, and
grants them then—starvation!

———o———

LILY C. WHITAKER.

Miss Lily C. Whitaker (Adidnac) was born in Charleston, S. C., and is a daughter of Dr. D. K. and Mrs. M. S. Whitaker. When eight years of age, she went to the Rev. Father White, at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., and was baptized. Having no Catholic friends or surroundings, her religious education was neglected for some years, and although she cherished the germ of Faith, it was not till she became a pupil of St. Simeon's School, New Orleans, that she made her first communion. During the past six or seven years she has been a contributor to the daily press of New Orleans and the *Southern Quarterly Review*, edited by her father. In the Spring of 1877 she had the happiness of seeing her mother baptized in the same little chapel where she had made her first communion, and one year later, her venerable father, who had been a Unitarian minister, received the sacrament in the same holy place. In the Winter of 1880 she published her first volume, entitled "Donata and other Poems," which has been highly praised, and from which we select the poem given below.

———

THE LILY.

Dark and damp was the narrow cell,
Where my heart began its throbbing—
Close and cold
Was the earthly mould,
That held me down in its clammy fold,
And the winds above were sobbing.

Then came the days of the early Spring—
The month of smiles and weeping—
April the fair,
With tender care,
Who wove of sunbeams her shining hair,
Awoke the seedlings sleeping.

Soft and warm glowed the genial sun,
As a beam to my heart he darted;
The amber ray
Of the joyous day
On the bosom of earth, as it trembling lay,
New life to my soul imparted.

Bright and clear in their silvery spray,
Fell the soothing, balmy, showers;

And entered the earth,
Waking to birth,
With a touch of joy and a ripple of mirth,
All the lovely, fairy flowers.

I throbbed and swelled and swelling burst
Through the wall of my bulbous prison,
Through the yielding clay,
I found my way
To a spot where the early sunbeams lay,
Just as the day had risen.

Freshly green, through the moistened sod
I peeped with trembling wonder,
From the lowly sod,
To the face of God
Who made me spring from the mouldy clod,
And broke my bonds asunder.

Firm and tall grew my graceful stalk,
To the breath of the breezes swaying,
In the rosy dawn
Of the early morn,
When dew drops cover the jeweled lawn,
And when evening winds are playing.

Strong and swift through my floral veins
I felt the sweet sap flowing,
As it mounted up
To the waxen cup,
To form the nectar that honey bees sup,
And aid the petals growing.

Leaf after leaf sprang out of my stem,
Arrow-like, graceful, declining;
All dripping with dew,
Neath the beautiful blue
Where the eye of God keeps looking through,
And the stars at eve are shining.

Soft and young rose an oval bud,
At the top of the green leaves bending,
On a lovely day,
In the month of May,
I opened my heart to the warm sun ray
Around me perfume sending.

Six petals fair unfolded then,
In their snowy waxen beauty,
And the pistil tall,
With the stamens all,
Sprang into being at nature's call,
To beautify life, their duty.

The golden dust, like a yellow veil,
On my stamens soft was lying,
And the wine of dew
Through my fibers flew,
And deep in my bosom hid from view,
While zephyrs were gently sighing.

I grow in almost every land,
I bloom by every fountain·
On Nile's broad breast
My floating crest
Is hailed with joy—an omen blest;
And I deck the shady mountain.

They pluck me for the bridal day,
When all is joy and gladness,
And I yield my breath
In the house of death,
And I bloom o'er graves on the lonely heath,
Where all is dreary sadness.

In the dim and shadowy days of old
The time of fabled story,
In the olden days
When the golden lays
Of the Master Minstrel spoke my praise,
And clothed me with spotless glory.

I neither sow, nor reap, nor spin,
Nor gather at the gleaming,
But a Mighty Hand
In the deathless land,
My being and beauty and sweetness planned,
And gave me a heavenly meaning.

I love to dress the God-made earth,
To smile in hall and bower;
But a sweeter place,
Where I veil my face,
Is the altar door whence flows all grace,
Where the Mighty hides his power.

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